

THE POSTONS OF DONALSONVILLE GA

A COLORFUL FAMILY HISTORY



A BRIEF FAMILY HISTORY

1722 - 2023

**COMPILED BY
BUDD POSTON**



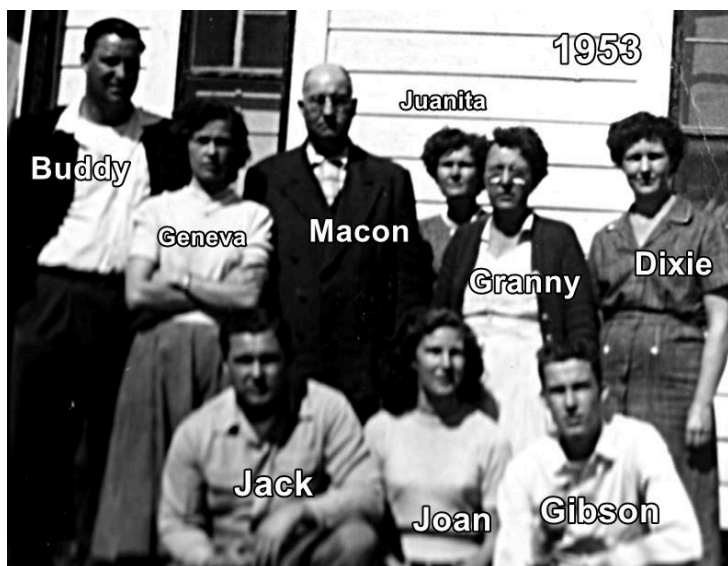
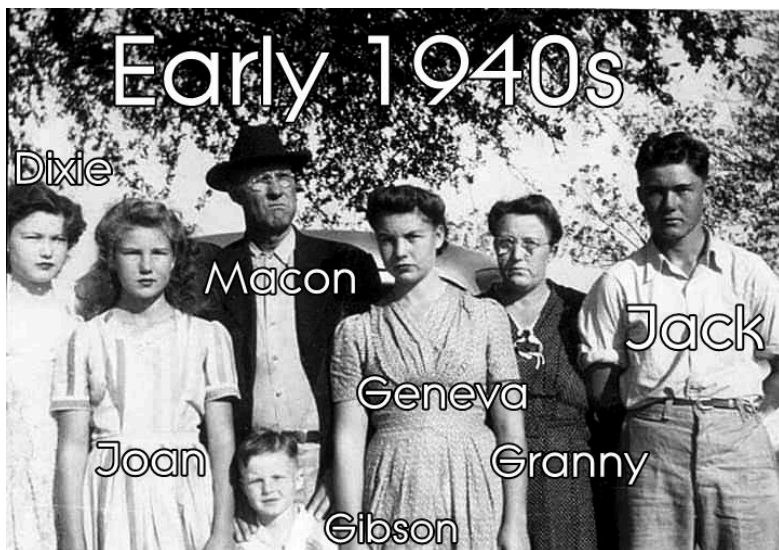
Patricia Brochure

Ancestors are the people's roots;
if they forget their roots,
people become disrespectful and inhuman.
The People's original natural reality
is like their ancestral roots.

If people can gather in
their spirit and energy,
cultivate essence and life,
and restore the original natural reality,
that is not forgetting ancestral roots.

Yi Qing #45 Gathering

THE POSTONS OF DONALSONVILLE GA



About This Book

This book is a collection of information about the Poston Family of Donalsonville GA. The information was obtained from a variety of sources. I credit those sources whenever I can. Most of the information is not verifiable.

However, I can say with some certainty that the John Poston, who owned several farms in Chester County PA around 1720, is the patriarch of the Postons of Donalsonville.

This book is focused upon the line of descent from John Poston of Chester County PA, through ten generations and two hundred years, to Donaldsonville, GA and slightly beyond.

There is a free PDF copy of the book available on the Internet Archive. Please feel free to make your own family history from the material in this book. This is a CC 4.0 License, which allows you the free use of the material in this book.

If there are any corrections or additions you would like to suggest for the book, please feel free to contact me at buzz@buzzcoastin.com. I write books under the penname of Buzz Coastin, my family name is Budd Poston. Either name will work for me.

Thanks for your interest,
Budd
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November 2, 2023

Compiled and edited by Budd Poston



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OTHER BOOKS BY BUZZ COASTIN:

Spiritual Pizza: Da Mana is Everywhere!

On the Necessity of Creative Civil Disobedience

Somewhere Sometime Someone

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Welcome Postons

So which Poston Family is this? Good question.

Erma Poston Landers (1912 – 1987) published a record of “A Poston Family of South Carolina” in 1965. In that book Cousin Erma traces the line of descent for all of John Poston’s family, starting with John² and tracing the lines of descent through the 243 years, from 1722 to 1965.

Erma Kathleen Poston Landers was born in 1912, in Poston, Florence, South Carolina. Her father, Lawrence Chalmers Poston, was 26 and her mother, Cornelia Bertha Prosser, was 28. She lived in Williamsburg, South Carolina in 1920. She died in 1987, in Roswell, Georgia at the age of 75.

That research work took Erma decades to complete and she had no internet to help with her research. She did most of her research in libraries and used hand written letters to and from family members to collect the information. It is still difficult to do that type of research today, but back then it was even harder. This was a labor of love on Erma’s part. I for one, would like to thank Cousin Erma for her efforts.

It is important to note that, there is a lot of “noise” in the data about several people name John Poston, all from England and all arriving at the same place and at the same time. Erma has parsed that confusing data into a comprehensible narrative. However, there is still a lot of “noise” in the data concerning John Poston’s place of birth and where he lived after arriving from England.

When I started working on this mission some 30 years ago, I found five different men with the name John Poston, all living near each other and having very similar life stories. By the time of this writing, I was able to whittle that down to just two men named John Poston. But their life stories and the information about their descendants is hopelessly confused.

I can say with a high degree of certainty that John Poston Sr. of Chester PA, is the immigrant ancestor of all the Postons of Donaldsonville GA.

However, we have no verifiable records about that John Poston prior to 1722, when he appears on the tax records in Sadsbury Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. The area in which he lived later became Fallowfield Township, and he was on every surviving tax list from 1722 to his death in 1747. (From: "Chester County, Pennsylvania, Tax Transcripts, 1715-1900")

At this point, I would like to introduce you to the opening chapters of Erma Poston Landers' book "A Poston Family of South Carolina." Chapters from her book are contained in this book. In the following Preface, Erma will address the "data problem." In this chapter and the following chapters, I will expand upon and try to clarify what Cousin Erma has written.

PREFACE

By Erma Poston Landers

The compilation of the accompanying data, while it is by no means complete, is the result of several years of research and effort. In the beginning, the data was collected for this writer's own satisfaction and pleasure without any thought of publication until others, learning of the material that had been collected, urged that it be put into book form. The writer does not pretend to be a genealogist and knows this book is imperfect in many ways but it is offered to those concerned, hoping it may prove of interest and inspire some of you, of the younger generation, to do further research and find some of the "missing links".

Many events respecting some of our ancestors lie buried in darkness and oblivion. Few records were kept in the days between 1750 and 1790, and those that were kept have sometimes been burned in court houses. The dead were buried in farm or plantation graveyards and, in many of them, not even the tombstones have lasted.

Data for the first three generations has been taken from authentic court records, census records, and other records officially filed in State and National Archives, and in genealogical and historical societies.

For subsequent generations, the writer has had to rely on information furnished by many interested members of the family. To those who have responded to requests for data, the compiler extends her sincerest thanks. The information given by them has aided greatly in making a continuous and connected record.

The writer is also very deeply grateful to Mr. Colin James of Denver, Colorado, for all his help, advice, and encouragement. From across the country, he is mainly responsible for this writer's efforts finally reaching the printer.

Do not be intimidated by the "facts" you find here which you think are wrong. Even the most carefully compiled genealogy will have some errors and the compiler will appreciate being corrected and will welcome any additional data.

If you do not find your family in this volume, you are referred to three other Poston genealogies:

1. ELIAS B. POSTON AND HIS ANCESTORS (With a Record of His Descendants), published in 1942 by Elias Olin James (Oakland, California) and Mrs. Glenna J. Mosgrove (Mansfield, Illinois).
2. JOHN HAMILL POSTON, HIS ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS, published in 1959 by Colin James (722 High Street, Denver, Colorado 80218).
3. POSTON GENEALOGY (NORTH CAROLINA), now being prepared by Mr. Colin James. The volumes above named contain data concerning the descendants of John Poston of Maryland, a contemporary of our John Poston.

FAMILY TRADITION

By Erma Poston Landers

There is always truth in family tradition but, as a story is handed down orally from generation to generation, facts are certain to get changed a little. And so it was with tradition in the Poston family.

The tradition in this family was that two brothers, John and Andrew Poston, left their home in England, came to America, landing at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and settled in Buncombe County, North Carolina. Sometime later, they moved to South Carolina and settled in what was then Marion District, now Florence County. In vain did the writer search the records of both North and South Carolina for the two brothers.

Many Postons were found in North Carolina named John but not one of them had a brother named Andrew. The North Carolina Postons, even to the present generation, are descendants of John Poston of Maryland. The Pennsylvania family of Postons did come through North Carolina but they did not settle there.

(Note: I found the following information about John Poston of Maryland: "In England in 1686 John Poston was born in Northumberland, London, England. He married Mrs. Susanna Poston in 1712 in St. Mary's, MD and died 1744 in Charles, MD and had 10 children." [From the Updated Notes on the Poston Surname, Ann Gallagher, November 24, 2006, found at Genealogy.com] This data is not proof, but it is a clue that John Poston of Maryland may not have come from Shropshire. There are other clues like that too.)

Now back to Erma: Just as the writer was about to give up in despair, she received from Mrs. W. H. Poston the following item copied from a paper written 29 September, 1936, by her husband, the late Dr. W. H. Poston of Pamplico, S. C.:

“J. Helon Poston says that it is common knowledge in his family handed down by his father, James Harbert Poston, who died about 20 years ago, at the age of 76 years, that all the Postons in South Carolina are the descendants of two brothers who came to this country from Buncombe County, North Carolina, by the names of John and Antney Poston. It is also common knowledge that they came from England, either directly, or were descendants of immigrants from that country.”

The riddle was solved! John's brother was not named Andrew. His name was Anthony ("Antney"). Both John and Anthony had been found in the South Carolina census records in the Marion District but the writer had heard no tradition of an Anthony in the family.

So, the two brothers had been found. But had they come directly from England, or were they descendants of an immigrant from that country? Since tradition was that they had come through the port of Philadelphia, early Pennsylvania records were searched and it was learned that they were the grandsons of a John Poston who migrated from England to Pennsylvania early in the 18th. century.

(Note: Having searched the arriving passenger records now available for ships arriving in Philadelphia in that period, I have not found any records with the name Poston. However, both Erma Landers (1965) and Herbert Poston (2005) all assert someone name John Poston arrived at the Port of Philadelphia sometime around 1700 but do not specify when.)

Chapter 2

By Erma Poston Landers

John Poston - The Immigrant

John Poston, migrated from England early in the 18th Century. He landed in Philadelphia and settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania.

Chester and Lancaster Counties in Pennsylvania are separated by the Octoraro Creek and it was on a branch of this creek in Chester County that John Poston settled.

Concerning John Poston's life before his arrival in Chester County, his parentage, or his birthplace, nothing is known. Someone named John Poston sailed from Liverpool, England, 26 April, 1703. (New England Historical Genealogical Register, 65:50).

He was from in or near Shrewsbury, Shropshire, and landed in St. Mary's County, Maryland (John Hamill Poston, His Ancestors and Descendants, Chapter 1, Page 1).

During years of research, this writer has found other Postons in England, all living in Shropshire, so it is reasonable to suppose that the ancestral home of the Postons was in Shropshire, England.

We know nothing about the wife of John Poston. She is known only as Martha (from his will). Early records are scarce and we do not know when John Poston came to Pennsylvania.

The first record is found in the Chester County Tax List for 1722. At that time, his land was in Sadsbury Township. The township later was divided and the part on which his land was situated became Fallowfield Township. We do not know how long he had been living on the land since a survey was not made until 14 March, 1733.

The warrant was returned to the Patent Office 9 May, 1744. "For this land, he paid a little' more than 42 pounds." (About \$6,000 in 2023.) (Land Warrants, Vol. A, No. 11, page 432, Land Record Office, Harrisburg; Pennsylvania) ~ and 6 August, 1744, John Poston was granted a patent for 274 and~ acres of land in Fallowfield Township on both sides of a branch of Octoraro Creek (Survey Book C, page 155, Patent Office, Harrisburg)

The Baldrige and Holmes Families

By Erma Poston Landers

The Baldrige Family

In his genealogy, "Riggs, Baldrige, & Agnew Families", (1915) Henry Earle Riggs, descendant of Alexander Baldrige gives the following information extracted from letters from members of the Baldrige family to a relative, the Reverend William Baldrige:

William Baldrige, son of Richard Baldrige of County Tyrone County, Ireland, was born in Ireland in 1689.

He married Janet Holmes, 16 June, 1714, born in Ireland in 1694. Their children, all born in Ireland, were:

- John born 1715 - m. Rebecca Clark
(Parents of: Rebecca Baldrige m. John³.)
- Alexander 1717 - m. - Jane Ramsey
- Margaret 1719 - m. - John² Poston
- Janette 1721 - m. - Matthew Atchison
- Elizabeth " 1723 - m. - John Brownlee
- Michael " - 1725 - m. - Mabel Wilson

William, Janet, and their children came to America in the ship, "Queen Margaret", and settled in Little Brittain Twp, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1726.

William died 25 November, 1772. Janet died 28 July, 1768 and both are buried in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

In his will, drawn 9 January, 1767, probated 14 January, 1773, William "ordain and allow my son, John Poston, five pounds". (Lancaster County Wills, Book c, Vol. 1, page 124.)

Since Margaret was not named in the will, we conclude that Margaret Baldrige Poston had died before her father made his will and her share of the estate was left to John Poston and Margaret's children.

The Holmes Family

Sir James Holmes, a well-known merchant and trader of Belfast, Ireland, married Jane Jennings, also of Belfast. Their children were Thomas, Charles, Robert, William, and a daughter, Janet. Sir James died 1 June, 1727. His will was probated in Ireland, 14 June, 1727.

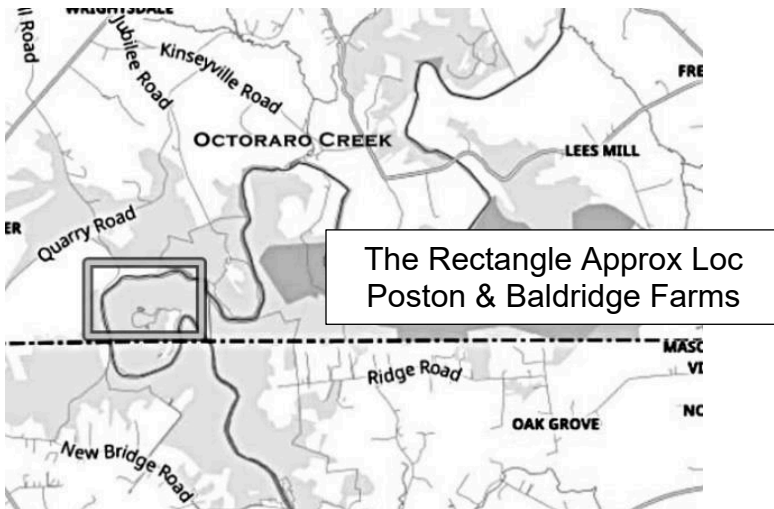
In almost every family, there springs the legend of a fabulous fortune left, and still waiting for the heirs, in the "old country".

And so it was with the Baldrige family. It seems that Jane Jennings had inherited a fortune from her father and Janet

Holmes Baldrige had been willed her share of her mother's inheritance, plus her share of her father's fortune in Sir James Holmes' will.

Tradition in the Baldrige family was that when William and Janet Holmes Baldrige came to America in 1726, Sir James persuaded them to leave their oldest son, John, with him in Ireland. John grew to manhood in Ireland, married Rebecca Clark, and brought her to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, to be near his family.

John was said to have brought with him a will which was supposedly his grandfather's will. Many attempts were made by the Baldrige family to claim the fortune, before lawyers in England proved the will to be a forgery. And so, the fabulous Holmes fortune turned out to be a myth.



At this point in her book, Erma Poston Landers begins to delineate the descendants of John³ Poston. And I am going to get to the story of John³ and Tony Poston a little later. Including the missing information about John² and his family. In the chapters starting with John Poston "The Immigrant," I hope to clarify and refine the information Erma has presented. Wish me luck. In the next chapter, there is some information on the surname Poston.

The Surname Poston And Shropshire England

By Budd Poston

Over the years, I have only met one other person not related to me, with the surname Poston. So, imagine my surprise at finding many John Postons in the PA/MD area in the early 1700s. And Shropshire was loaded with John Postons too.

And there have been a few famous people with the surname Poston. Tom Poston the actor (Thomas Gordon Poston, Columbus, Ohio, 1921 - 2007) was famous in his time. Tom Poston was a part of the Ohio Postons and to my knowledge, not related to our John Poston.

And Charles Debrille Poston (b. 1825, Elizabethtown, Kentucky – d. June 24, 1902, AZ) was an American explorer, prospector, author, politician, and civil servant. He is referred to as the "Father of Arizona." Charles Poston was also Arizona Territory's first Delegate to the U.S. House of Representatives. Charles Poston was a member of the Kentucky Postons and not directly related to our John Poston.

Once I was traveling by car from Lake Havasu City, AZ on my way to Albuquerque, NM, when about an hour into the trip I saw a sign, Poston, with an arrow indicating a right turn. That took me to the town of Poston, Az, named in honor of Charles.

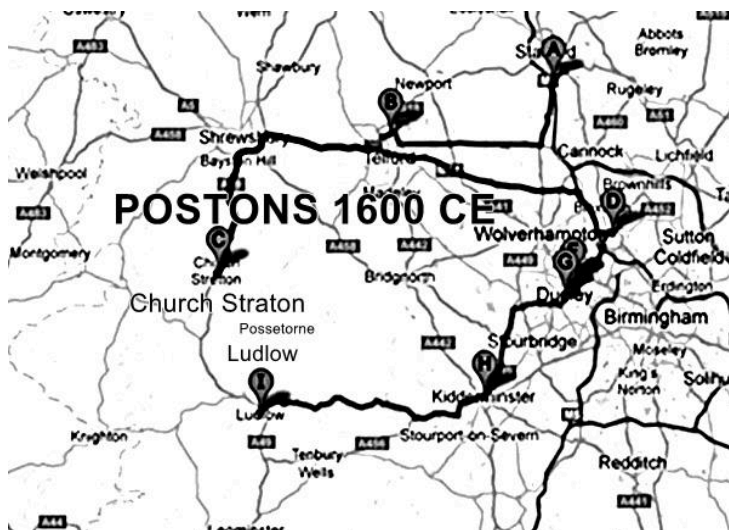
There I discovered the location of Camp Poston, a concentration camp used to imprison Americans of Japanese descent during WW2. Prison camps will come up again when we get to Macon Poston.

The name Poston is recorded as Possetorne (Poston near Munslow) in the Doomsday Book of 1086, but it seems to be a place name and not yet a surname. The original name might have meant "Poss's thorn-tree," which was perhaps a boundary-mark before it became a settlement-name.

Later spellings were Possethorn (e), Posthorn, Porsthorn, Postern(e), Postenne, Posston and finally POSTON in the 1585 Shropshire Parish Register. (Try saying Possethorn several times fast and it soon becomes, Poston.)

About 1600 CE there are 13 Poston Families scattered in a 150-mile circle just to the NW of Birmingham, England. Only two lived in Shropshire County. All of them had a son named John and I assume that all the Poston families there all had a common ancestor.

The registers do not give an exact address for the persons mentioned and it is impossible to say exactly where these Postons were living and who was related to whom.



It's important to remember that there are no absolute facts about this genealogy; all the dates and a lot of the places are merely best guesses of the compilers. A lot of the data seems to have cross-pollinated between different Poston families. I have tried to simplify that data, while at the same time, giving a hint of the complexity. Nonetheless, even the simplified version is complicated.

There were five John Postons born in Shropshire, England in the 1600s. A few of them had Johns as fathers. Our Poston genealogy starts with one of those John Postons who was born in the late 1600s in Shropshire, England.

In one version: Our Great Ancestor John¹ Poston, was born on a farm, just North of the town of Ludlow, in the South Section of Shropshire b. ~1662, and died 1747 in Chester, PA.

In another version: John¹ was born 1685 in Shrewsbury, Shropshire, England and immigrated as an indentured servant at age 17 in 1703 to Philadelphia. He is also the son of a John. ("John Poston, Sr. The Immigrant", Herbert M. Poston, 2005)

It does seem clear that our John² (b. ~1710) marries Margaret Baldridge ~1730. Later their son John³ (~1755) married Margaret's niece Rebecca. And it is also clear that our John¹ is the father of John² but the origins of John¹ are somewhat tediously mysterious. This Poston family is remarkable for having some very strange genealogical coincidences.

Poston, Postan, Posten, Postin

By Erma Poston Landers

Shropshire England

Poston has been found spelled Postan, Posten, Postin, and Poston, but always the first syllable was Post. Someone tried to connect the Postons with the famous Pastons of England but found there was no connection. Another, because of the similarity of names, claimed descent from an Italian nobleman, Count Postonii, of Venice. That claim has been proven false, also.

In Charleston County, S. C. and the lower part of the State, there are many Postells, descendants of French Huguenot families. In Pennsylvania, there were Poulstons of Swedish descent. Poston has even been confused by one research

r with the name Boston. But the name, Poston has been found by the compiler in records of Shropshire, England, spelled POSTON as early as 1623.



The Lay of the Land, Shropshire

Note: What follows below is meant for the die-hard researcher. It consists of excerpts from various texts concerning the name Poston: it's origin, location and eventual use as a surname.

It is not critical to understanding the Poston Family. However, as you will read below, things could have been worse, and we all could have had the surname Diddlebury.

In the book: **Antiquities of Shropshire Vol. V. Rev. R. W. Eyton. London. John Russell Smith, 13 Soho Square MDCCCLVII**, it says:

"This book gives historical descriptions of Upper Poston and Lower Poston. Upper Poston was held by Aluric in Saxon times. It was one virgate of land. "The arable land is sufficient for half an ox-team. The Manor was and is waste." (This quote is from Domesday.)

Upper Poston was in Diddlebury parish. This article traces ownership down to the Feodary of 1316, which gives Roger de la Mar as then Lord of Posthorn."

Additionally, the Domesday Book says, according to Rev. Eytton: "If Upper Poston is identical with the Domesday, the probability that Lower Poston represents the second Possetorne of Domesday, is very reasonable."

We also determine that the Hundred of the latter, not expressed in Domesday, was Culvestan, -- then known as Hundred of Upper Poston." Lower Poston is in the Parish of Munselow.

The Place-Names of Shropshire Margaret Gellig English Place-Name Society, Vol. LXII-LXIII, Part 1, 1990

In the 1086 Domesday Book, Poston was listed as Possetorn(e). Later spellings were Possethorn (e), Posthorn, Porsthorn, Postern(e), Postenne, finally POSTON in the 1631 Shropshire Parish Register and in 1696 Registers, Posten.

History, Gazetteer, and Directory of Shropshire Samuel Bagshaw, Sheffield 1851

Poston, a township in the parish of Diddlebury comprises 394 acres of land, 2 houses and 13 inhabitants, and is situated 6 1/2 miles north from Ludlow; Archdeacon Vicars is the landowner. The small tithes are commuted for 8 pounds, 10 shillings, and the large tithe for 13 pounds, 7 shillings. John Chatham is the resident farmer. P. 534

Poston Lower is a township in the parish of Munselow, situated 6 miles north from Ludlow, which comprises 3 houses and 23 inhabitants at the census of 1841. The land is the property of

Archdeacon Corbet. John Kelly, blacksmith, and Richard Wellings, farmer, are the residents. P. 542

Munslow Postons

A Dictionary of British Surnames P. H. Reaney 2nd ed. Routledge and Kegan Paul London, Boston & Henley

P. 29 1585, December 2 Thomas Posston, Didelbere parishe, was married to Ann Joggins of Munslow parishe.

P. 279 Postan, Postans, Postance, Poston, Postons, Postin, Postings: Mabil', John de la Posterne 1203 P (Ess), 1242 Fees (Wiltshire); John Postans alias Little John 1575 (Unpublished documents in the Essex Record Office, Chelmsford); William Poston 1613 (Register of the Freemen of the City of York). "Dweller by, or keeper of the postern-gate," Old French: posterle, posterne.

Shropshire County, England, Records Office 1982

March 26 1665, 1st banns between John Poston and Elizabeth Evans; 2nd--27th, 3rd--28th, Shropshire Parish Registers Lichfield Vol. XV, St. Chad's Parish, P. 321, 1665 ("Banns" are the public announcement of marriage in a Christian parish church in the 17th century.)

1695, July 16 Francis Poston, of this parish, and Margaret Jones, of Fitts parish, married. P. 547

1700, May 20 John, son of Francis and Margett Poston, Bickton Heath, baptized (too late for the John who emigrated in 1703.) P. 586

Shropshire Parish Registers Diocese of Lichfield, Vol. XII, St. Mary's Parish

April 25, 1655 Marriage of John Poston & Elizabeth Evans, P. 133

Dictionary of American Family Names 2nd edition, 2022 Poston Name Meaning

English: it is a name for someone who lived by a postern gate. It was derived from the Middle English word postern(e): 'side door or gate secret door or passage.' So it could be the name for a gatekeeper. And there are locations named Postern in

Kent or Derbyshire. Or it could be from the surname Poston originating in Herefordshire (a county that borders Shropshire to the south of Ludlow,) or the name Poston from Shropshire, which is an Old English personal name Possa + thorn, meaning 'thorn tree'.

Or it could come from the Norman French word "posterle", which was the name for a rear entrance of a building, but in later times was taken to mean the small gate which admitted one person at a time. The word entered the English language during the Norman Conquest of 1066.

Surnames became necessary due to the taxation of individuals. In England this was known as the Poll Tax. It should be noted that was the same Poll Tax that Henry Thoreau was writing about in his essay "On Civil Disobedience."

Of the poll taxes in English history, the most famous was the one levied in 1380, a main cause of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, led by Wat Tyler.

As the revenues from the traditional sources of taxation became inadequate to support British wars, a series of experiments in poll taxes began in 1377. By 1381, the unpopularity of these taxes had contributed to the Peasants' Revolt. Nonetheless, surnames were becoming more commonly used.

So far, Cicile Poston, christened at Rotherham, Yorkshire, on September 21st 1547, is the oldest record of the surname. That location is about 100 miles northeast of Ludlow, Shropshire.

Though there is no one explanation for the origin of the surname Poston, it does seem reasonable to assume that the surname Poston was derived from a place or person in the midlands of England, sometime around the year 1500. There does not seem to be a record of the surname Poston earlier than 1547. The use of the surname Poston was in common use in the west midlands of England, sometime around 1600.

And with all that background information about the Poston name, we will now move on to John Poston.

FOUR JOHN POSTONS

FIRST JOHN

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SECOND JOHN

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THIRD JOHN

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FOURTH JOHN

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THE DONALSONVILLE MIGRATION

P. 48

FIRST JOHN

John Poston, Immigrant Ancestor 1686 - 1747

The Postons of Donalsonville, GA, are all descended from John¹ Poston, who is believed to have hailed from Shropshire England. John¹ is the progenitor of a line of Postons that today populate parts of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and many other states too.

Shropshire, England

John Poston was born sometime after the English Civil Wars, which occurred between 1642 and 1651. Although the monarchy was restored, it could now rule only with the consent of Parliament.

This disruption of the English social order, introduced many changes into the daily life. During this period about 10 to 15 percent of the English population migrated to the Colonies and other places in England as well.

Things were changing in Shropshire in ways that made it difficult for John Poston to fulfill his dream of owning a large farm. Common land was being enclosed. Migrants were squatting on common land in Shropshire. The farming practices in that area had yet to be reformed and things would not change much for another 50 years.

John¹ left Shropshire via Liverpool, England in 1703. It can be inferred from the historical record that Johnny Poston was born a peasant, in the backwoods of the 17th century English midlands. Most likely he worked as a farmhand for at least a decade before he left Shropshire. His parents were likely landless, peasant farmworkers too.

By the year 1700, almost one million British subjects had immigrated to the North American Colonies. A few years prior, Johnny Poston began hearing rumors about the opportunities in the Colonies. Agriculture was the primary “industry” in the Colonies. The Industrial Revolution was another 100-years down the road.

Rumors said that you could obtain passage to the Colonies in exchange for your labor. This news sounded too good to be true. There was no bright future for Johnny Poston in Shropshire. Once he had enough money for the trip to Liverpool, he was going there to see for himself. If what he heard was true, he was going to the Colonies.

It was a rainy spring in the midlands when Johnny set out for Liverpool on foot. He was traveling light, sleeping outdoors and trying to keep dry on the long walk. Once in Liverpool, he fell in with some country boys like himself. They were all there to see about going to the Colonies. There were many different ships, many different destinations and many different contracts.

Johnny could not read well, especially not contracts. He put his mark on some paper they gave him, but he had a handshake agreement with the ship’s owner. And it all worked into a very good deal for Johnny Poston, late of Shropshire. He attained far more prosperity than he would have attained by staying. Johnny could have never owned 300-acres in Shropshire. And we would have all been English too.

At age 17, John¹ Poston signed a contract to be an indentured servant, in return for ship’s passage to Maryland. Johnny was an indentured servant for 5 years.

March 23. 1702/3		
	Kath' Prier of Carmarthenshire	21 : 5
Ap'. 1. 1703	Pemberton Proudlow of Sandwich in Cheshire	15 : 9
	Steph' Christian	30 : 4
Ap'. 20: 1703	J ^{no} Evans of Anglesey in Roskallin ^{ns} Parish	12 : 9
<hr/>		
	To m' Henry Brown	
April 26. 1703	J ^{no} Poston Off Shrewsberrey	17 : 5
<hr/>		
April 26. 1703	Ruth Lingard to m' Joseph Briggs	18 : 4
<hr/>		
April 26. 1703	Evan Jones of Carnarvansh to m' J ^s Charters	30 4
<hr/>		
April 29. 1703	Thom' Wharton of Eurlton to m' Rich ^d Wright	
	in y ^e Brittan to Virgin'	19 : 5

Another blank page in the historical record, is a lack of communication with John's family after he left England. There is no mention of "the old home" in England in anything I have read. And his parents are never mentioned at all in any of the records we have.

The family most closely associated with John Poston's family were his next-farm neighbors, the Baldrige family. The Baldrige family kept in close contact with their family back in Northern Ireland. They migrated to Octoraro Creek in two waves. And John² and John³ would each marry one of those Baldrige immigrants.

By contrasting John Poston to the Baldrige family, it highlights the total detachment from the old homestead in England, that was John Poston's experience.



The Lay of the Land

John¹ Poston

John¹ Poston, The Immigrant, was possibly born in 1686 at St. Shad's Parish Shrewsbury, Shropshire, England. John¹ Poston married Martha, in 1710 in Chester PA. Martha was born in 1690 somewhere in England.

Children:

- **ANTHONY POSTON** b. 1713 – d. Unknown
- **JOHN² POSTON** b. 1719 – d. 1784, Marion, SC.
- **ROBERT POSTON** b. 1722 – d. Unknown
- **ANN POSTON** b. 1726 – d. Unknown

After Arrival

From the information that follows, we can deduce that John Poston had a plan. When Johnny Poston arrived in the Colonies at age 17, he had only worked as a farmhand in Shropshire. And only on small farms.

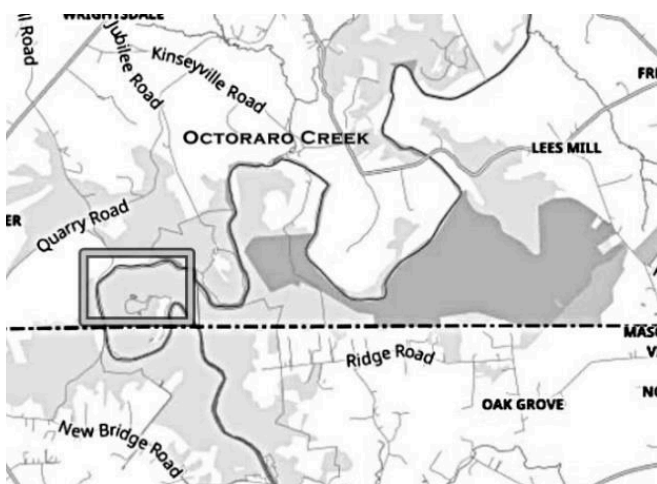
After his arrival Johnny began working at large estates and on plantations. In time he grew strong in both experience, knowledge and resources with which to make his dream come true. It is clear from the record Johnny Poston was hard working, thrifty and had dreams to pursue. Now if he had only written about that, it would really be something to read.

On February 2, 1727, John¹ bought 274.5-acres on Octoraro Creek, West Fallowfield Twp, Chester County, PA. And he already owned another 50-acres. John was 41. His children were Anthony 14, John² 12, Robert 10 and Ann 6. Two years later he bought another 50-acres.

John was thrifty and industrious. He had a wife, four kids and still managed to save enough money to buy 300-acres of land. That land is now known as "Amish Country." His property crossed Octoraro Creek into Lancaster County. John's property is now part of a famous Boy Scout camp.

The historical record indicates that, in the 22 years between his arrival and buying his first property, Johnny worked as a farmhand and sometimes rented land to farm. He also had managed different types of farming operations for large estates. Without that experience, he would never have known how to handle the 300+-acre farm he owned. John¹ Poston died June 8, 1747, in Fallowfield Twp, Chester, PA at age 61.

By 1790 there were no more descendants of John Poston living in the Philadelphia area. However, sometime in the 1940s, Delma "Red" Poston moved from Donalsonville to the Philadelphia area. Red was six generations distant from John¹ and the grandson of Josiah Watts and nephew of Macon.



Rectangle Poston & Baldrige Farms

More about Red will appear later, but for now I'd like to thank Red for introducing his cousin Buddy, to his wife's friend, Marie Witte. They were married four months later in Philadelphia PA. I was born four years later at the old Naval Hospital in Philly, which was about 50-miles northeast of the old Homestead on Octoraro Creek.

Red and his children were the first of John Poston's descendants to return to the Philadelphia area in almost 200 years. Today, many of Red Poston's descendants still live less than 100 miles from Octoraro Creek.

The Last Will of John Poston

John was not a man of letters; he was a man of action. It never occurred to John that within a few hundred years, he would have thousands of descendants, many of whom would like to know something about his life.

In his last will, John bequeaths to Robert the land he was settled on and one sheep. (About 50-acres.) John² received the remaining land. John² paid Anthony 30 pounds (about \$6,000 in 2023) and Anthony got all the moveable goods: four spinning wheels, four milk cows, three heifers, one bull, twenty-six sheep, one mare, three colts, one old mare, one horse and

some tools. Ann received 5 shillings as a reprimand for bad behavior. Ann was a Poston.

Nineteen years after John¹ died, his son John² sold the 274.5-acres on Octoraro Creek to James Smith for 730 pounds on 2 September, 1766. (£730 = \$206,000 in 2023)

The Last Will of John Poston

I John Poston son & living in the Township of Gallatin
County of Chester being on his last sick & infirm
knowing that it is appointed unto all men to die of troubles
Not without Grouse the one to make my last will & Testament
While the Lord favours me with life health & peace and
knowledge the first thing I desire I give my soul
in to the hands of Almighty God who gave it and one after
my Decease I order my heirs to be devoutly in prayer for
the salvation of my soul & for what worldly good
it has pleased God to bestow with all good will
and manner as follows: My eldest son Robert I give
him the settlement he now lives on and one half for one
after my Decease & for my son & daughter and under the
my last estate John & I give and give to him my
Real Estate his playing boat of 16 to my son Anthony
the sum of Thirty pounds & his free money of 20 shillings
within two years after my Decease and all my Decease
I give to my son Anthony all my moveables good
Chattels with the thirty pounds from his brother John
and also to my son & daughter to her according to the proviso
of Decease & I give her five shillings and further I give
of the whole that is to say both of Real Estate & of the
the Third parts of all profits that shall be made on the
same with the use of my house while I and my wife live
for our maintenance and for that I order my wife
Mortimer Poston and my son John to be my Executors
Receivers and all other bills or bills made before my Decease
and my last will & Testament given and signed
and bore this eighth day of December 1747
with my present before the sundry of his
Daughter is confirmed
John Dever
Mark
Witnessed by Robert
on the 8th of June
1747 by John Poston
John Poston

SECOND JOHN

JOHN² POSTON Jr.

1719 – 1784

John¹ > John²

JOHN² POSTON Jr.

b. 1719 West Fallowfield Twp., Chester PA - d. 1784 SC

MARGARET BALDRIDGE

b. 1719 Ulster, Ireland - d. 1766 Little Britain, PA

Margaret married John Jr. in 1737 in Pennsylvania.

Children:

- **SAMUEL POSTON** b. 1738 – d. Unknown
- **ROBERT POSTON** b. 1740 – d. Unknown
- **MARY (Polly) POSTON** b. 1750 – d. 1846
- **JOHN³ POSTON** b. 1755 – d. 1819
- **ANTHONY ANDREW POSTON** b. 1760 – d. 1820?

They were all born in Chester County, PA.

Nineteen years after John¹ died, his son John² sold their 274.5-acres on Octoraro Creek to James Smith in 1766. Maggie Baldrige, the wife of John², died that same year. John² was 47. His eldest son Samuel was 28; Robert was 26; Mary was 16; John³ was 11 and Anthony was 6.

Chapter 4

The Southern Migration

By Erma Poston Landers

As immigrants continued to pour into Pennsylvania through the port of Philadelphia, land became so high in price and so thickly populated, that the original settlers began migrating southward.

Thousands of Pennsylvanians made their trek to the south over the "Great Philadelphia Wagon Road" to the fertile bottom lands along the rivers of North and South Carolina. This road ran from Philadelphia through The Great Valley of Virginia, to Winston-Salem, and to Salisbury. From Salisbury, a road ran through the valley of the Yadkin to Cheraw and along the Great Pee Dee River to Georgetown. ·

The settlers traveled in the sturdy wagons devised by the Pennsylvania German craftsman in the Conestoga Valley in Lancaster County. They traveled with household goods, women and children in the wagons, the men and boys walking and driving the cattle before them. This then, is the way the Postons left Pennsylvania and traveled south, finally settling in Marion District, now Florence County, South Carolina.

Land was cheaper in the Carolinas and the climate was milder than in Pennsylvania, so in 1766, we find John and Margaret Baldrige Poston selling their land to join the southward march. From the deed, we know Margaret was alive 2 September, 1766, and from her father's will, we know she died before 9 January, 1767, the date of the will. Unfortunately, the compiler has found no records for the fifteen years following the sale of the land.

Since Margaret died so soon after the land was sold, she may have died in Chester County, leaving John to make the move to the south with their children. It is probable that John reached South Carolina since later census records indicate that John and Anthony, the two sons, were hardly old enough to carve out homes for themselves in the wilderness that was at that time the back country of South Carolina.

Perhaps future research will reveal when and where Margaret died, when and where John died, and the names and birthdates of their children. At the present, we know only that: John² Poston Married Margaret Baldrige. (We now know more.)

The Migration

By Budd Poston

In 1773 John³ was 18 and John² was now 54. They were now in South Carolina. We know that because John³ (Johnny) fought in the Revolutionary War in 1777, in South Carolina. Therefore, they must have departed Chester sometime 1770.

Carl Poston Jr. has written a fictional account of their trip, titled, "Living Among South Carolina Outlaws." Carl's book will give you a glimpse of the difficulties involved with that migration. In many ways it was much more difficult than the trip John¹ made in 1703. (John¹ > John² > Anthony > Hugh? > ? > Carl Sr. > Carl Jr.)

The Great Wagon Road was originally a major Indian trading route. And many years later became the highway into "The Frontier" of the Carolinas.

John² and his children Johnny and Tony arrived at their final destination around 1770. The trip would have taken them six months to a year. It's reported that the Postons acquired several hundred acres of land after their arrival.

Today there is still an unincorporated town named Poston, located several miles to the south of Florence, SC. And a few families with the Poston surname still live there.

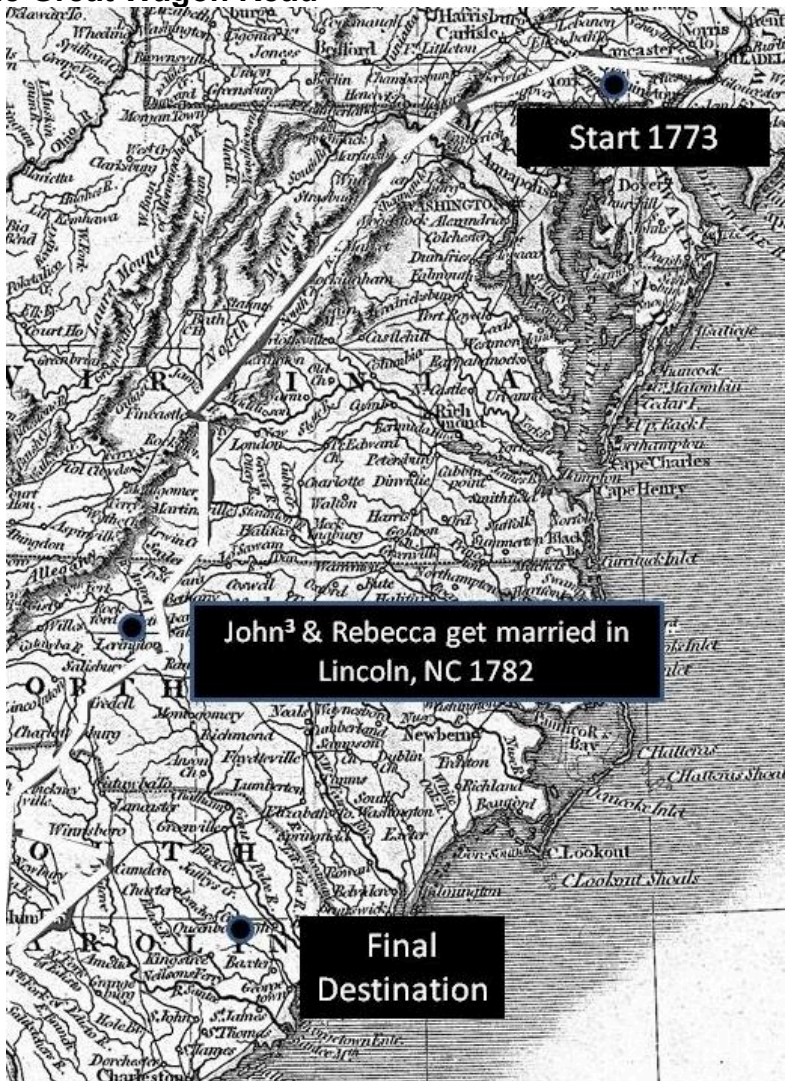
Changes

John Junior was around fifty when he decided to move south. Not just move, but completely rearrange his life in the process. John Junior was also the strong silent type like his Dad. We know nothing of what John¹ or John² thought about their experiences.

That move that John² made was even more radical than the migratory move of John¹. Junior was getting close to the end, and so this move he made was more about creating new opportunities for Johnny and Tony, rather than for himself.

John Junior died in 1784 at the age of 63. I was getting my second wind at 63. Times have changed.

The Great Wagon Road



The trip from Octoraro Creek to South Carolina was about 700 miles and took between six months and a year to complete. Today that same trip would take, slightly more or less than 12 hours.

Mary Poston McWhorter

Mary Poston is another anomaly in the data. Some of the data suggests that she was either the daughter or niece of John² Poston of Chester PA. Erma Landers includes her as an outlier in the data. There is nothing in the data that mentions Mary's parents. Erma has this note about her on p. 99:

Mary Poston

b. 07/11/1750 (from the Bible of her daughter, Mary).

m. David McWhorter, 03/31/1766, in St. James

Episcopal Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. (Pennsylvania Archives)

In 1766 and 1767, David McWhorter was living in West Fallowfield Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. (Pennsylvania Archives, Third Series, Volume 2)

David and Mary Poston McWhorter settled in Rutherford County, North Carolina in 1769. They moved to Abbeville County, South Carolina in 1775, or 1776. David died in Abbeville County in 1789. (Frances McW. Tenney's "Sketch of the McWhorter Family")

Then on the website southern-style.com, I found the notes below. These notes seem to have intermixed Landers' notes with some new information not found in her book.

Child of JOHN² POSTON and MARGARET BALDRIDGE:

MARY POSTON (JOHN¹ > JOHN²) was born July 11, 1750 in Supposed Pennsylvania, and died 1846 in South Carolina.

She married DAVID MCWHORTER March 31, 1766 in St. James Episcopal church, Lancaster County, PA, son of JOHN MCWHORTER.

Notes about MARY POSTON:

Bible owned by W.B. Hendrix, 603 North Vermont Avenue, Lakeland, Florida. On the front inside cover of the bible is written in ink:

"David McWhorter"
"S.P. McWhorter"
"if I was corrected for
all my rongs it would
Shorten my days and
end my songs and end my songs."

On the bottom of the front page is written: "1766, put here by A. W. McWhorter, 1927, great, great grandson of David McWhorter and Mary Posten McWhorter."

And this 1996 note from Sharman Ramsey found on southern-style.com said: "Mary Poston, our great-grandmother, came over here directly from the Highlands of Scotland. She knew John McWhorter in Scotland (Aunt Lila was almost certain that she did). (**My note:** None of John Postons' ancestors are known to have come from Scotland.)

"She was a skilled horse-woman. At the age of 90 she could step into Grandpa's hand, spring lightly into the saddle and canter over the hills and mountains like a girl of 16. Aunt Lila has heard Grandpa say this many a time. Grandpa said she was tall, straight, handsome, with snow white hair.

"She, after 90, helped to keep house for her daughter-in-law Elizabeth Anderson, who became badly drawn with rheumatism. Mary Poston died at the age of 96, but not from old age. She was an unusually intelligent woman, as was Elizabeth Anderson.

"But let me go back to Mary Poston for a minute. One day a Tory neighbor, after a Tory victory, and after great-great grandfather had been wounded by Tories, came to the home and started in an exulting manner to tell of the victory. Mary Poston said, 'Get away from here, you vile Tory, or I'll take this clapboard to your head!' He, knowing she meant what she said, left immediately."

DAVID MCWHORTER

b. 1740 Ireland - d. 10/4/1789

m. 31 March, 1766, in St. James Episcopal Church, Lancaster

MARY POSTON

b. 1750 W, Fallowfield Twp, Chester, PA - d. 1846

Children:

- **JOHN⁴ MCWHORTER** b. 10/30/1768, Pennsylvania - d. 02/19/1855, Walker County, Georgia.
- **ROBERT MCWHORTER** b. 10/22/1770
- **SAMUEL MCWHORTER** b. 09/30/1775
- **SOLOMON MCWHORTER** b. 10/02/1777
- **MARY MCWHORTER** b. 11/27/1779
- **ISAAC MCWHORTER** b. 11/30/1785
- **SARAH MCWHORTER** b. 09/05/1787
- **DAVID MCWHORTER** b. 10/12/1773

This is what we can verify: David McWhorter married Mary Poston on 31 March, 1766, in St. James Episcopal Church, Lancaster. This is near to the Poston farm. She is either John²'s daughter or niece. David and Mary McWhorter lived in West Fallowfield Township in Chester County, Pennsylvania and sold their homestead in 1767. They were living in North Carolina by 1770. The year 1767 was the year after John² sold the land in Chester. They likely migrated south together.

Notes by a Relative of DAVID MCWHORTER:

David McWhorter was a blacksmith by trade. Data shows that David and Mary lived in West Fallowfield Township in Chester County, Pennsylvania and sold their homestead in 1767. They were living in North Carolina by 1770. The year 1767 was the year after John² sold the land in Chester.

David received a land grant in the 96th District, South Carolina in 1786, but records show that it was originally surveyed for him in 1784. He died in Abbeville County in 1789, leaving his widow and nine children, ranging in age from two to twenty-one years.

- Birth date accepted by DAR (Accounts of United States with North Carolina, War of Revolution, Book A, p. 174.
- Notes and Queries, Egle, 1897, p. 12 (Misspelled McWhister)
- Letters of Administration of David's estate by his widow, Mary McWhirter, Oct. 4, 1789, Probate Court, Abbeville Co., S.C.

Bible Record

Statement of Mrs. Temperance (A.M.) Kirkes, a granddaughter who was 14 years old in 1846; also, statement of Miss Eliza Waugh McWhorter, a great granddaughter to Helen Mary McWhorter McIntyre, says in 1922, that Mary Poston was 96 years of age at her death. "Some Descendants of David McWhorter" (sometimes McWhirter) (ca. 1741-1846) and his wife Mary Poston (Posten) McWhorter (1750-1846), Compiled by Shelley McWhorter Wright (Mrs. Clifton P.) of Chattanooga, Tennessee, Edited and printed by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McWhorter, Longview, Texas, 1978.

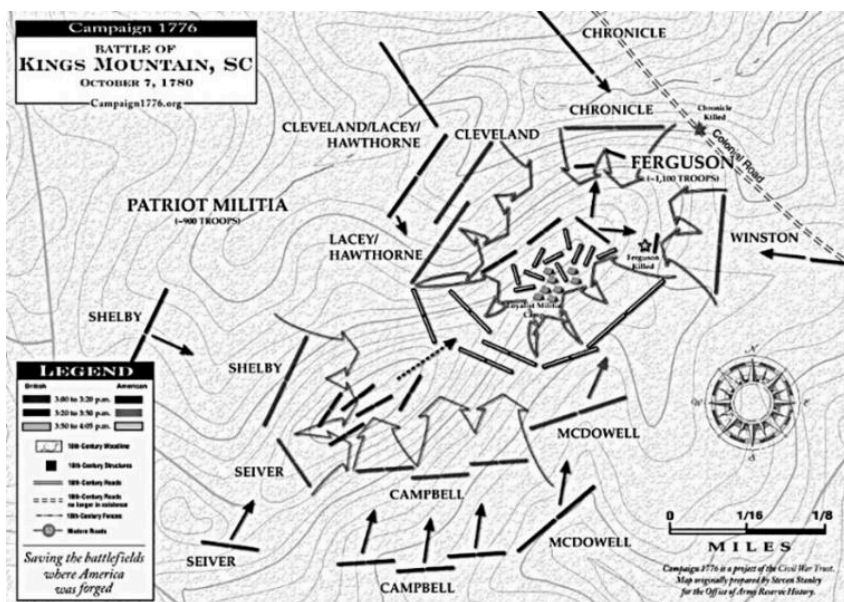
From: Mrs. Gwen McWhorter, Birmingham Alabama, March 26, 1927: "As to David (Mary Poston's husband), the definite tradition with us is that he was wounded in a hand-to-hand encounter with a party of Tories in upper South Carolina, and that he died subsequently from the effect of the wound. The wound was in his head, and he was left for dead, some friendly Indians found him, repaired the fractured skull with a piece of silver and nursed him until he was able to get back to camp.

Thomas James McWhorter, son of Samuel of Summerville, Georgia, says he has always understood that the Revolutionary ancestor served in upper South Carolina under General Merriam.

"Polly" Poston married David McWhorter, a blacksmith (Tinker) by trade. Data shows that they were resident in West Fallowfield in Chester County at the time of their marriage. They were living in South Carolina by 1770.

There is a family story that says David McWhorter was ambushed by a squad of Tories and received a serious headwound, near Camden, SC. Some friendly Indians found David, repaired the fractured skull with a piece of silver and nursed him back to health.

The British captured Savannah, Georgia in late 1778 and Charleston, South Carolina in the spring of 1780. The Battle of Kings Mountain took place October 7, 1780, just north of Camden Precinct but just south of the border with North Carolina.



Both John³ Poston and David McWhorter fought in the battle at Kings Mountain on October 7, 1780. Colonel William Campbell and his men surrounded Ferguson on the small flat-top mountain and were able to force the loyalist militia into a surrender in the largest battle between colonists during the war. Cornwallis' victory gave him the confidence to attack Charlotte, NC in the middle of that September to bring the NC colony back under British control.

THIRD JOHN

JOHN³ POSTON
1755 - 1819
John¹> John²> John³

JOHN³ (JOHNNY) POSTON

b. 1755 West Fallowfield Twp., Chester PA - d. 1819 SC

REBECCA (BECKY) BALDRIDGE

b. 1764 Lancaster County, PA - d. 1851 Buncombe, NC

(This may be incorrect.)

Johnny and Becky were married on 24 April 1782, in what is now Lincoln, NC.

Children: Years of births estimated from census record:
except that of John (Jack)

- **THOMAS POSTON** b. 1781 – d. 1850
- **MARGARET POSTON** b. 1782 – d. 1860
- **REBECCA POSTON** b. 1783 – d. 1850
- **JOHN⁴ (Jack) POSTON** b. 1784 – 1850
- **JANE K. POSTON** b. 1785 – d. 1873
- **ELIZABETH POSTON** B. 1787– d. Unknown
- **SALLY POSTON** b. 1788 – d. Unknown
- **ROBERT POSTON** b. 1789 – 1870
- **FRANCIS (Frank) POSTON** b. 1790 – d. 1850
- **POLLY POSTON** b. 1790 – d. Unknown
- **JAMES R. POSTON** b. 1792 – d. 1862
- **JONATHAN A. BALDRIDGE POSTON** b. 1794 - d. U.
- **NANCY POSTON** b. 1796 – d. Unknown
- **JOSIAH POSTON** b. 1798 – d. 1859
- **CINDY POSTON** b. 1801 – d. Unknown

Rebecca Baldrige was the first cousin of John³ Poston.
When Rebecca's father John Baldrige died. Her mother,

Rebecca Clark Baldrige, remarried and the new family migrated south.

Becky would have been about two years old when her father died. John³ was about 12 at the time. How they reconnected is something of a mystery. It is probable that John² and his sons spent time with their kin (Mary Poston McWhorter) in Lincoln, NC, before arriving in SC.

Johnny was 27 and Becky was 18, when they married. Johnny arrived in SC before he was 18. Lincoln, NC was a town along the Great Wagon Road. It seems that Becky's family settled there. There must have been some contact between Becky and Johnny, since their first child was born the year before they married.

This part of North Carolina was also settled by other Poston clans, that were not directly related to John¹. There may have been another Rebecca Poston in the North Carolina area at the same time.

John³ Poston served as a private in General Francis Marion's Brigade during the Revolutionary War. Marion was an American military officer, planter, and politician who served during the French and Indian War and the Revolutionary War.

General Marion fought in the American Revolution in the Southern theater from 1780 to 1781. Though he never commanded a field army, Marion's use of irregular warfare tactics led him to be considered one of the fathers of guerrilla warfare and earned him the name "The Swamp Fox."

The years 1780 and 81 would be the years Johnny was a soldier. John³ was what we would call today, a special forces soldier. Fighting from behind the lines in a clandestine manner. A swamp fox. That's about as much as we know about Johnny and Becky.

By the year 1800, the Poston Family had been living for 100 years in the now United States. In 1703 John¹ sailed 4,000 miles from England to fulfill his boyhood dream of owning his own farm. He wanted to be the Lord of his own manor, in a manner of speaking. He worked hard and managed to buy 300-acres of farmland at age 41. It was quite a farm too.

John¹ had three sons, none of whom loved that farm as much as John¹ did. Robert kept a small, 50-acre farm for himself and his family. Anthony, his eldest son, was off on his own. Only Junior was interested in maintaining the farm, but not like his daddy. However, John² held on to the farm for 20 years after John¹ died. That was as long as his father had owned it. But Margaret's illnesses and her untimely death had sapped his enthusiasm for the farm, and he sold it in 1766 and at a good price too.

John³ (Johnny) never knew life on the Poston family farm. We don't know where they lived after they sold the old homestead. Junior had two small boys to raise by himself. Most likely they stayed at or near the Baldrige family farm. Baldrige Senior and his eldest son John had died right after Margret. Both the Baldrige family and John Junior could have used the mutual support.

Tony Poston

What happened to Tony? Anthony Andrew Poston was the youngest son of Junior. He was named after the oldest son of John¹. Anthony was said to favor his mother Margaret in physical type, smaller and more frail than his older brother Johnny. Tony is said to have lived 41 years, but he might have lived another 10 years more.

Tony married Elizabeth Orr sometime around 1777 in South Carolina. He knew Elizabeth from back home. Elizabeth was born 1760, in Chester, PA and died in 1830, in South Carolina. They may have had four children. His oldest daughter Mary was said to have lived to be 100. Their second child Hugh lived to be 55. Elizabeth lived to be 70.

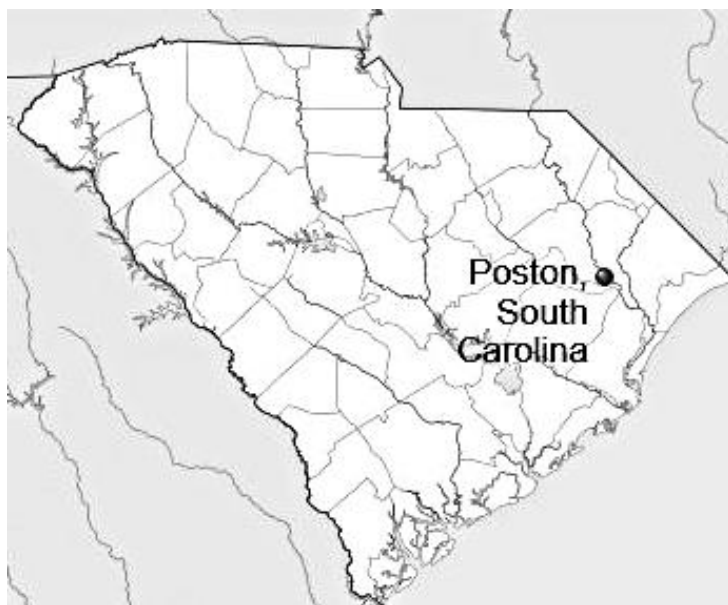
The Revolution's Revolution

Things were changing fast in South Carolina between 1777 and 1800. With the Rebel's victory over the Brits, county names began to change. Political boundaries were being re-drawn.

The Postons arrived in what was then called Queensborough Township. It was established in 1735 by Scots-Irish and Welsh from Pennsylvania and Delaware. It was located on the west side of the Great Pee Dee River in what are now Florence and Marion Counties.

Marion County and its county seat, were named in honor of General Francis Marion (1732-1795), commonly known as "The Swamp Fox."

In the twentieth century, Queensborough Township was now called Marion County, and it was a major tobacco growing region. It is probable that Johnny's farm grew tobacco as well as corn as their major crops.



FOURTH JOHN

JOHN⁴ POSTON

1784 - 1850

John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴

JOHN⁴ (JACK) POSTON was born in Marion District, South Carolina, in 1785. We do not know the name of Jack's wife. Jack died of congestive heart failure in 1850, at age 65. Census records show that Jack had three sons and four daughters. Nothing much is known about the four daughters.

1. **ALFRED POSTON** b. 1818 - d. 1889 - Pamplico, SC
2. **JAMES RAYFORD POSTON** b. 1820 - d. Unknown
3. **CECELIA POSTON** b. Unknown - d. Unknown
4. **JOHN⁵ THOMAS POSTON** b. 11/20/1830- d. Unknown

John⁵ Thomas Poston (JT) and his sister Cecilia Poston migrated to Decatur, GA sometime in the 1840s, with their cousins Robert B. & Thomas G. Poston.

ALFRED POSTON

1818 – 1889

John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴ > Alfred

ALFRED POSTON b. 1818 - d. 1889 (71)

M. 1st: **MARY ANN CARTER** m. 1847

Children:

- **CALVIN POSTON** died young
- **BRYANT ALBERT POSTON** b. ~1849 – d. Unknown

M. 2nd: **SARAH (SALLY) COLEMAN**

Children:

- **JOSIAH WATTS POSTON** b. 05/28/1852 - d. 11/12/1925
- **JOHN HENRY POSTON** b. 02/13/1855 - d. 1907

There is really not much I can say about Jack (John⁴) and his son Alfred. There is nothing about them in the public or private record, except for some uncertain birthdays and death dates. And so, the story of the Four Johns and Alfred ends here.

After writing this section, I feel like I know more about all the Johns than I knew before. And I hope you do too. I now have a sense of who John¹ was, and he wasn't a complicated guy either. I also feel akin to John² and his life journey. John³ is still a little vague to me.

However, his association with his sister Mary's husband, David McWhorter, tells me that he was a fighter. But John⁴ and Alfred are not real people to me; they are only names and dates. Maybe more info will appear later. However, the first three Johns had some story to'em and so I'm happy for that.

Family Legend by Gloria Poston Godwin

(John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴ > John⁵ Thomas > John⁶ Harvey > Abner Lamar > Barney > Gloria Poston)

"Although one Poston is proven to have fought in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, there is scant representation in the Civil War and World War One.

"The Postons of Marion SC were mostly farmers and laborers, some land owners of small acreage.

"South Georgia and Florida

Sects of the family migrated to Southern Georgia in mid-1800s and continued to farm tobacco and some became loggers. Some owned their own logging businesses. Abner Lamar Poston, my grandfather, died in a logging accident leaving my grandmother, Eula Mae Rudd, to raise 3 small boys.

“However, several records kept by distant Poston branches indicate a son, Willard, was born to Abner and Eula and also failed to list their youngest, James Harold.

“I have no knowledge if this is just an error in names or if there may have been a child stillborn or that died in early infancy between my father, Barney, and James Harold.

“Eula’s sister, Vas (Sadburry), had a daughter who died at 7 years old, possibly from malnutrition during the depression era, and there is no record of her name, date of birth or interment. This may be an unsolved mystery.

“Several Postons married within the Rudd family, and some migrated to Florida (Gadsden Co.) and some to Central Florida, but Decatur Co., GA beckoned my grandmother and father to return to their roots in their later years.” (Family Legend, by Gloria Poston Godwin. September 1, 2000, unknown source)

The Donalsonville Migration
Poston Marriage Records
From Gibson Poston May 2009

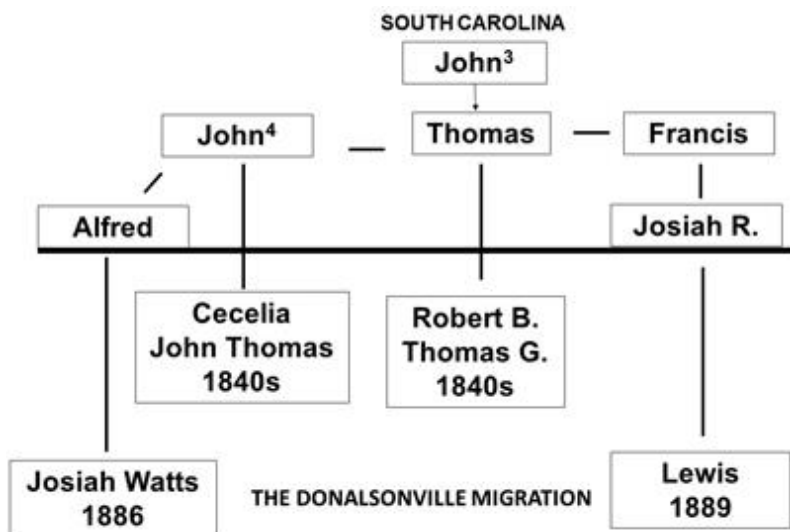
These records show Macon Posten (notice the spelling) marrying T. Adams. T. Adams was Eshter (I believe) Murkerson whose nickname was Tiny because she was so large. She had married an Adams before she married Daddy. And, Daddy's father J. W. Poston marrying Dora Johnson. Just some old records of interest: The South Carolina Postons are underlined.

<u>Poston, Robt. B.</u>	Lewis, Mary J.	23 Nov 1848
<u>Posten, John T.</u>	McDaniel, Charlotte	19 Mar 1857
<u>Poston, J. W.</u>	Johnson, Dora	15 Feb 1888
Posten, C. W.	Beardin, B. L.	11 Jan 1891
Poston, J. W.	Farnam, M. A.	24 Sep 1893
<u>Poston, Louis</u>	Jackson, Mollie E.	13 Aug 1893

Posten, Macon	Adams, T.	April 2, 1916
Poston, L. D.	Mock, Essie E.	August 1, 1916
Poston, Henry	Alday, Emily	Nov 17, 1917
Poston, Samuel	Kenney, Ruth	April 30, 1922
Poston, Willie	Bruce, Mary Alice	August 29, 1930
Poston, John H.	Davis, Bettie	May 16, 1936
Poston, Frank	Watson, Elise	April 6, 1940

The First Postons in Decatur County

Sometime in the early 1840s, four of John³'s grandchildren migrated to Decatur County GA. They were: Cecelia, John⁵ Thomas, Robert B. and Thomas G. Poston. And in the late 1880s, two of John³'s great-grandchildren, Josiah Watts and Lewis Poston moved to Donalsonville. They all married people in Decatur County and the Florida Panhandle.



There was no Donalsonville, Georgia then, and logging seemed to be the main occupation of the Postons living there before 1900. Donalsonville was a town that sprang up around local logging businesses.

Donalsonville is named after John E. Donalson, (1846–1920) owner of the Donalson Lumber Company. Donalsonville was

first chartered as a town in Georgia on December 8, 1897 and was part of Decatur County. Seminole County was formed in January 1920, and Donalsonville was named the county seat.

South Carolina Postons in the Donalsonville, Georgia area late 1840s.

John¹ > John² > John³ > Thomas > Robert B. Poston

b. 1810, Marion, SC m. Mary J. Lewis in Decatur County in 1848.

There is also one, A. D. Poston, 24, male laborer from SC in the 1850 census, but I cannot find him in the Landers Book records. He would have been born in the year 1826 or 1827.

John¹ > John² > John³ > Thomas > Thomas G. Poston

b. 18??, Marion, SC m. Mary (unknown) in SC

John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴ > John⁵ Thomas Poston

b. 11/20/1830, Marion, SC

m. McDaniel, Charlotte, 3/19/1857

John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴ > Cecilia Poston

Cecelia went to South Georgia about 1854 with her brother, John⁵ Thomas, where she married Thomas Farnam from Quincy, Florida Jan. 29, 1858.

Forty years later:

John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴ > Alfred > Josiah Watts

Poston b. 5/28/1852 - d. 1925, m. Dora Johnson, 2/15/1888

John¹ > John² > John³ > Francis > Josiah R > Lewis Poston

Went to South Georgia about 1889

b. 8/4/1847, Florence County, SC - d. 10/2/1912

m. Mary Etta (Millie) Jackson, 8/13/1893

It would be interesting to know how those first Postons in South Georgia found their way there.

The Long March

Sometime in 1886, around age 34, Josiah Watts Poston, starts walking, riding a horse or maybe hopped a freight train headed towards Donalsonville, GA.

He left from somewhere near Georgetown, SC, and there were no paved highways. There are no records of the first 34 years of Joe Watts' life, and no records of his trip to Donalsonville. This lack of data could be due to the Civil War. (1861 - 1865) However, there are some clues as to where Joe went, and how it went along the way.

It is clear that Joe stopped in Augusta and Macon on his way to South Georgia. And it seems he had some great times at both places. Joe's first two children were named Augusta and Macon, two major cities along his route. After Atlanta, both Augusta and Macon were the big towns in Georgia.

That trip from South Carolina to South Georgia was almost the same distance of the trip that John² made from Chester, PA to Marion, SC. The Great Wagon Road now went all the way to Augusta GA. And the 125-mile route from Augusta to Macon, was a well-worn series of roads and trails. There was a good route from Macon to Tifton, GA at that time, but the route from Tifton to Donalsonville, Georgia was less developed and less direct.

There were seven decades of rapid change between 1852 and 1925. Several life changing innovations based upon electricity, generated from mined fuels, reshaped all of modern life by 1950. When Josiah Watts Poston was born, the telegraph was just beginning. Wood and water were the main fuels used for power. Seventy-three years later, Joe still hadn't been electrified. He was still living pretty much the way he had as a boy.



THE POSTONS OF DONALSONVILLE GA

JOSIAH WATTS POSTON

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MACON POSTON

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THE CHILDREN OF MACON & ERNESTINE

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THE PRISON CAMP

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MACON'S BIG SAVE

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GRANNY POSTON'S RECORD

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JOSIAH WATTS POSTON 1852 - 1925

John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴ > Alfred > Josiah Watts

JOSIAH WATTS (Joe) POSTON

b. 05/28/1852 Florence County, S.C.

d. 11/12/1925, Georgia

M. **DORINDA (Dora) JOHNSON**, 02/14/1888

b. 08/7/1871 - d. 10/6/1957

Children:

Name	Birth	Death
Augusta (Gussie) Georgia	03/31/1889	03/06/1971 (81)
Zander Macon	12/25/1891	05/27/1976 (84)
Henry Bryant	11/08/1893	02/1975 (81)
Emily Earl	10/18/1895	05/30/1980 (85)
Bertha (Bell) Isabell	02/20/1898	1956 (58)
Josiah (Joe) Lewis	08/24/1900	1957 (57)
Louisa Clarissa (Clara)	02/14/1903	01/16/1952 (49)
Mary Ann Poston	05/01/1906	05/08/1990 (84)
William Taft	12/22/1908	07/16/1968 (59)
Autice Milburn	09/15/1908	05/15/1963 (53)
Ora Lane (O.L.)	03/15/1915	01/06/1978 (61)

Gibson Poston

Now is a good time to introduce William Gibson Poston. I knew him as Uncle Gibson, Gibson, Bill and Gip. Gibson took the time to write his memories about his growing up in Donalsonville. Gibson mentioned his sister Dixie had written a memoir, but I have not yet seen it. Gip gave me a digital copy of his book shortly before he died. I thought it was interesting, but I didn't know what to do with it.

The stories Gip wrote about his family life in Donalsonville and the information he made available, is extraordinary by Poston

standards. So, I am going to use his words to describe what he remembered about his Grandmother Poston. By Gibson's time, Joe Watts was long gone.

"My paternal grandmother was Dora Johnson Poston. Her husband, Grandpa Josiah Watts, died of cancer of the face. Grandma Poston found it hard for her to care for him in that condition. So, Grandpa Poston was cared for by Aunt Gussie until he died.

"Grandma Poston lived with different children from time to time after Grandpa's death. She was living with Daddy at the prison camp when she died. She died a peaceful death in 1957. She was 86 years old and I was 17. She was a sweet woman, soft spoken and very gentle. She had had a very tough life.

"Grandma Dora Poston was a little woman standing about five feet tall. She wore black, high top, lace up shoes and she always wore a long dress with several flannel slips. She always kept some money tied up in a little pocket she made in one of her slips. She tied it with a pretty ribbon.

"When she was not living with us and we went to visit her, she would always lift up her dress and get to the coins. She kept coins in one of her many flannel under garments she always wore, and would give me a coin every time we visited her. And she would always give me a big wet kiss on my cheek. Although I didn't like it then, looking back it was great of her to do that."

The Family of Joe and Dora Poston

My father Buford (Buddy) Poston was born the year his grandfather Josiah Watts died. I never heard any stories about Josiah Watts. And I always wondered why he traveled to Donalsonville. The answer was relatives and logging.

That also explains the story I heard about Macon Poston's first job, as a six-year-old boy. I heard he was tending to the mules used to pull the logs out of the forest. People remarked that Macon was good with mules. Probably an affinity of personalities, or so I've been told.

Gibson Poston's Memories:

Daddy was an alcoholic. He was the worst kind. He wouldn't touch a drop of alcohol for months and then he would start with just a beer and he couldn't stop until he was so drunk that many times Mama and I had to put him in a hospital to dry him out. ... There is no need to go into graphic detail about that. However, I can say that because Daddy was an alcoholic, I was always afraid what condition I would find him in, when I got home from school.

Daddy had 10 siblings, so there were 11 in all. There were at least three alcoholics in Daddy's family. Daddy was an alcoholic, Taft drank heavily too, and Ora Lane was the biggest alcoholic in the family that I knew. Milburn drank some, but neither Henry nor Josiah were drinkers.

End

My Observations:

Over the years I've heard drips and drabs about "the other Postons." Mostly I heard about Clara, Milburn, Taft and Ora Lane. So I have gathered together what I could remember and what I could discover about those distant Poston relatives.

The Story of Autice Milburn "Red" Poston Sr.:

AUTICE MILBURN "Red" POSTON SR.

b. 07/15/1910 - d. 04/15/1963 (52)

M. NELLIE CLIFFORD

b. 10/11/1918, River Junction, FL – d. 11/13/2015 Marietta, GA
Children:

AUTICE MILBURN POSTON JR. b. 04/08/1944

WILLIAM CLIFTON (Bill) POSTON b. 04/06/1947

MARIAN ELIZABETH POSTON JONES b. 07/12/1949

Gibson Poston's Memories:

I remember Uncle Milburn Poston. Uncle Milburn was a go-getter. He sold life insurance door-to-door, which is a tough job. Then he moved to Smyrna and started an insurance agent's office.

He had moved up to the Atlanta area before I ever met him. But I visited with Uncle Milburn several times when I lived with

my sister Geneva in Austell, Georgia. (~1959) I was young and just enjoyed visiting relatives and getting to know them. Uncle Milburn always acted nervous when I visited him. So, I told him I wasn't there to borrow money and then he would relax and enjoyed the visit.

His boys, Milburn Jr. and Bill, really made good. They both went to the University of Georgia and came back to Smyrna, and started a home repair business. They learned the business from the ground up. I used to get complaint calls from their customers all the time while they were learning.

My name is in the phone book as William G. Poston, and Bill's name is William C. Poston, so they are very similar. Our checking accounts and doctor's records were often confused. And I sometimes use the name Bill for work.

My wife Jeanette once got a phone call from a woman who thought she was talking to the other Bill's wife. The woman asked if it was the Poston residence; Jeanette said yes. She asked if she had a son named Cliff, Jeanette said yes. She asked if Cliff was involved in basketball; Jeanette again said yes. Nonetheless, they were looking for the other Bill.

One time I got a call from an insurance agent wanting to sell me insurance on my horse. I didn't have a horse, but the other Bill had a race horse. And once I got a call from the Sheriff of Cobb County and he got really excited, because he thought he was talking to the other Bill.

Milburn and Bill Poston made it big in developing land and building homes. They started Traton Homes and they have developed a lot of subdivisions in the Atlanta area. And they have become rich too. They owned a summer home on Sea Island, a real exclusive place in the Golden Isles of Georgia, right near Jekyll Island. The homes they build range around \$400,000 to \$900,000. (2013) But they tend to be somewhat standoffish. We don't speak unless we bump into each other accidentally. **End**

The Backstory

Nellie Clifford Poston raised 3 teenagers after the death of her husband Red Milburn Poston in 1963. She was a major force behind the creation of Traton Homes. She also helped run the family business and continued working in it until 2015.

Eight years (1971) after Red's death, both Poston brothers were involved in selling real estate in Cobb County and Atlanta. In 1971 the Poston brothers founded Traton Homes, a housing development company near Atlanta.

Bill and Milburn Poston are the only Postons on record, to have exceeded the accomplishments of John¹ Poston. John Poston may have owned as much as 400-acres of prime land in Chester County, PA. The Poston brothers have bought, developed and sold thousands of acres in the Atlanta Metro Area during the last 50 plus years.

HENRY BRYANT POSTON (81)

b. 11/08/1893 - d. Feb. 1975

M. **EMILY MARTHA ALDAY**

b. 03/09/1889 - d. 07/28/1969

Children:

SYBIL POSTON LANE b. 11/06/1918 - d. 06/08/1997

Gibson Poston's Memories:

My Uncle Henry Poston, my father's brother, at the time of my birth, carried my mother to the hospital in a horse drawn wagon. My family lived 15 miles south of Donalsonville. The house that was the old homestead was up on a very high hill, and on clear days you could see a water tower in Chattahoochee, Florida.

None of the roads were paved back then, and it took a long time to make that trip using a horse drawn wagon. My Mama and Daddy lived on a 200-acre farm and farmed for a living. Uncle Henry lived about 5 miles away on a similar size farm and he also farmed for a living. However, my sister Juanita tells me that Uncle Henry did not drive my Mama to the hospital. She said that Daddy drove Mama to the hospital in his car.

Juanita (1923 – 2016) is now 80 (2003) and has a great memory about our family history. This is another reason for writing this story. Memories tend to fade with time. By putting this in writing now it may correct some old tales that may have been passed down verbally. **End**

ORA LANE (O.L.) POSTON (61)

b. 03/12/1915 - d. 01/06/1976

M. **NELLIE JOHNSON POSTON** (1910 - 1990)

Gibson Poston's Memories:

After high school I went to Austell to live with my sister Geneva and her family. While there, I had occasion to visit Uncle Ora Lane. He called and told me he wanted to introduce me to a girl. I was all for that. So I drove over to his house and when we left, I thought we were going to see the girl. While on the way, he asked me to stop at a small shopping center. I didn't see the liquor store then, but he did.

He went to the liquor store and bought two pints of 100 Proof Smirnoff Vodka. When he got back to the car, he chugged a bottle in one big gulp. Then he opened the second bottle and chugged half. He was drunk right away and he couldn't talk anymore.

I took him home and walked him to the front door. I was too embarrassed to face Aunt Nellie, so I just propped Uncle Ora Lane up against the wall by the front door and left him there. I left quickly. I didn't see him again for several more years.

He later moved to Lithia Springs in Cobb County. Jeanette and I went by to visit him and Aunt Nellie several times. The visits were nice and I never saw him drunk again. Several years later Uncle Ora Lane died of a massive heart attack. Aunt Nellie told me and Jeanette that they were sitting on their carport and he was doing fine. The mail was delivered to their mailbox and Aunt Nellie walked out to get the mail and when she returned, Uncle Ora Lane was sitting in the chair with blood all over his chest. He was dead.

Jeanette and I visited Aunt Nellie several times. She was very nice and fun to visit. A few years later, she had to be put in a nursing home. We went to visit her there. She eventually moved her body into a fetal position, like a little baby. She couldn't talk or hear you. **End**

LOUISA CLARISSA (CLARA) POSTON

Clara "Red" Poston before she married James Elkins.

M. JAMES THORN ELKINS 1928

b. 05/11/1885 - d. 08/07/1952 (67)

m. LOUISA CLARISSA (CLARA) POSTON (49)

b. 02/14/1903 - d. 01/16/1952

Children:

- **DELMA HAYDON POSTON** b. 01/24/1924
- OWEN WATSON ELKINS b. 11/04/1931
- OTIS JERRY ELKINS b. 08/24/1936
- HARRIETT SUE ELKINS b. 10/08/1941
- CHARLOTTE DORA ELKINS b. 06/21/1945

The Story of Delma Red Poston:

DELMA "RED" POSTON

b. 01/24/1924cGA – d. July 1979, NJ (55)

Delma Haydon Poston married Claire Gellak, near Philadelphia, ~1947.

Children:

- Jo Ann (Decker) b. ~1948
- Nancy (Feo) b. ~1952
- James C. Poston, b. 02/10/1955 - d. 10/18/2017

m. Catherine T. (nee Avella) Poston, Jim worked as a mechanic at Neubert's Tire, in Tabernacle, NJ.

Red Poston was over a year older than my father Buford (Buddy) Poston. It is likely they were childhood playmates and knew each other well. When Buddy was 19, in December of 1943, he joined the US Navy during WW2. More of Buddy's stories later.

Around that time, Delma Poston was living in New Jersey, near Philadelphia. He married Claire H. Gellak, of

Philadelphia PA, no later than 1947. I never heard the story of how Red Poston found his way to the Philadelphia metro area. And have no idea how he met Claire Gellak. But red hair and Irish ancestry tend to go together.

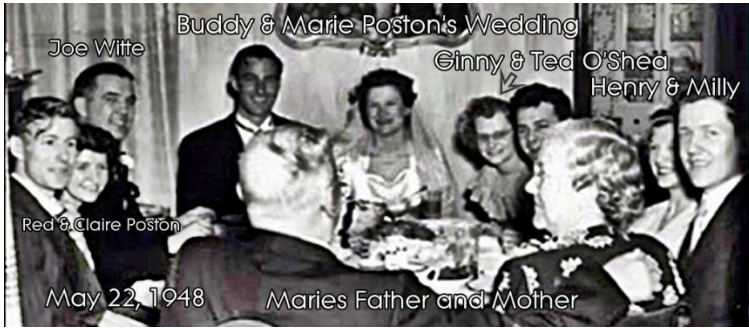
Claire Gellak was the sister of Virginia Gellak O'Shea, who was the best friend of my mother, Marie Witte. Claire and Red introduced Buddy to Marie on Thanksgiving of 1947. That was when Buddy's ship was docked at the US Naval Shipyard in Philadelphia. The year before that, Buddy had been on a ship at the Bikini Atoll atomic bomb test site.

Though I don't have a detailed account of how Buddy and Marie met, I do know it was a whirlwind courtship, because they were married about six months after they first met. My Mom said she knew Buddy was very good looking, but she was attracted to his inner qualities first.

My Mom said the week before they got married, Buddy called her and said that he had the weekend off starting May 22, and they could get married next Saturday. In that week they found the rings and rented the tuxes and her mother made her a wedding gown.



In the previous picture, Red's profile is similar to John Poston's profile. John (Bobby) Poston (1951 - 2013) was the son of my father's brother, Jack Dempsey Poston.

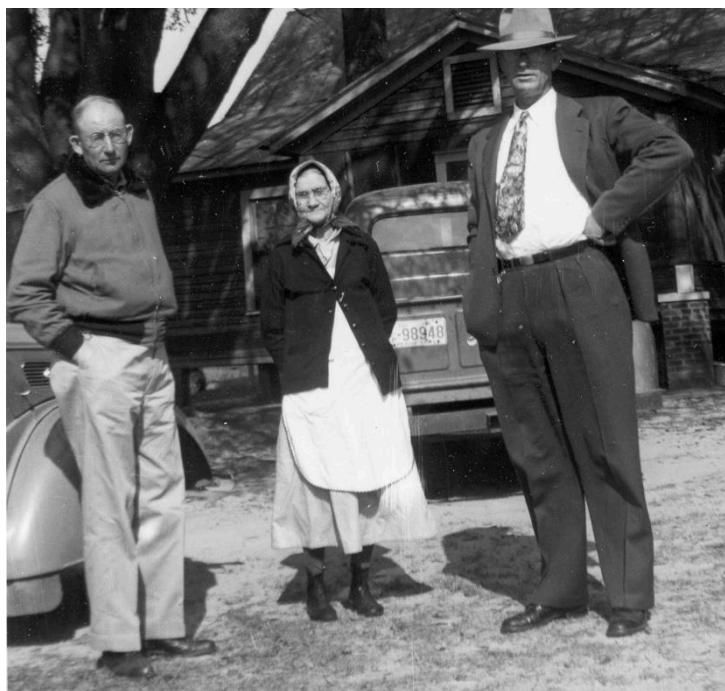


In this picture Red looks more like singer Jerry Lee Lewis.

When my family lived in the Philadelphia area sometime in the early 1960s, we visited with Claire and Red somewhere near Blackwoods NJ. I don't remember anything about that visit. They may have visited us once too. But that was a long time ago now. Red died at age 55 in 1979. Claire passed at age 86 in 2012.



Granny's Mother & Macon's Mother



Sons Macon & Henry with Dora



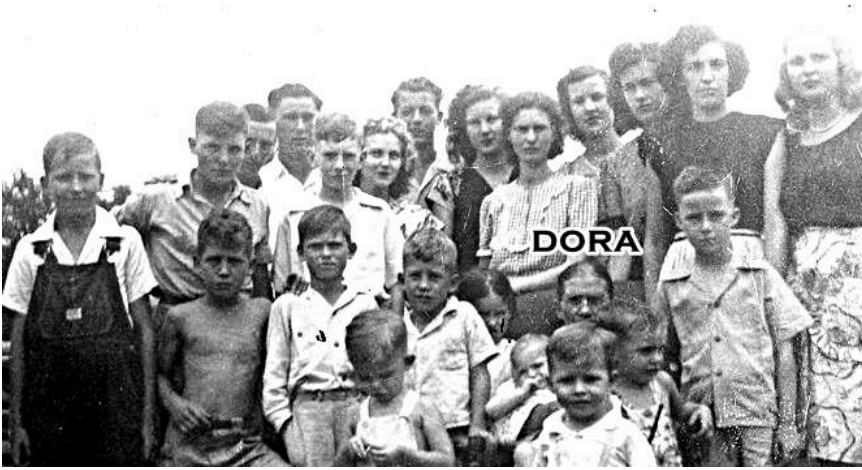
Dora and Her Children



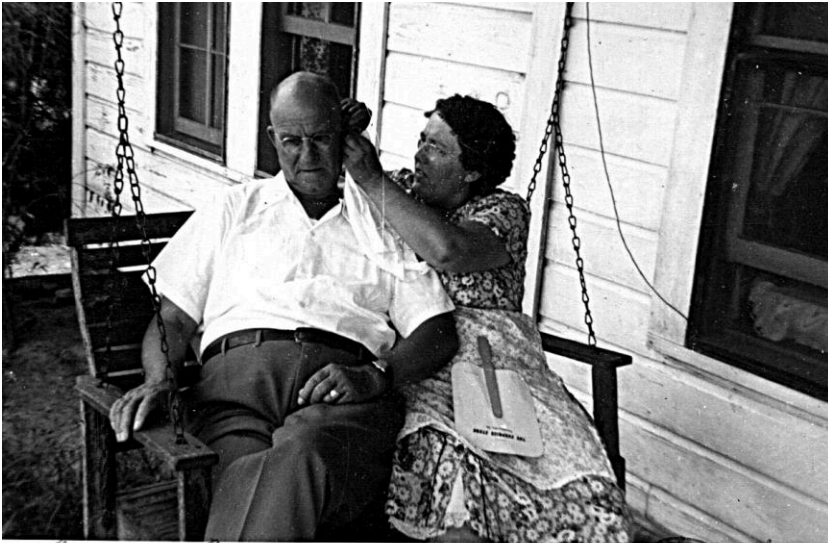
Dora and Her Daughters



The Poston Brothers of Donalsonville



Dora Poston and her Grandchildren



1953- Mam & Bessie Poston

MACON CALVIN POSTON

1891- 1976

John¹ > John² > John³ > John⁴ > Alfred > Josiah Watts > Macon

ZANDER MACON POSTON

b. 12/25/1891 - d. 05/27/1976 (84)

m. 1st: **ESTHER MURKISON**, 1916 (divorced)

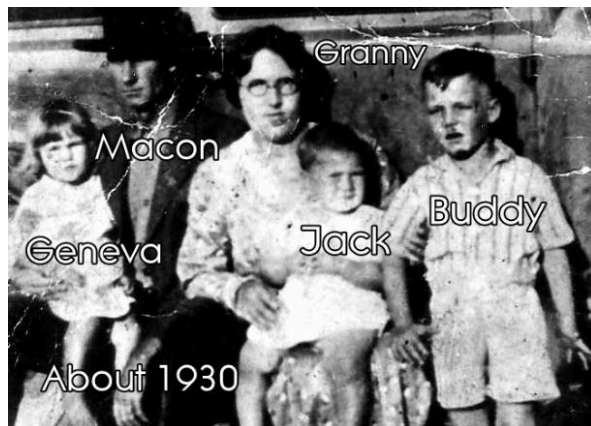
One child by 1st. marriage, Walstine Jeanette

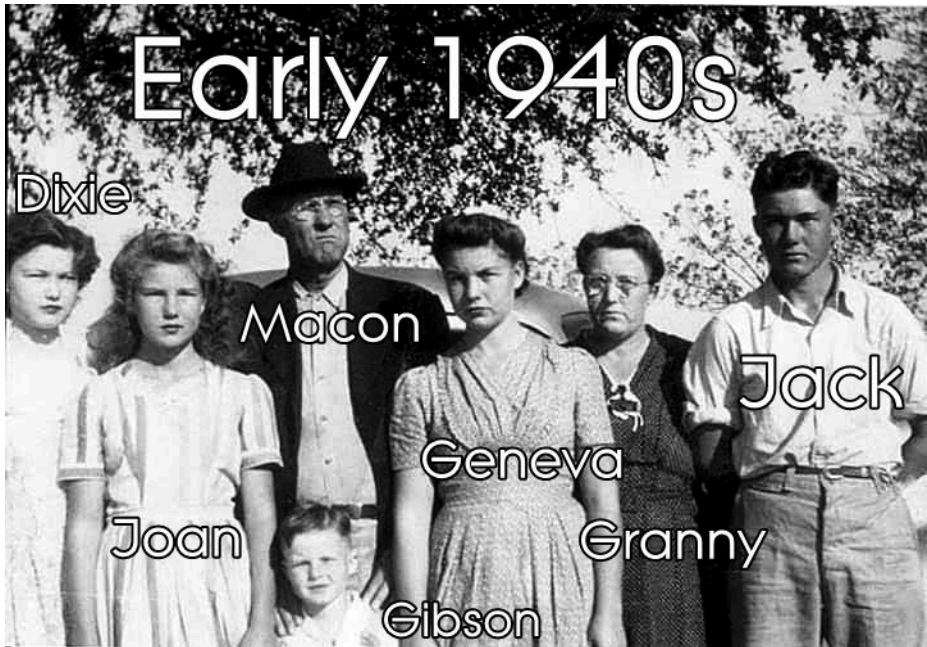
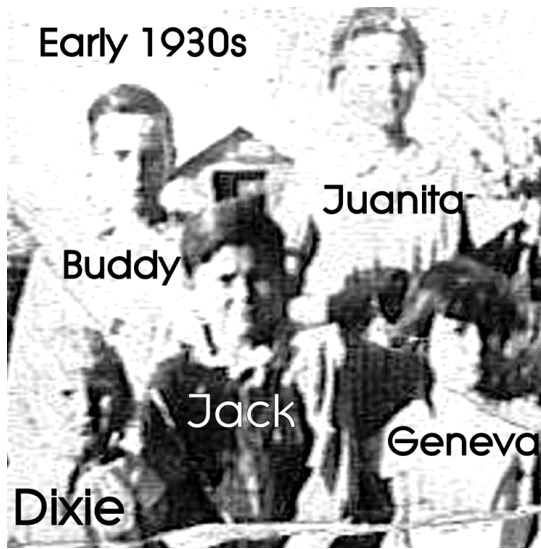
m. 2nd: **MILLIE ERNESTINE FAIRCLOTH** 04/13/1922

b. 12/26/1906 – d. 01/27/1994 (87)

Children:

Name	Birth	Death
Walstine Jeanette	07/04/1916	06/12/1993 (76)
Juanita	01/14/1923	03/08/2016 (93)
Mary	04/15/1924	07/26/1926 (2)
Buford (Buddy)	05/19/1925	07/07/1988 (63)
Geneva Mable	04/22/1927	12/13/1993 (66)
Jack Dempsey	06/15/1928	06/02/1961 (33)
Dixie Magdalene	01/01/1930	04/06/2007 (77)
Joan Rebecca	03/31/1932	Alive
William Gibson	05/22/1940	06/18/2015 (75)





In this section, much of the family commentary will be provided by Gibson Poston's memoir. I will add my two cents every now and then too. Rather than ramble on with a long introduction, I would like to start with Gibson's recollections of his father Macon. Gibson was born in 1940, when Macon was 48-years-old and his mother Millie Ernestine Faircloth Poston was 34.

Gibson's Memories

My Daddy was born on Friday, December 25, 1891. His name at birth was Macon Zander Poston. Some references show his name as Zander Macon Poston and I'm not really sure which is correct. Because he did not like the name Zander, he changed it to Calvin. And so, he became Macon Calvin Poston. He did not legally change his name. He just changed it. That's kind of the way things were done back in his times.

His name has always been a mystery to me. I thought for years that his middle name was Cecil, but my sisters Dixie and Juanita say it was Calvin. He always signed his checks and other papers as M. C. Poston.

Daddy was the oldest boy of a family of eleven. He had a very tough life. One of his jobs as a young boy was driving a team of oxen to pull logs out of the forest swamps. Macon was also the first mail carrier for the Desser community. I never knew about any of those jobs, but I discovered that information in the book, "Cornerstone of Georgia: Seminole County, 1920-1991" editors, Mary Kirkland, Jo Webb, Helen Perry.

This is another reason I'm writing these notes. Lots of tidbits about our family often don't get passed on, so I'm hoping this writing will help you to know more about our family.

Macon was a very tough man. He had to be tough to be the warden of a chain gang camp and even before that to snake logs out of swamps with a team of oxen. He was the oldest male in a family of eleven, and the oldest child often got the toughest jobs.

I once saw Macon breakup a fight between two prisoners who were fighting each other with knives. He stepped right between them and made them stop. Both of the prisoners were cut up so bad they had to go to the hospital. Daddy was not afraid at all.

Daddy was a strict disciplinarian with the prisoners. He used

a special made leather whip to punish them. The whip was about three feet long and about three inches wide, kind of like a large razor sharpening strap with a one-foot wooden handle.

He never used it on me but he did whip me three times. I thought he was going to kill me. I remember each whipping very well. One whipping was for jumping on a bed after he had told me to stop. Another whipping was playing with a gallon jug of buttermilk after he told me to put it down. I kept playing with it and dropped it and broke it. My last whipping was for driving a large tractor with steel tracks that tore up the prison yard. I got the worse whipping for this. I was about ten years old then and I deserved each whipping.

Mama and Daddy were married on April 13, 1922. Mama was 15 and Daddy was 30. Daddy enticed Mama into slipping away with him and they rode on a small horse pulled cart down a small country lane and met a justice of the peace that married them. I'm sure that Daddy had prearranged for the justice of the peace to be there to marry them.

Mama was fifteen years old and as far as I know had never been on a date not even with Daddy. Mama never worked a day outside the home. Mama didn't know how to drive a car until she was over 50 years old. Mama could play the piano and she could sing a lovely song.

Daddy was 30 years old and had been previously married to his first cousin Esther, whose nickname was "Tiny." It was a shotgun marriage. Tiny had gotten pregnant by Daddy and they had to get married. The child from that union was Walstine Jeanette Poston. Daddy divorced Tiny sometime before 1922. They had only one child: Walstine Jeanette Poston, b. July 4, 1916 – d. June 12, 1993, from a heart attack.

Divorces were unheard of back then. The story goes that Daddy tricked Tiny into signing some papers and he was able to get the divorce. Supposedly Tiny could not read. Daddy told her he needed her to sign some papers so that he could buy some furniture on credit. Tiny signed the papers which were

apparently an agreement to the divorce. I'm sure that Daddy had some political pull at the courthouse to get the divorce.

Macon Calvin Poston

My notes

If you haven't yet noticed, Gibson can be somewhat critical of Macon in these stories. In fact, I don't think I ever heard anyone ever say anything uncritical about Macon, even the compliments are critical.

However, I never heard Granny say anything negative about Macon. Nor have I ever heard anyone say that Macon had been abusive to her. And I'm sure they would have, if they knew.

Three of Macon's children: my father, my Aunt Geneva and Uncle Gibson, all told me their Macon stories. Geneva and Gibson called him an alcoholic. My father told me stories about his childhood experiences with Macon. Macon's abusiveness figured into Buddy's leaving home in his mid-teens. He had some resentments, but on the whole Buddy and Geeba and Gip all loved their Mama dearly, and respected Macon, if but grudgingly.

However, I hardly knew Macon at all, except by the stories. I had visited Donalsonville six times, and I only remember having three conversations with Macon in my entire life. The first conversation happened early one morning.

Granny woke me up and said, "Boy, the dogs done treed a coon and yer Grandaddy needs youta carry'em yonder." "Carry" in Georgian means, drive me somewhere. I was 10, but I looked 13. I had never driven a car. I failed to mention that to Granny.

When I get to the car Grandad is sitting shotgun, and with a shernuf shotgun in his arms. I climb into the driver's seat and Grandad gives me the keys and I start the car like I'd seen done before. Somehow, we got underway, I don't remember how.

Soon Macon is criticizing my driving skills. Gibson was driving tractors when he was ten. When I explained I couldn't drive, he helped me by steering some and told me how to work the peddles.

The last time I saw Macon was 1971, when I was about to marry Julie Ragland, and we were there for a visit. Macon told me a story that I never understood until decades later. It was a story about how first marriages don't always work out, but he did not say that as clearly as what I just wrote.

The other memorable conversation was, when I asked Macon why he had named Jack, Jack. He said, "I named Jack for the best fighter whoever made me some money, Jack Demsey."

I also know Macon lent my parents money when they were just getting started. And I know he sent money to Gibson, while Gibson was in the Navy. And Macon pulled some strings to get Gibson's orders change from Vietnam, to a safe harbor. And at the end of this section, I will present an obscure story about Macon, that no one knew about, and Gibson was surprised to hear.

John Poston was born slightly more than 200 years before Macon, and Macon was seven generations removed from John. And John Poston was a simple, but very accomplished man. Macon was a much more complicated human than John Poston.

John Poston had a very simple name; in fact, it was all too common. However, no one is sure what Macon's birth name really is. I have seen his name rendered as: Zandar, Macon, Calvin, Coleman and Landrom Poston. Nonetheless, everyone knew him as Macon.

John Poston had very simple dreams and those dreams came from his boyhood experiences. He wanted to be a farmer and own a large, successful farm, and John accomplished all his goals before he died.

Macon was born in the middle of a technological revolution

that would become known as the modern era. The modern era started with the first electrified telegraph around 1830. By the time of Macon's birth, many machines were electrically powered. Coal was the major source of energy used to make electricity.

Though Macon was born into the modern era, he lived most of his life without electricity. Macon was in his 50s before he had a home with indoor plumbing, glass windows and electricity. Both cars and horses were Macon's means of transportation up to about 1940.

The most frustrating thing for Macon was not being able to access the modern world's opportunities. He heard about what was happening in the cities and it sounded a lot better than his backwoods world. His brother Milburn had done well in Atlanta. But Macon had responsibilities and the risk of moving was too great.

And farming was then changing rapidly too, and not for the better. Small farmers were being forced out of farming by the new economics of large-scale farming. Smaller farmers now needed special equipment and fertilizers to stay competitive. Machines were replacing beasts of burden and usually at a much higher cost, but provided greater efficiency and enabled larger farms.

Macon was the last farmer, in a lineage of farmers that stretched back for over 200 years. Macon stopped farming around the age of 50 and got a government job and pension. None of his children ever farmed for a living. As far as I can tell, John Poston's farm in Chester PA was the most successful Poston farm on record.



Granny with Juanita & Mary?



MILLIE ERNESTINE FAIRCLOTH POSTON Family Tree

ROBERT MATTHEW FAIRCLOTH

b. 05/16/1870 - d. 09/05/1927 (57)

M. 1890 1st: ARRENA FAIRCLOTH (BURKE)

b. 1875 - d. 1899 (24)

Children:

ELDRED FAIRCLOTH b. 12/21/1892 - d. 07/18/1923 (30)

LILLIE YATES (Faircloth) b. 01/29/1894 - d. 07/14/1929 (35)

EDGAR FAIRCLOTH b. 06/25/1898 - d. 10/26/1918 (20) WWI

M. 1901 2nd: OCTAVIA FAIRCLOTH (COLLINS)

b. 05/21/1877 - d. 07/15/1965 (88)

Children:

ORBIE W FAIRCLOTH, aka: "Aubrey M."

b. 06/03/1902 - d. 10/02/1971 (69)

NANNIE MAE MCDONALD (Faircloth)

b. 09/17/1904 - d. 03/12/2002 (97)

MILLIE ERNESTINE POSTON (Faircloth)

b. 12/26/1906 - d. 01/27/1994 (87)

Twin brother Wille Faircloth, died at birth.

SEBORN FAIRCLOTH

b. Jul. 1910 - d. 08/08/1963 (53)

(This is the first time I have looked at my grandmother's family tree. I did not know her father had been married twice. Nor did I know that her father and the entire first family, had died by the time Granny was 24. Her children seem to have never known about Family One.)

Gibson's Comment:

Grandma Faircloth was a very brave woman. She was using crutches when I first remember her, and within a few years she was in a wheelchair. She was in a wheelchair for many years. She died in a nursing home. Grandma Faircloth had a brother named Early Collins. I thought that was the strangest name and very different. I liked it.

MY MOTHER

Gibson Poston

.....

My Mama was born on Wednesday, December 26, 1906. Her name was Millie Ernestine Faircloth. Mama was born a twin. Her twin brother Willie died at birth. Mama was born at her parents' home who lived in the Desser community. Desser was in Decatur County which later became Seminole County in 1920.

I think every child has a special bond with their mother. A mother carries the child in her womb and then births the child's life. I loved my Mama very much and for the last five or six

years of her life I always went down to her home in Donalsonville and spent a week with her.

And I always went on the day after Christmas because December 26th was her birthday. I also called Mama every Saturday morning during the last 20 years of her life. I still miss those calls and our talks. I never got tired or bored with talking to my Mama. I don't mean to but I always get bored talking to most people and my eyes kind of glaze over after a few minutes. I don't mean to. It just happens.

After Daddy's death Mama lived alone for around 20 years in her home on Lake Seminole. The house was on the same site where the family farm had been for many years. The original house on this site had been destroyed by a tornado in January 1975. Even though the house was destroyed no one was hurt.

She was never afraid to be alone. I imagine that every person believes that their Mama is a special person. I know I do. Mama loved to grow flowers and she really could grow things that most people couldn't grow. She always had lovely flower gardens around her home. She would talk to the flowers and tell them they better grow or she would move them or chop them down. I always laughed at her when she did that but it seemed to work for her. Mama loved to find new plants or flowers at different places and take a cutting or root and bring it home and get it to grow at her place.

Mama also loved to crochet. She could crochet the most beautiful pieces. She could crochet with the very smallest threads and the largest threads. She loved to make Afghans of many colors and she made one for each of her children. I still have one. Then she started making Afghans and selling them. She was always doing things to make a little extra money.

While Daddy lived, Mama was completely dependent on him. Daddy wrote all the checks, made all the decisions about any home business. I was worried when Daddy died that Mama would be lost and become a recluse. But to our surprise and happiness she bloomed. She started traveling. She went to

visit my brother Buddy and his wife Marie who lived in Tom's River, NJ with Tommy and Janice Gorman. Anytime anyone said let's go Mama was always ready to go.

Mama lived some twenty years after Daddy died and I truly believe that Mama enjoyed that part of her life more than any other. Mama got her a boyfriend who was 20 years younger than she was. He was Curtis Whittaker. I was very happy for Mama and Curtis was a help to me. If I ever called and Mama didn't answer the phone, I could always call Curtis and he would find Mama and tell her to call me. He was always a big help and a nice, friendly man.

Mama died January 27, 1994 in the Tallahassee Memorial Hospital in Tallahassee, Fl. of pneumonia and heart failure. Mama's passing was one of the saddest days in my life. She lived to the ripe old age of 87.

Walstine was quite a woman. Daddy brought Walstine into his home with Mama and Mama actually raised her. Walstine's mother was Tiny Murkison. Walstine married Wallace Dawson as her first husband. He was killed in the military in World War II. Then she married Ed Rayfield and together they accumulated quite a bit of money, around \$800,000.00 which was quite a bit of money in our family and in their time.

Ed died before Walstine and when she died, she left her money to several members of her family. When she died she had about 7 wills written at different times. Unbelievably, I was in the last will she wrote and received from her estate about \$65,000.00 which was very nice.

Note: My only good Granny story happened on New Years 1971 in Donalsonville. When I walked into the kitchen New Years Day, there was a hog's head resting in the kitchen sink. Granny was in the kitchen too, and I asked her what was up with the pig head. She said, "Boy, we always have hog's head on New Year's for good luck." Saying it to me, as if everyone knew that. Years later, while living in China, I discovered hog's head is really quite tasty and costs extra.

About the Pictures in this Book

In 1900 Eastman Kodak introduced a box camera featuring a removable film container for cheap, easy processing. The Brownie camera was inexpensive at \$1, and easy to use. Plus, the cost of processing was cheap too. Hence, the Brownie camera became the ubiquitous digital camera of the pre-digital age. (\$1 = \$35 in 2023)

The people in these pictures from the early 20th century were considered poor. However, there were some people among them with enough extra money to buy a Kodak Brownie. And thanks to them, we have some idea about what our ancestors looked like and can see the environment they lived in.





* Poston, Macon 1,907,169 * White * Colored.
 (Surname) (Christian name) (Army serial number)

Residence: RFD "B" Donaldsonville GEORGIA
 (Street and house number) (Town or city) (County) (State)

Donaldsonville Ga Bainbridge Ga Dec 18 17
 * Inducted at on, 19

Place of birth: Donaldsonville Ga Age or date of birth: 26 yrs

Organizations served in, with dates of assignments and transfers: 157 Dep Brig to Feb 9/18; Co G 327 Inf to Apr 9/18;
157 Dep Brig to Sept 20/18; Inf Repl Reft Camp Gordon

Grades, with date of appointment: Pvt Ga to Disch

MACON SERVED ONE YEAR IN THE US ARMY DURING WWI

Engagements: **AS AN INFANTRY SOLDIER**
STATIONED AT FORT GORDON, AUGUSTA GA

Wounds or other injuries received in action: None.

Served overseas from none to none, from none to none

Honorably discharged on demobilization Dec 16, 19 18

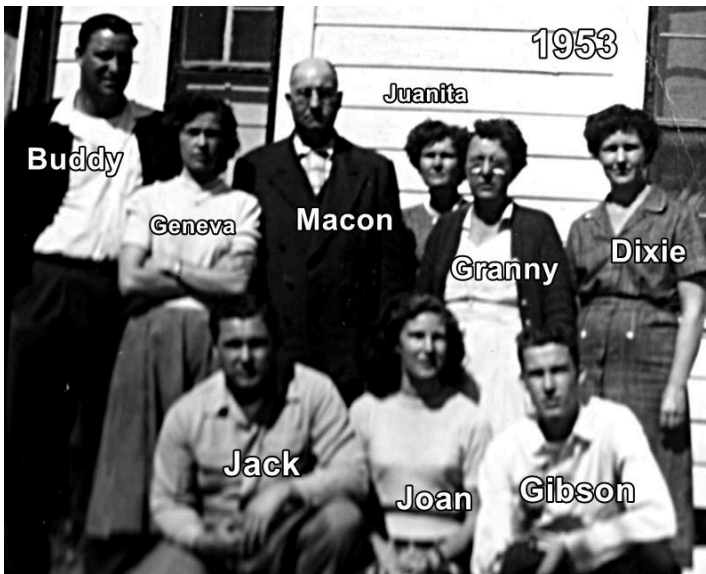
In view of occupation he was, on date of discharge, reported 0 per cent disabled.



THE CHILDREN OF MACON & ERNESTINE

My BROTHERS AND SISTERS
BY Gibson Poston

Mama and Daddy had eight children. I was the baby and the first and only child born in a hospital. All of my brothers and sisters were born at home wherever Mama and Daddy were living at the time.



Name	Birth	Death
Walstine Jeanette	07/04/1916	06/12/1993 (76)
Juanita	01/14/1923	03/08/2016 (93)
Mary	04/15/1924	07/26/1926 (2)
Buford (Buddy)	05/19/1925	07/07/1988 (63)
Geneva Mable	04/22/1927	12/13/1993 (66)
Jack Dempsey	06/15/1928	06/02/1961 (33)
Dixie Magdalene	01/01/1930	04/06/2007 (77)
Joan Rebecca	03/31/1932	Alive
William Gibson	05/22/1940	06/18/2015 (75)

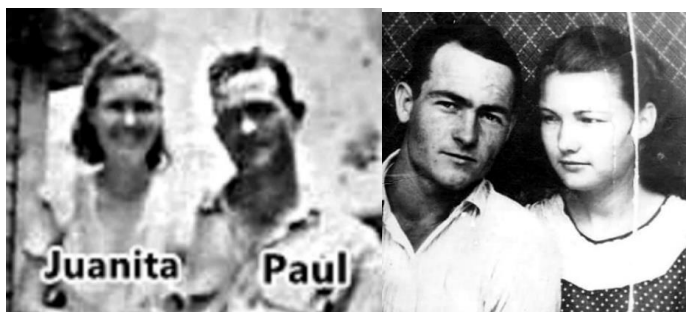


Your Turn to Guess

Juanita Poston Robinson

By Gibson Poston

Juanita was Macon's second child and his first child with Ernestine. Juanita married Paul Robinson and they had fourteen children. When she was having the tenth child, the doctor told Juanita that he could do something to stop her from having children. Juanita said, "I don't want that. What if Paul dies and I marry someone else. I might want to have more children by him." Nonetheless, with so many children to care for, life was hard for Juanita and Paul.





RAYMOND PAUL ROBINSON

b. 07/28/1917 - d. 04/11/1988 (71)

M. **JUANITA POSTON** 05/25/1940

b. 01/14/1923 - d. 03/08/2016 (93)

Children:

RAYMOND "KELLY" SR.

b. 03/07/1941 - d. 02/25/2022

JERRY ALBRITTON

b. 07/05/42 - d. 10/25/2015

JOHN WATSON

b. 12/14/1944 - d. 06/28/2016

PAULINE GAYLE

b. 05/30/1947

MABEL REBECCA

b. 12/09/1949

SHIRLEY ILENE

b. 12/12/1951

DEBORAH ODELL

b. 01/27/1953

RONALD "SONNY"

b. 06/11/1955

LARRY EDMOND SR

b. 10/11/1957

DURWOOD

b. 08/13/1958 - d. 11/08/1958

GREGORY KEITH SR.

b. 11/07/1959 - d. 04/01/2020

WENDELL "Toby"

b. 12/10/1960 - d. 12/28/2021

REGINA

b. 05/28/1965

DARRYL SCOTT

b. 07/29/1965 – d. 01/20/1989

Paul Robinson was an outdoorsman. He loved to fish and hunt and he was good at it. One of my favorite memories is about when Paul took me, Kelly, Jerry and John and one of Paul's friends Winston Zorn, on a fishing trip to Spring Creek in Seminole County. Paul went ahead looking for small holes with water and fish. He would yell to us boys to come and fish in each hole as he found them.

We caught a lot of fish that evening, but the best part was that we cleaned and cooked the fish right alongside the creek. It was the best tasting fish I've ever eaten. It seems to me that fish cooked outdoors, near where they were caught, always taste better. We all had a great time.

Juanita was going to pick us up, but we were late getting to the pickup spot. She was hopping mad when we finally got there, and her anger increased when she found out Paul had been drinking all night. By the time Juanita picked us up, Paul was pretty drunk. Juanita was so angry, she was driving fast. Paul was in the backseat, and he picked up one of the children next to him and was holding the child saying, "This baby knows his daddy. This baby loves his daddy." Paul had a cigarette just hanging from his lips. Juanita was driving fast and it was very dark and we were in the woods.

All of a sudden Paul got sick and had to lean outside the car window to throw up. His head was just missing the trees. I yelled to Juanita that Paul's head was just missing the trees and she just yelled, "Serves him right getting drunk and keeping me waiting!" Thankfully we all survived the night and it was great.

I have a couple of other funny Robinson memories, like when John Robinson and I went dove hunting with shotguns. John was climbing over a fence and some doves flew by overhead. While astraddle the fence, and without thinking, John shot at the doves. The kick from the shotgun knocked John clear over the fence. Even though it was a dangerous stunt, we both laughed about it a lot. But maybe you just had to be there for it to be funny. After hunting, we went to Juanita's for lunch.

The Robinsons were not well off and lunch was scarce.

Juanita made a lunch out of pineapples, mayonnaise and lite bread, she called it pineapple sandwiches. Juanita had fourteen children and there must have been about ten or so children ready for lunch. I watched as Juanita made the pineapple sandwiches. I didn't notice that all the children were anxiously waiting for the word to start eating.

Finally, Juanita said, "Start eating!" Before I could get a grip on a sandwich, all the sandwiches were gone and real fast too. Juanita laughed and said, "You have to be quick to get something to eat around here." But she did make me another sandwich, and I learned to be quick about eating with the Robinsons.

Although the Robinsons have had some tough problems, I have always enjoyed being with them. They were always good for a laugh, especially in hard times. And I have a lot of good memories about fishing with the Robinsons. As do many of their cousins.

I also used to go fishing a lot with Foots, a trustee from the prison camp. Foots loved fishing more than anything. He was like a child when you told him it was time to go back to the camp. He would beg and cry just to stay a little bit longer.

Juanita Poston Robinson

My Notes

Until I was in my late 20s, I thought Juanita's name was Walneater. An odd name, but not more unusual than most Poston names. Then it dawned on me her name was Juanita.

Skipping ahead to my mid-50s, I met a Chinese girl in Burma and I nicknamed her Juanita for the day, in honor of my Aint Walneeter. I had no idea I was going to marry the Chinese girl a few years later. People still call her Juanita, except me.

Mary Poston

Mary Poston was born on April 15, 1924. She died of pneumonia at age 2. Times were hard back then and there were no antibiotics and pneumonia was often fatal. Penicillin,

the first antibiotic, was discovered by accident by Alexander Fleming on March 7, 1929.

Buford (Buddy) Poston

I sure did hate it when Buddy died. I always enjoyed Buddy's company and visited him as often as I could. Buddy was a great man and I loved him very much. Everyone loved Buddy. He was so easy going and just friendly. Most people say I look just like Buddy.

Daddy drove Buddy away from home, due to what Buddy thought was constant abuse. When Buddy was about 16 years old, Macon started to whip him, and told Buddy to lay down across the front steps. Buddy refused and backed away from Daddy and just kept backing away until he was long gone. Uncle Aubrey Faircloth, Mama's brother, helped him, and maybe Macon's brother Ora Lane helped too.

Buddy never held any grudges about those whippings. Buddy came to visit Mama and Daddy and he acted as if he had never been whipped at all. I always admired Buddy for that. I couldn't have done that. I tend to carry grudges for long periods of time.

Buddy joined the Navy three years later. He served for 27 years retiring as a Chief Boatswains Mate in 1970. After he retired from the Navy at age 44, he worked thirteen more years managing a trucking business. He had his first heart attack on April, 13 1984, just before his 59th birthday. Buddy retired permanently in 1984 and Buddy died of a second heart attack in June of 1988 at the age of 63, while living in Port Richey, FL.



One of the things I admired most about Buddy is he never held anything against Daddy. Buddy visited home often, sent money home to Mama for her use and to help me and he never said a cross word against Daddy. Buddy also gave money to Mama to help her with her expenses. This money amounted to several thousand dollars and I was given the job of keeping track of it all.

The plan was to repay Buddy and Marie after Mama's passing when Mama's house was sold but it didn't work out that way. As Mama aged her health deteriorated and she got to where she couldn't live at home alone so we had to change plans. Joan and Davis said they would let Mama live with them. We, Mama's children, decided to have a room built onto Joan and Davis' home for Mama to live in.

My memory is fuzzy of how this all happened. We agreed to pay for the room to be built. The room was to be a large bedroom and a large bathroom. It was very nice. The cost of the room was approximately \$16,000.00 and each of the children, Me, Joan, Geneva, Dixie and Juanita. We all paid what we could; then when Mama's house sold we took the money from the house selling and repaid the ones who had helped pay for the room.

The sad thing is that when the house was sold, the proceeds were supposed to repay Buddy and Marie for the money they had given to Mama. It didn't work out that way. Buddy and Marie were never repaid for the money they had given to Mama. I felt bad about it but there was nothing I could do.

After all was said and done, I sent Marie a check for \$2,000.00 and explained I could not repay the whole amount. She accepted the check and never said anything about it. I suggested Marie use that money to take a cruise or perhaps a trip to Germany where her parents were born and raised but she never did.

I always very much admired and appreciated the way Marie handled this situation. She could have asked and demanded the money be repaid to her but she never mentioned it. So,

even though this issue has been dismissed, I have always felt we owed a big debt to Buddy and Marie.

During his 27 years in the Navy, Buddy had an illustrious career. He was actively involved with the fighting in the Pacific Ocean during the Second World War. He piloted LST's (Landing Ship Transports) during the invasion of Yap, an island in the Caroline Islands, and in the Philippines at: Leyte Gulf; Luzen; Iwo Jima and finally Okinawa.

Buddy was also involved in the Korean war and the Vietnam war too. In Vietnam he had a command of river boats on the Da Nang River. Except for the congestive heart failure, he suffered at the start of his second tour in Vietnam, he came through without a scratch.

Buddy had several heart attacks after Vietnam, which I believe were caused by Agent Orange. He and his boats were soaked with it as they sailed up and down the Da Nang River. Sadly, no one knew the dangers of Agent Orange until years after the Vietnam War ended. After which it was disclosed that Agent Orange caused many health problems the Vietnam Vets were experiencing.

Buddy died of a heart attack on July 7, 1988. I miss Buddy terribly and wish he was still here. I always enjoyed visiting him and Marie.

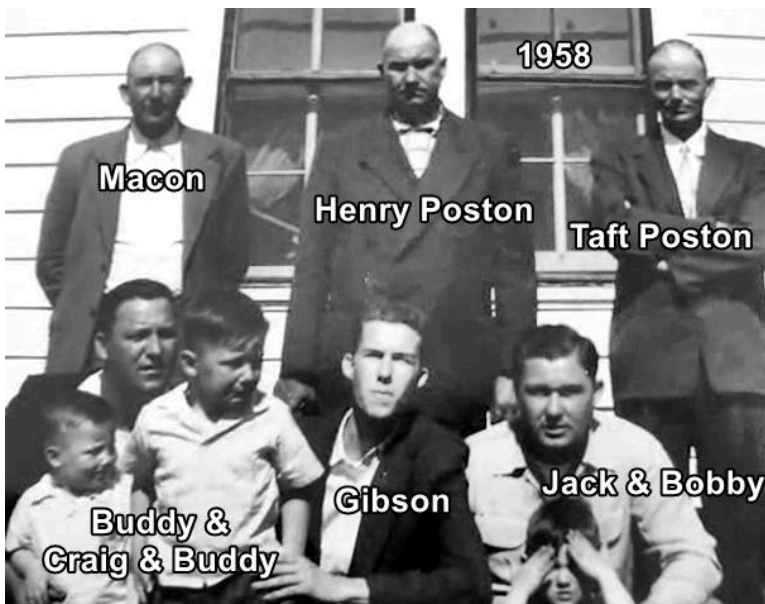
Buddy joined the Navy on 12/18/1943.

- From 1944 to 1945, he participated in the invasions of Yap; the Philippines: Layte, Luzen, and the Japanese islands of Iwo Jima, and Okinawa.
- In 1946-47 he was at the Bikini Atoll bomb test & Guam.
- From 1949 to 1956, he served on ships & attended schools.
- He was station at GITMO, Cuba from 1956 to 1958.
- From 1959 to 1960 he was on the "Mediterranean Cruise" & attended various schools.
- From 01/14/60 to 07/17/63, Buddy was stationed at USNA Roosevelt Roads, PR
- Then stationed at USNA Lakehurst from 1963 to 1965.
- On 03/13/66 he was stationed at Da Nang until 05/02/67.

- After his heart problem, Buddy bounces back and forth between the US Naval Hospital Philadelphia, and USNA Lakehurst, between May 1967 and April 68.
- On 06/05/68 he shipped out on the USS New Orleans
- Buddy retired on May 20, 1970, the day after his 45th birthday.
- I remember visiting my brother Buddy when he lived in New Jersey. I was in the Navy and in uniform. After the visit, Buddy took me into Philadelphia to the bus station for me to go back to my ship in Norfolk, Virginia. While we were in the restroom, Buddy stuck a \$20.00 bill into my pocket. I thought it would probably look funny to other people.

I was with Buddy when Lee Harvey Oswald the man accused of shooting John F. Kennedy was shot by Jack Ruby. We thought it was some kind of show but then realized it was live TV. Unbelievable!

Buddy and his family were living in a small trailer in New Jersey. They were in the process of buying a new home in Toms River, New Jersey. I always enjoyed Buddy's company and enjoyed visiting him. Everyone loved Buddy.



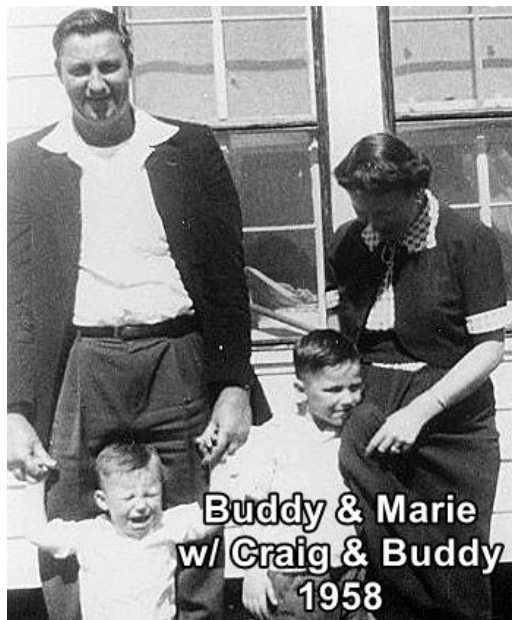
Buford (Buddy) Poston

My Notes

Macon's abusive behavior did cause Buddy to run away around age 15. And running away only made Buddy's life better. This is why Buddy never held a grudge. Macon did Buddy a big favor by driving him away. He left with a clean conscience.

There are several different versions of that story. Not all of them involve beatings. The version I believed as gospel for many years went like this: Buddy was 17 and wanted to get out of town and join the Navy. He tricked Macon into signing his enlistment papers; what with him being under age. Macon later changed his mind and set up a roadblock to stop Buddy's exit and tricky Buddy eluded him anyway.

Later I discovered Buddy had joined the Navy at age 18.5, well past the need for Macon's signature. Another version has the beating part and Buddy runs away to Florida and lives with his Uncle Ora Lane. I would have loved to have heard the real story from Buddy while he was alive, but I forgot to ask.



My father told me that the Navy saved his life. He grew six inches taller, and said it was the first time he ate food on a regular basis. The Navy provided a stable environment, and its discipline was administered in a rule-based manner. Sure, he had to dodge incoming missiles and bullets, but that was something Macon had already trained him for.

Also, Buddy was now rich! He was making a whopping \$138 a month. (\$2600 in 2023) He hadn't made \$138 in a year, before the Navy. He sent all but \$25 back home to Mama. And soon he would send home the whole \$138, once his cardsharp and dice skills started paying off. The Navy was Vegas to Buddy. He did the same when in Nam. He had his entire paycheck sent to my Mom, and he would also send my Mom other people's paychecks, signed over to him.

So as far as Buddy, Marie, Macon and Granny are concerned, it all worked out great. And if Macon hadn't driven Buddy off, you would not be reading this.

And as to the money and the house thing Gibson referred to: the money was not the issue for Marie; it was the lack of good faith on the part of Buddy's family. Buddy was a man of his word. And always went the extra mile. That's a hard standard to live up to; especially for Postons. His magnanimous generosity was the character trait I most admired in Buddy. He sent money to his family on a regular and systematic basis.

And Macon lent Buddy and Marie money to buy a car in 1950. Macon was also sending money to Gibson, when Gibson was in the Navy, and on a regular and systematic basis too. Buddy never bragged about his generosity, and the only reason I know it's true, is because everyone in his family told me so.

Geneva Mabel Poston Braswell

By Gibson Poston

Geneva was very unusual in that she first married George Braswell, who was from Seminole County and liked by everyone, and Geneva divorced him. Then she married Herman Braswell, no relation to George, who everyone also

liked. She divorced Herman and remarried Herman, and then divorced Herman again. Kind of strange.

Geneva worked in the medical field for many years. Even though she had no degree or license, she assisted a Dr. Bussey from Austell, GA with operations and handled other nursing duties.

Geneva helped Jeanette and I financially after we were first married, mainly by taking up a collection for us from her church in Powder Springs. And almost every Sunday, Jeanette and I went to her house for Sunday dinners. Geneva was a great cook, and we all thoroughly enjoyed our Sunday get togethers.

In 1946, while she was still living at home, Geneva wanted to go to a convention in Atlanta. She was going to stay with friends at the Winecoff Hotel. Geneva begged Daddy to let her go but Macon refused.

The Winecoff Hotel in Atlanta, Georgia burnt down on December 7, 1946, the same time as Geneva would have been there. It was the worst fire in the world at that time, killing 119 of 280 people. I believe her friends died in the fire too. Just showsya that sometimes when your parents say no, it could be a blessing in disguise.

Aint Geeba

My Notes

GENEVA MABLE POSTON BRASWELL

b. 04/22/1927 - d. 12/13/1993 (66)

m. 05/12/1947

HERMAN M. BRASWELL

b. 02/25/1925 - d. 04/21/2010 (85)

Children:

JOHNNIE L. BRASWELL b. 1947 - d. 03/26/1953 (6)

BEAU GEOFF BRASWELL (born Gwen Dale)

b. 10/21/1948 – 01/07/2013 (64)

JULIA BRASWELL (MCCARSON) b. 1950

HERMAN MACON BRASWELL b. 1952 - d. 1992 (40)

WILLIAM MARK BRASWELL b. 07/07/1961

Between 1960 and 1970, Gibson, Pauline and Becky Robinson and I, all stayed with Geneva and family, at their place in Powder Springs. Gibson was the first around 1960, the Robinson girls were in the mid-60s and I stayed there in 1970.



The summer of 1970 I graduated high school, and was very uncertain as to what to do. The only things I knew for sure were the things I didn't want to do, like: live at home, go to college, plan my future life, stuff like that. Somehow, I ended up at Geeba's place that summer.

When I got there, Geneva and Herman had already been divorced and remarried. Their son Mark was 9 and son Macon was my age, and they were still living at the house in Powder Springs. Julia was married to Mike McCarson and living elsewhere, and Beau would regularly drop in.



Beau and I became friends while I lived there. He would often lend me his car so I could go to Atlanta. Beau was gay, and he was the first openly gay person I ever knew. Thanks Beau, it was great knowing you.



Herman Braswell was truly a gentle man and a gentleman too. He spoke softly and stuttered a little, when trying to say something unpleasant. He was never pushy.

Geneva was Herman's polar opposite too. G. was forceful, opinionated, sure of herself, and tended to dominate everyone around her. But not necessarily in a bad way; she was just The Boss.

Gibson remarks that this divorce and remarriage of Herman was strange. However, Geneva's affair with their business partner Wiley, had a lot to do with it. And I met him once too. Wiley was handsome, forceful and charismatic. He was the complete opposite of Herman Braswell, and he could dominate Geneva too.

However, when the affair became public, it was the end of the affair. Herman and Geneva reconciled. To this day I'm not sure which came first, the arrival of their son Mark in 1961, or their reconciliation. Geeba and Herman talked about it with me several times. It was not a family secret.

To me, one of the oddest things about Geneva, was her

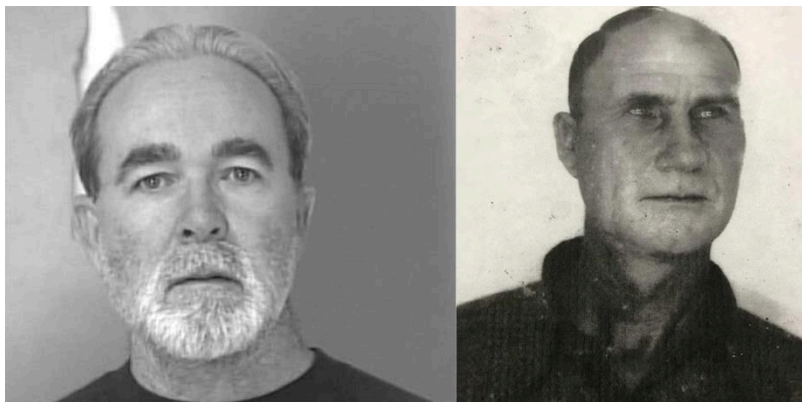
choice of names for her kids. Her first child was a girl and she named her Johnnie. Johnnie died young in an accident. But Johnnie was still alive, when her brother, Gwen Dale Braswell was born. And Granddad Macon arbitrarily changed Gwen's name to Bo Bo. And Bo Bo later changed that name to Beau Geoffery. He did that in the Poston way, no legal authorities were involved.

And her naming her son Herman Macon, was bizarre too. She had a love-hate relationship with both Herman and Macon. And I think Herman Macon was handicapped by that poor choice of names. That, and many other things about Geeba, are still mysteries to me.

I lived among their family for several months in 1970. It was a psychedelic experience. Geeba and Herman had reversed their cultural roles. Beau was then a modern flamboyant gay guy. Macon was a backwoods hillbilly from the movie "Deliverance." Julia was living a comparatively normal life with Mike McCarson, and Mark was just a kid.

Compared to my family life, this was a reality TV show, a genre which did not yet exist. The Loud family reality show on PBS, was a few years away.

The confrontations between Beau and his brother Macon were epic. Hillbilly meets WOKE kind of thing, only 50 years ahead of its time. Geeba refereed their fights, and she always leaned in Beau's direction.



Beau & Granddad Macon both around the age of 50

Maybe I'll write a book about all that someday. Right now, I'm going to close with some comments about Geneva's medical career. As Gibson mentioned, she assisted a doctor in Austell, and without the benefit of formal training. And this informal training cause Geneva to think she knew more than she did. Hence, she was quick with a diagnosis, a needle and some pills, should someone turn up ill.

Once when I took sick at Granny's, my Mom stopped Geeba from needling me. My family wasn't big on doctors to begin with, and my Mom was drawing the line at Geeba.

Geeba's kids weren't so fortunate. She had diagnosed Macon with diabetes and put him on insulin. I'm not sure what Macon's problem was, but I suspect it was not diabetes.

It may not be clear to you that I really enjoyed my stay there. But I really did, and they were kind enough to help me at a critical juncture in my life. And like Gibson, I really appreciated their kindness. Thanks Geeba and thanks to all the Braswells of Powder Springs.

Jack Dempsey Poston

By Gibson Poston

JACK DEMPSEY POSTON

b. 06/15/1928 - d. 06/02/1961 (33)

m. 06/11/1949

ELMA MCLINDEN (now Mrs. JOE PASTOR)

b. Unknown - d. Unknown

JOHN ROBERT (BOBBY) POSTON

b. 06/28/1951 - d. 02/23/2013 (61)

Jack was a great man and everyone's friend. At one time, he lived in Brunswick, Ohio, in a newly constructed subdivision and he knew everyone who lived on his street. I went up and spent a summer with Jack while I was in high school and we had a great time together.

Jack loved to fish and he carried a fishing pole with him in his

car trunk all the time and if he was ever driving anywhere and he saw a little bit of water, he would stop and fish in the water. Jack had some interesting hobbies. He collected Buffalo nickels and Savings bonds. He enjoyed laying all the bonds out on his bed and bedroom and looking at the nickels.

Jack worked at the Republic Steel Mill in Cleveland. It was an awful place to work. It was hot and smelled awful with all the different ores used in making the steel. The steel mill would close for a strike often and Jack would come home to visit any time the company was closed due to a strike.

Jack and I had some funny times together. Here are just a few: Jack collected cars and always had several on hand. He got that from Daddy because Daddy was that way with dogs, mules, horses and many other things. One day Jack had a Studebaker Golden Hawk and invited me and Morgan, a neighbor from across the street, to go for a ride with him. We all jumped in and took off.

We went for a ride on a highway that was very hilly, up and down, and dead ended into another street after several miles. During the fast ride we were all having fun and laughing and enjoying ourselves. As we got close to the dead-end where we would have to stop, Jack began to stomp on the floorboard as if he was hitting the brake pedal and he said, "The brakes have gone. They don't work."

Morgan and I prepared for the collision we knew was coming up. I jumped down into the floorboard of the rear seat and Morgan slid down in the seat and placed his feet up against the roof and windscreen to make the collision easier to take. We were scared to death. Then Jack began to easily stop the car with the brakes. He was teasing us. It was one of Jack's jokes.

Another time Jack, Morgan and I went to a small fair nearby. There was a place where you could win a duck by throwing a ring over the duck's neck. The stand had about 4 or 5 ducks in the center of the ring. We three were throwing the rings and several other people were also throwing rings.

All of the sudden a ring fell on a duck's neck. I don't think anyone knew who had thrown that ring but we began to yell that Morgan had thrown the ring that was on the duck's neck. The man running the show didn't seem to believe us but we kept yelling loud and louder and I think just to shut us up the man agreed to give Morgan the duck.

We were like little kids having won the duck. We took the duck and put it in the trunk of the car and carried it home with us. When we got home it was about 2:00 am and everything was quiet in the neighborhood. We decided to tie a string around the duck's leg and walk it up and down the street. We did that with the duck quacking loudly. After a while several people from the neighborhood started yelling at us to quiet the duck and so we took it into Morgan's backyard. Morgan kept the duck for several months and fed it a lot. Finally, one Sunday Morgan's wife invited us to a Sunday dinner with duck as the main course.

Jack Dempsey Poston

My Notes

I did not know Uncle Jack, but I heard a lot about him. He died of colon cancer in 1961. We were living in Puerto Rico at the time. Shortly before Jack died, my father went to see him in Cleveland. Jack had been working in a very toxic environment, which may have contributed to his poor health.

There is no information available about how Jack met and married Elma. And it seems that, after Jack died, Elma married a man with the surname, Pastor. She is still alive as of this writing, living in Cleveland, OH.

The only Jack story I remember well, was this one: just like the Jack he was named after, Jack Poston was a fighter and he also liked to play practical jokes. He was maybe 5'7" on a good day and my father was now 6'6". When my father visited home during WW2, he and Jack would go out carousing.

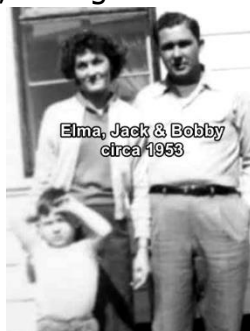
Jack would pick a fight with the biggest guy he could find in

the bar. Then he would ask the guy to step outside. Outside 6'6" Buddy would be waiting. This was Jack's kind of joke.

John Robert Poston was the only child of Jack and Elma. The family always called him Bobby. Many others knew him as John. Bobby became a fundamentalist Christian. And Bobby was a Chaplain in the Air Force, reaching the rank of Colonel, and also pastored a small church. Bobby and his family lived somewhere near Kalamazoo County, Michigan.



**Marie & Elma
Buddy & Bobby
1953**



**Elma, Jack & Bobby
circa 1953**

Bobby was studying at a Bible school in Scranton, PA. around 1980 and that was when I met his wife, Jean. A few years later they had a son Abraham, and then a daughter named Grace.

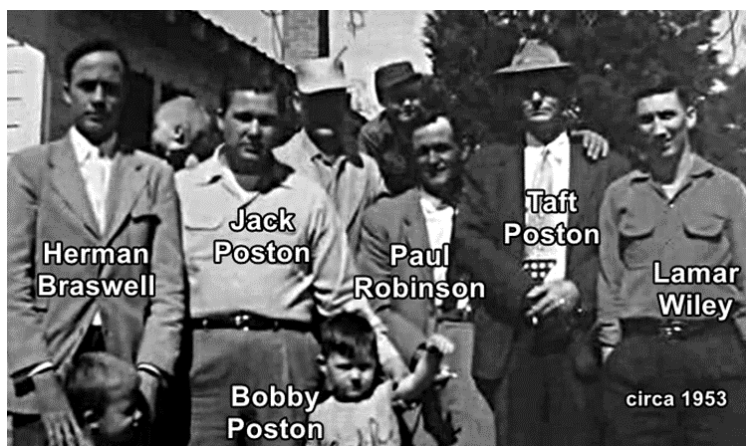
Shortly before he died, Bobby contacted me, while I was living in Beijing. He was just recovering from his bladder surgery in 2012. I invited him to come visit us in Beijing when he felt up to it. Sadly, Bobby passed away shortly after that. My brother



**Bobby Poston
2012**

Craig's note: "Last time I saw Bobby Poston was in '81 .. I was living in Olympic village in LA. He and his wife stopped in to say hello and pray with me... I had a pic of that day but

seems that it's nowhere to be found now..."



Dixie Poston Wiley

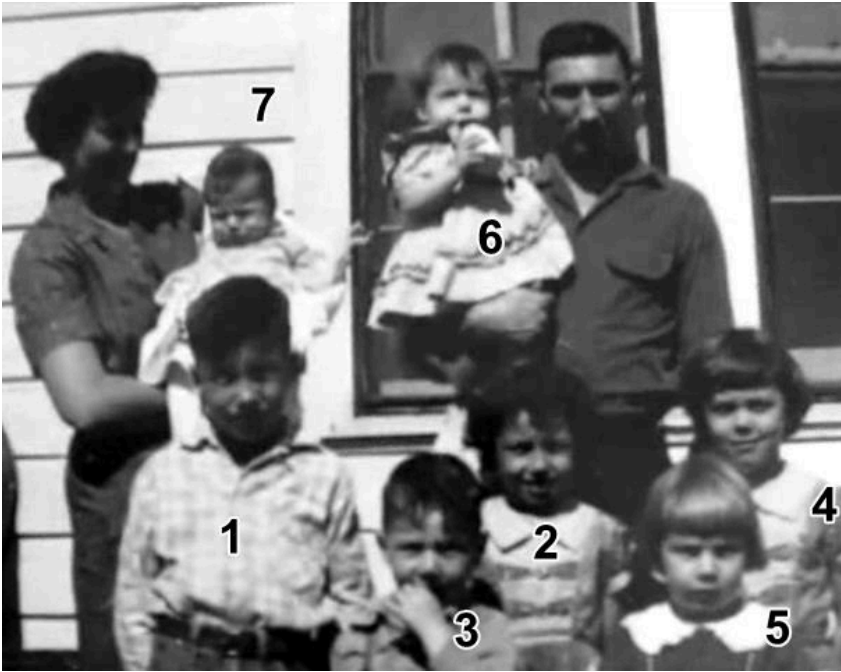
By Gibson Poston

Dixie was born on January 1, 1930. Dixie passed away April 6, 2007 after a long, brave fight with Parkinson's disease.

Dixie was married to Lamar Wiley. They had eight children and all were born in Donalsonville. Dixie and Lamar moved around a lot at first, but later they made Tallahassee their long-term home.

Dixie worked for the State of Florida and Lamar worked in the auto parts business. After I worked with Lamar taking inventory during one long evening in Donalsonville, I realized how hard that work can be. Lamar and I have stayed in touch by phone. We both enjoy talking about Donalsonville and its history. Lamar has a very sharp mind about history.





1. Ronnie Joe Wiley 1946
2. Barbara Ann 1950
3. Herbert Ray 1952
4. Cecelia June 1948 - 2019
5. Betty Ruth 1951
6. Brenda Sue 1954
7. Sharon Elaine 1955 - 2010
8. Rick Wiley 1957 (nt in the picture yet)



Dixie Wiley

Published by Tallahassee Democrat on Apr. 8, 2007

Dixie Poston Wiley, 77, passed away Friday, April 6, 2007. She is survived by her beloved husband of 62 years, Cecil Lamar Wiley and eight wonderful children.

Dixie was born the sixth child of Macon and Ernestine Poston of Reynoldsville, Georgia (Lake Seminole) on January 1, 1930. She married Lamar Wiley in 1945, and they had eight beautiful children. Their family lived in Donalsonville until moving to Tallahassee in 1962. Dixie retired from the Florida Department of Highway Safety and Motor Vehicles after 30 years of service.

Dixie, like her Mama, loved growing flowers, and Dixie was involved in counting and tagging her backyard hummingbirds. She loved having a rose garden, and after she became unable to care for them made, Dixie made sure her flower gardens were kept up. For Dixie, the best medicine was had by gazing at her flower gardens.

Dixie was an all-star "country cook" too, and gladly taught anyone who wanted to learn about her "country" way of cooking. Dixie was an avid reader too, especially her Bible.

Dixie Poston Wiley was a loving wife, mother, grandmother, sister, and many of us knew her as "Aunt Dixie." And Aunt Dixie was dearly loved by all of her children's friends, who respected her advice.

Dixie is survived by three sons and five daughters and their spouses: Ron Wiley (and wife Kitty) of Miami, Ray Wiley (and wife Beth), Rick Wiley, June Satterwhite (and husband Buddy), Barbara Johnson (and longtime companion Kent Zaiser), Betty Jordan (and husband Danny), Sue Patterson (and husband Layne), and Sherry Wiley. Dixie's children provided her with 16 grandchildren. She also had eighteen great-grandchildren

Cecil Lamar Wiley

Published by Tallahassee Democrat on Mar. 10, 2014

Cecil Lamar Wiley, 91, passed away of natural causes Saturday, March 8, at his home in Tallahassee. Born

November 3, 1922, in Blakely, Georgia, to Maude and Leon Wiley, he was the oldest of six children, spending most of his youth in Donalsonville, Georgia.

Lamar served in the European Theater of War, 82nd Fighter Control Squadron in the United States Army serving in Italy, France, and Germany during World War II. Returning from the war, he met the love of his life, Dixie Poston, and married in 1945 in Donalsonville.

Lamar's family was the first to have a "rolling store" in Donalsonville and surrounding counties and worked with his father many years delivering and trading merchandise. A rolling store is exactly what its name suggests, a store on wheels. This was the convenience store of rural residents without regular access to shopping in town. The store could come to them, often in the form of a brightly painted truck or retrofitted bus, arriving at the same places and at the same time every week.

Later in life, Lamar benefited from his experience with the rolling store, an old time traveling convenience store and spent 40 years in auto parts sales.

Lamar was very gregarious man, and he never met a stranger, since everyone was his friend. Lamar was full of life, fun and a great storyteller too. Lamar will be remembered by those who knew him as a loving father, grandfather, brother, uncle, and friend.

Lamar always told people he was a rich man, but not in gold or material riches, but rich with a loving family. Lamar has now been reunited with his beloved wife Dixie, as well as his youngest daughter Sherry, his great granddaughter Lauren, great grandson James Ananias, son-in-law Layne Patterson, his mother and father and his sister, Betty Spooner.

Joan Poston Bryant

JOAN REBECCA POSTON b. 03/31/1932 - d. Unknown
M. 09/07/1946

J. DAVIS BRYANT b. 1926 - d. Unknown
Children:

ANDREW DAVIS BRYANT 10/16/1948

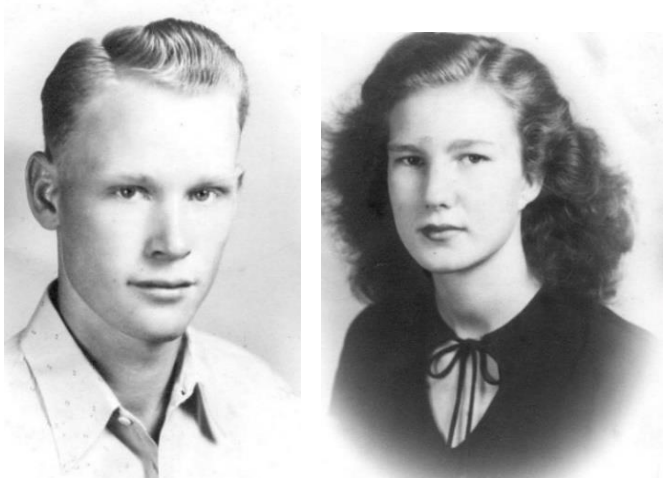
JANICE GORMAN 08/04/1951

PEGGY ANN KELLEY 09/08/1952

Joan (pronounced Joann) was married to Davis Bryant and they had three children. Joan and Davis first lived in Grand Ridge, Fl. And then moved to Tallahassee. Davis worked in carpentry and Joan worked as the bookkeeper.

They are celebrating their 65th Wedding Anniversary on September 2, 2011 and Jeanette and I and Cliff and his family are going down to attend the celebration.

Joan and I are very good friends. We talk often by phone or Skype over the internet. Joan has done a good job learning about computers and the internet.



Joan Poston Bryant


By Gibson Poston

I remember when Joan and Davis had a house in Grand Ridge, Fl. The water there was so bitter that we always brought our better tasting water with us. The house was very small and had wood siding that had never been painted.

When I was about 15 years old, my brother Jack and brother-in-law Davis Bryant, went to visit George and Skeets Braswell and took me with them to Apalachicola, Florida.

George and Skeets were oystering in Apalachicola Bay. And I had never eaten a raw oyster before. We went out on the water with George and he tonged up some oysters for us to eat. The oysters are "tonged" up from the bottom by means of a long-handled rake. I was hesitant to eat raw oysters. They kept urging me to try some. I finally did and loved them. After that, I couldn't get enough. It was the first and only time I ever got to eat oysters that fresh.

Davis & Joan Bryant



9.7.46

Happy 75th Anniversary to Davis & Joan Bryant: Married September 7, 1946

Davis (95) is a World War II Veteran and retired construction foreman. Joan (89) retired from Leon High school and then worked as an accountant for their family-owned business. For 75 years, Davis and Joan have built a family on love, kindness, and faith. They have three children, six grandchildren and five great grandchildren, all of which hope to model their everlasting love. Cheers to many more years of love & laughter.

Skeets took us to his house to show it off to us. They lived in some small one room houses but Skeets had his house divided into small rooms with cardboard. He was very proud

of his house. We laughed about his pride and joy after we left.

Jeanette and I lived in Key West in a very small single-wide trailer. I remember Mama, Joan and Davis coming to visit us. Several of the guests had to sleep on the floor, but it was fun and we all had a great time. I remember one Thanksgiving and Christmas when we were wearing shorts. It's like living in the tropics in Key West. I also remember one Christmas there when we were so broke, I had to borrow some money to buy gifts.

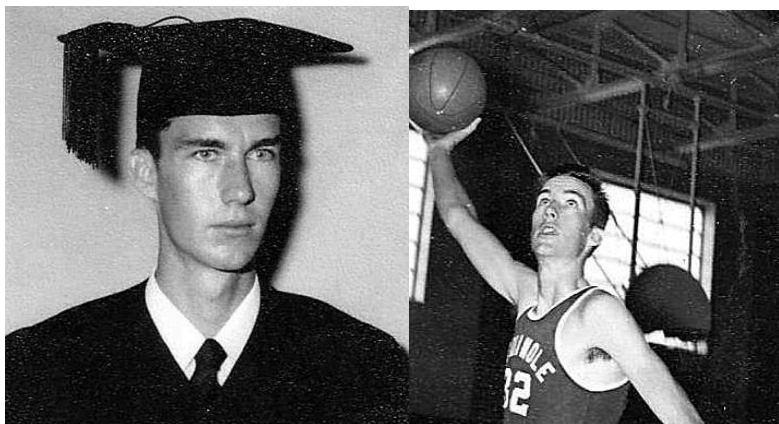
Once a hurricane hit Key West. The ship I was assigned to, had to sail to the other side of Cuba to avoid the hurricane. I had to go with them. Jeanette and the boys stayed with Mack and Marilyn Tedder in their apartment. Mack was from Jakin, Georgia.

When they returned to our trailer, it was the only trailer that had not been damaged, not even a little. Most trailers had been knocked off its blocks and water had gotten inside. We never lost our electricity. And I vaguely remember that Mack was in the Navy also.

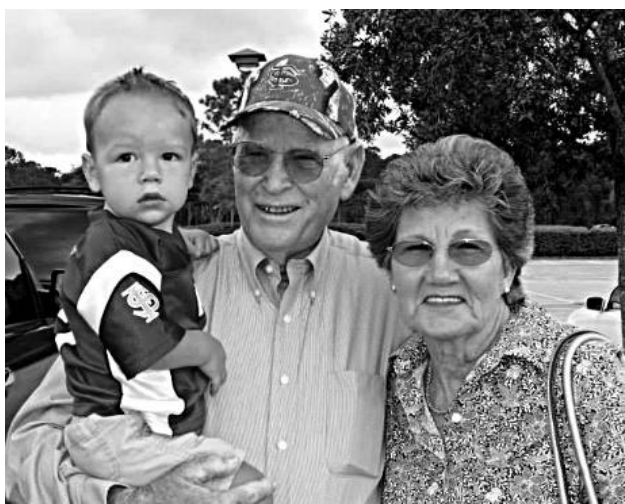
Our son Cliff and his wife Renee were married June 7, 1997. There were about 65 people there including Joan, and her husband Davis and their daughter Janice from Tallahassee, Florida. Joan and Davis danced and Jeanette and I danced. Everyone had a great time. At the end of the day, a horse drawn buggy picked Cliff and Renee up at the front door and took them for a ride.

To the best of my memory my sisters Dixie and Joan were the only other children to move to the prison camp.

I had been looking forward to my high school graduation. Daddy was in the hospital and Mama wouldn't leave his side. Joan and Davis came to my rescue and drove me to my graduation. They were the only family members to attend.



One Christmas I got a little pop gun rifle. It could shoot a cork stopper out of the barrel. It was great. I had just gotten the rifle and I walked down to the camp house and my brother-in-law Davis Bryant was sitting in the prison camp kitchen sitting by the stove.



When I walked into the kitchen, Davis pretended to draw a pistol from a make-believe holster and shoot at me. Without thinking I quickly shot my pop gun rifle at him and unbelievably I hit Davis right between the eyes with the cork stopper. He laughed but I heard him tell my sister he had a headache.

William Gibson Poston

By William Gibson Poston

WILLIAM GIBSON POSTON b. 05/22/1940 - d. 06/18/2015

M. JEANETTE CASSIE 05/25/1964

b. 04/08/1937 Wallsend, England

Children:

STEVEN JEFFERY BONNICI POSTON b. 02/06/1963

JOHN CLIFTON POSTON b. 03/10/1965

My Best Life Story

I was born on Wednesday, May 22, 1940 at the Mosley Hospital in Donalsonville. I was delivered by Dr. Mosley himself. According to old folklore Wednesday's child is a child of woe. Sadly, that is mostly true in my case. I am a negative thinker and a worrier. I have worried myself into more problems than I can remember. You can make your own judgment about me as you see fit. However, I'm getting a little ahead of my story.



Mama & Gip 1942



Gibson 1944

My name at birth was William Gibson Poston. I was named for a small-time politician who lived in Donalsonville. His name was William Gibson. I never liked the name Gibson. It was different and sometimes I had to repeat it to make it clear. I didn't mind the name Gib, Gibby, but I never did like Gibson.

I thought an explanation of my other names might help. First, I started using the name Bill at work, because it was easier to say and remember. My Wild Bill name came about because

sometimes I was literally Wild. Gyp and Gip were names my family called me. It was just a shortened version of Gibson. Gib and Gibby was a name used by some good friends Larry and Carol Lehr and Glen and Mary Lilquist.

When I first started working in Cleveland, Ohio, I used the name Cliff. I always liked that name. There was a Cliff in my high school named Cliff Cannon. He played football and was a great athlete, and I liked him and so I just used his name.

School

None of my siblings had gone very far in school. I was the only child of Mama and Daddy to graduate both high school and college. Though I was a very poor student in high school, I was always ranked above average in college and Navy schools.

While in the Navy, I was the Honor Man at Radioman B School. That school was tough, but I applied myself for the first time ever, and I came out on top. That surprised both me and many others. After the Navy, I attended Kennesaw Junior College and graduated in the top ten-percent of my class. I thought my college diploma would show my class rank, but it doesn't. So you'll just have to take my word for that.

However, my John Marshall Law School diploma says *Cum Laude*. And I was on the Dean's List and in the top ten percent of my class. I was 36 years old when I graduated from Kennesaw Junior College in 1976 and 38 years old when I graduated from law school in 1978. I passed the Georgia bar exam in 1978 too.

Family History

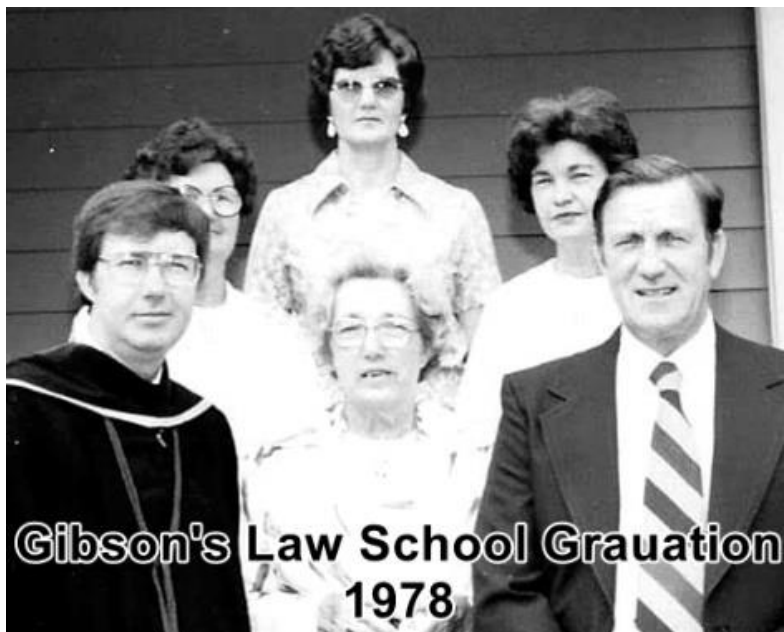
There are some great Poston family histories. One was called "POSTON FAMILY TREE" written by my sister Dixie Poston Wiley in February, 2000, and there is "A POSTON FAMILY OF SOUTH CAROLINA" written by Erma Poston Landers in 1965. Daddy got really angry with Mrs. Landers. She listed Macon's name in her book as Zander Macon Poston and Macon did not like that. Plus, she mentioned his first wife and divorce. And because Daddy refused to speak to her, there is very little information about our family in Mrs. Lander's book.

I have copies of each of the Poston writings in a Family folder in a metal file in my computer room. And, in the same folder there is a copy of my Mama's Record. Mama used a hardbound red book to keep records of things that happened to her and the family members. I typed it up and printed it out. I thought it was really great of her to keep such a record.

Travel

From personal experience, I know that travel in the 40s was pretty difficult. There was a city near Donalsonville named Albany, and my father had to travel there occasionally. Albany was 65 miles away which today is a very small distance to travel. But, back in the 1940s, not many of the roads were paved yet. The main road was dirt, gravel and sand.

The trip had to be planned several days in advance. We had to get up by 5:00 am and leave by 6. It took us 6 hours to get there. Then we ate lunch at a restaurant, bought the tractor part and then drove home. We usually got back around 6:00 pm. It was a very long day. My, how times have changed. Now we drive 60 miles in an hour.



Anxiety Attacks – 1985

It is not my intention to groan and moan about my anxiety attacks. I just want to make you aware of them. Anxiety attacks run in our family. Daddy had them and Joan had them so I think some members of our family are prone to have anxiety attacks.

My anxiety attacks started in the oddest way and scared me almost to death. I was at work and sitting at my desk. I had just finished my usual lunch: two sandwiches, one of ham and one of peanut butter and jelly, washed down with a Coke. Nothing unusual going on. All at once I hear a pounding sound in my head like a pile driver.

It was so loud that I got up and went to the office window, thinking the pile driver was right outside the window. But there wasn't a pile driver to be seen, and so I sat back down. But then, weird scary things began to happen. Suddenly, my skin felt like it was on fire and as the fire was rolling all over my body. My scalp tingled, my hands and fingers tingled too. I remember my watch band on my left arm was burning and I took it off. My legs were also burning. As if that wasn't bad enough, my heart began to race. Then I began to have trouble breathing; it was hard to inhale. I thought I was having a heart attack.

I walked to the front office and told Debra Greene I thought I was having a heart attack. She called an ambulance, which took me to Crawford Long Hospital in Atlanta. I was conscious the whole time. I didn't think I was overly scared then, but I'm sure I was now. They monitored my heart for four hours, and said I hadn't had a heart attack. So I could now go home.

My office had called Jeanette. She and Cliff came to the hospital and picked me up. That night after supper, the same weird sensations started again. I thought to myself, "Oh, no. This is something bad, and they just don't know what it is." These symptoms came and went off and on for several years.

Back in 1985, anxiety attacks hadn't been named yet. I went to several doctors and had several exams and they couldn't find anything wrong with me. But I just knew I was having

these awful attacks of heart racing, skin burning, etc. and I went to at least three medical doctors who did not help me.

That was when I decided to see a psychiatrist. I thought maybe I was having some mental problem. The symptoms had gotten control of my life. I had to make sure I always knew where the nearest hospital was. And I would always sit at the rear of any Theater or church. It was getting to where I was afraid to leave the house. I left work early many times because of my attacks. I would call Jeanette at her job and tell her to meet me at home.

The psychiatrist was of no help. He was on some kind of ego trip and thought treating a lawyer was great fun. I stopped seeing him and then went to see a psychologist. He did several tests and began to train me on how to use biofeedback. It didn't seem to help, but I continued because I didn't have any other options.

One day I found a book that turned my life around. The book was, "Hope and Help For Your Nerves" by Dr. Claire Weekes. That book answered so many of my questions about the weird symptoms. Someone had left the book in the psychologist's office. It was a godsend.

As I read that book, it seemed like Dr. Weekes was speaking just to me. In very simple terms the doctor explained that when people are under stress for long periods of time, an overflow of adrenaline causes the heart to race, burning skin and other symptoms.

At the time. I reacted badly to stress and still do, but I have learned to control it somewhat. I also went to several anxiety self-help groups, like Recovery and Emotions Anonymous. I attended all the self-help groups I could, and I read all the books I could find about stress and anxiety.

Gradually articles began to appear in newspapers and magazines about people having anxiety attacks. And gradually, I began to understand my affliction and thankfully, I gradually got better. It took years, but I still have problems handling stress and anxiety.

Anyway, it was a sad time in my life, and I'm writing about this

just in case you or someone you know suffers from anxiety. However, just knowing about the symptoms may not be enough to help you. Sometimes when you have problems either physical or emotional, you have to work through them yourself. That way you can handle them. I hope this helps someone.

My True Love, Jeanette Cassie

By Gibson Poston

In December of 1963, I rejoined my ship in Boston. And while on liberty there one weekend, I met Jeanette in a place called the Novelty Bar. She was out with a couple of her girlfriends, Loretta and Mary Lou. I had actually tried to pick up Loretta, but didn't have any luck.

Then I danced with Jeanette and was able to get her phone number. That was the best thing that ever happened to me. While I was dancing with Jeanette, I tried out a smooth line on her and said, "You sure do smell good. What kind of perfume is that?" She answered by saying, "Soap." And that was the beginning of a great romance which has lasted over 40 years and still going.

I still don't know how, but I got Jeanette's phone number. I called her the next day for a date, but she was busy and for the next two nights too. Nonetheless, we finally got together and we dated several more times. We had a lot of fun and got to know each other pretty well. At the time, Jeanette was living in an apartment with her friend Loretta.

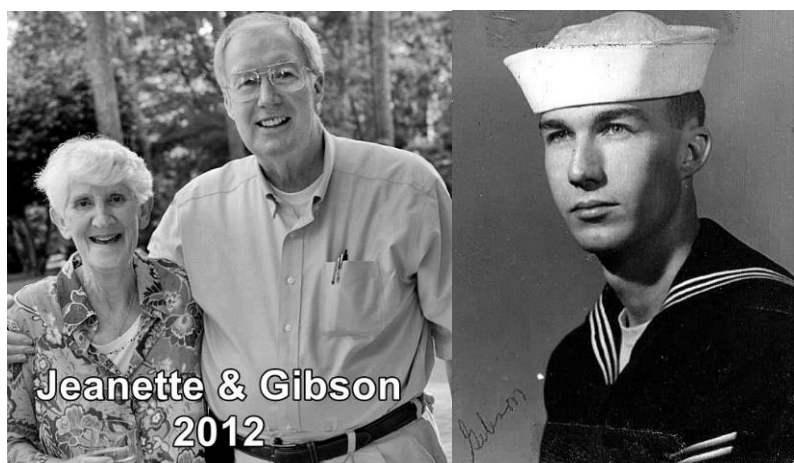
Once when I visited Jeanette's apartment, there was a young child running around. But I wasn't even curious as to who the kid was. I may have thought the child was Loretta's. Anyway, after we began to get a little serious, Jeanette told me the child was hers. Jeanette's son's name was Steven Jeffery Bonnici. Jeanette was married to Anthony Bonnici and she was in the process of getting a divorce. Steven was born on February 6, 1963. After we were married, I adopted Steven into our family.

However, I didn't realize how I was serious about Jeanette, until I began to miss her. That happened when I tried to visit

my brother Buddy. I had my own car. and was driving down to see Buddy in Jersey when I realized that I was missing Jeanette. So, I turned around and went back to be with her.

After that we began to talk about marriage. It just seemed the thing to do. How I proposed and how we got married is kind of funny.

I was coming up to the end of my four-year enlistment in the Navy. I had decided to re-enlist for four more years and get to go to Radioman B school, and then on to shore duty. I had talked about this to Jeanette about my plan and she agreed with everything. But we had not yet discussed getting married.



When I got orders to Radioman B school, I went to Jeanette and told her and then asked her, "Do you want to go with me to Bainbridge, Maryland?" And she said, "Do you mean, get married?" I said, "I guess so." And so, we got married.

Jeanette's divorce wasn't final yet, and we had to get married out of state. We went up to Concord, New Hampshire and were married by a woman Justice of the Peace, in a little country store. I remember the store had wooden floors and they creaked. Not much of a ceremony. It was over in a few minutes and we didn't have a bridal party with us. Jeanette wore a pink pleated dress. I wore casual clothes. We went back to Jeanette's apartment and had pork chops for supper.

We didn't have any kind of fancy honeymoon. But we did get married. It was Monday May 25, 1964. I was 24 years and 3 days old. My first and only marriage.

After Radioman school, we moved to Mama and Daddy's in Donalsonville. I was home on a few weeks and report to Treasure Island in California in a couple of weeks. However, those orders were cancelled after some political influence.

Daddy and I went to town and spoke to a lawyer Julian Webb and asked him to help get the orders changed. He agreed to. He wrote letters to Senator Herman Talmadge, Congressman Maston E. O'Neal and another congressman.

All of these political men wrote the Navy Bureau of Naval Personnel and demanded to know why I had not received shore duty. A few days after we had spoken to Attorney Webb, I got a phone call to Mama and Daddy's house from a navy Chief from the Bureau. The Chief said to me, "What in hell do you want boy. We got lots of letters from politicians about you." I told the Chief I just wanted what I had shipped over for, Shore duty. After some further discussion, the Chief said he would do the best he could.

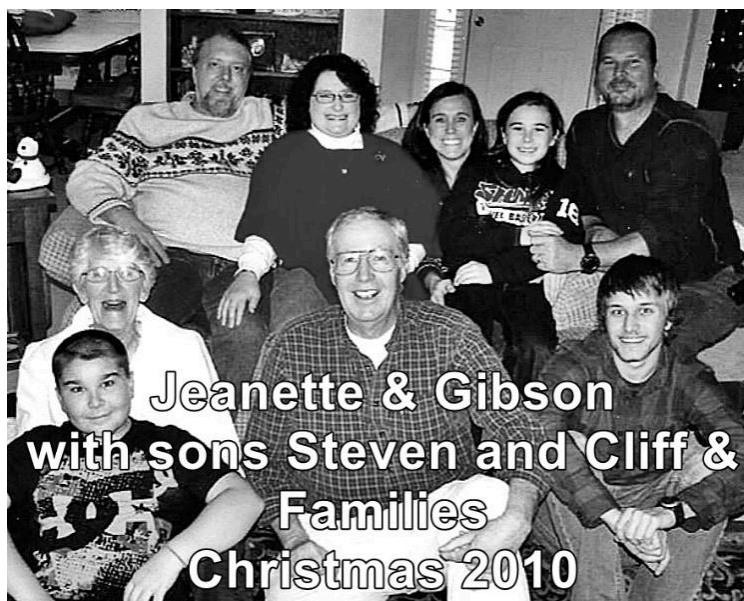
A few days later my orders were changed to Jacksonville for temporary duty. Jacksonville was close enough I could drive there and return to Mama and Daddy's for the weekends. I was there for a few weeks and then got orders to a ship, the USS Claude Jones a destroyer escort in Key West, Florida.

Jeanette is a wonderful human being. I am lucky to be her husband. Jeanette is always laughing and having a good time. Everyone loves her. She can go into any room and lighten it up. Jeanette has more friends than I can count. People just gravitate to her. I wish I could be more like Jeanette.

Jeanette was born on April 8, 1937 in Wallsend, England. She came to America before we met. Back in England, Jeanette had three sisters, Muriel, Margaret and Sheila and her mother Elsie and father Jack. Jack was born in the year 1900.

Jack worked in a butcher's shop as a young man and worked as a firefighter during World War II. Then he became the Verger/Parish Clerk for St. Luke's church in Wallsend. His wife Elsie worked in a newsagent's shop and she met Jack while she worked there.

Jeanette and her family were called Geordies. Geordies are supposed to be people born within sight of the Tyne River in northeast England. Where you have to be born to be called a Geordie has been debated for years. The best explanation I have ever seen as to the right to be called a Geordie is that it is a condition of the heart and not dependent on where you were born.



Geordies are a great fun-loving people. There will always be laughing around Geordies. Geordies are also a very brave people and they take life as it comes, all with the typical English stiff upper lip. I always enjoy being around Geordies especially the one I married.

Jeanette had a very tough life in England since she was born just before WWII and lived through most of the war times. She remembers her family being evacuated during bombing raids on Newcastle.

And she remembers her mother and her two sisters, Muriel and Margaret, being evacuated out to a rural village during the war. The village was Newton by The Sea. It was a very small village. It was about 50 miles northeast of Newcastle.

Her father used to ride a bicycle up most weekends to visit his family. Jeanette's youngest sister, Sheila, was born in Newton by The Sea. Jeanette says she can remember Sheila being born and her being excited about the new baby.

Freedom At Last

After eight years in the Navy, I was a civilian once again. It felt good to be out of the Navy. I had already applied to Southern Technical College in Marietta and been accepted and we moved there in September of 1968. I remember the first day I went to Southern Tech. I really felt great. Life was good. I was going to major in Computer Technology. Even though I had to take several remedial courses, I did pretty good my first year.

I got a part-time job at Bonanza Mobile Homes working for Johnny Haines and Black Bart. I had a lot of fun with those guys. And I did fairly well as a mobile home salesman. In fact, I did so well that after my first year at Southern Tech, I decided to quit school and work full time selling mobile homes.

After Johnny and Black Bart, I got a job at Buddy's Trailer Sales working for Fred Turner. He was great to work for too. Fred lived in a double wide mobile home on the sales lot, with his wife Bonnie and son. Fred was one of the funniest men I have ever known. He even looked funny. He always had his hair slicked back and wore a thin pencil mustache. He kind of looked like a circus barker. But he was a good salesman.

Fred was born and raised in the north Georgia mountains near Cleveland. Fred told me one of the funniest stories I've ever heard. He said, when he was a teenager, he stayed out late one night. Once home, he tried to slip in without waking his parents. However, to get to his bedroom he had to walk through his parents' bedroom. Did I mention Fred had been drinking a little too. Fred knew that if he walked through his parents' bedroom, the floor boards would creak and wake his

parents.

Fred said he gave this problem some thought, and came up with a brilliant idea. He would take off his shoes, and then take a running leap, and jump clean through his parents' bedroom.

Tipsy Fred thought it was a great idea, and everything was working fine while he was sailing through the air. The only problem was, the door to Fred's bedroom was closed shut, and Fred crashed into the door with a big, loud crash. His parents woke right up and Fred got caught.

Fred decided to move away from the sales lot, and I was made manager. This was around 1972. Things were great. I was making good money. Jeanette and the boys went home to England to visit her family. The first time she had been home since I met her.

Thanks to my job, we were living in a New Moon trailer. It was 10' wide and 51' long. Pretty small. Jeanette was working several different part-time jobs. Then around 1973 the economy went sour, and trailer sales dried up. The sales lot was closed. I then went to work for King-Williams Realty in Smyrna. I was a real estate salesman. I did good there for a while, but it didn't last.

I went through several different jobs, until I began selling ready mix concrete for the Williams Brother's. I was their top salesman for a while, but when I reported that a manager was stealing from the company, I was laid off. It was the first job I had ever been laid off from. Kind of shook me up. It was 1975 and I was 35 years old without a good work history and no plans for the future.



THE PRISON CAMP

1944 - 1958

By William Gibson Poston

As I said before, Mama and Daddy lived on 200-acre farm 15 miles south of Donalsonville and the family farmed for a living. The house I was raised in for the first four years of my life had no electricity, telephone or running water. We used an outhouse for the bathroom, and got water from a hand pump well. The water from that well was the best tasting water I have ever drank.

Even when we lived at the camp, anytime we got near the old house, we would always stop by the old farm just to have a drink of that water. We pumped the water by hand and drank from a small tin cup. The water always tasted better than any other. I guess it had something to do with doing things the old way.

My very first memory is from early January of 1944, that's when the Seminole County Prison Camp sent a couple of dump trucks down to the farm. They moved the family up to the camp, because Daddy was appointed Warden of the prison camp. I remember standing on the back porch and jumping up and down with joy. To the best of my memory my sisters Dixie and Joan were the only other children to move to the camp. Daddy was appointed by five county commissioners each year. Daddy held that job for 15 straight years, until 1958. A remarkable feat.

Daddy was an alcoholic, which sad and funny at the same time, because when he got drunk, he would always call all of the commissioners and cuss them out over the phone. It makes it even more amazing that he was able to keep getting appointed to the warden's job.

The funniest of the commissioners was Choppy Fulford.

Choppy was funny and when Daddy called, Choppy would get all excited and start stuttering and say, "Now cap'n you ought not to be doing this." But after the drinking was over, and daddy got sober and went on like nothing ever happened. So, I was basically raised on a prison camp. I remember very well playing with the prisoners. Most of the prisoners were black and most were trustees even though most of the prisoners were convicted of serious crimes like murder, armed robbery, etc.

When I was a little boy about five or six years, I use to go to the prison camp to play card games with the prisoners. One of the games was a card game called something like Ochre. It was played for money. That is probably why I have always loved to play poker. The prisoners usually gave me a few coins to play with just to keep me pacified.



I remember if Daddy started to come into the camp building while we were playing cards a lookout would yell "Fireball!" and we would all hide the cards and money. I thought it was great fun although the prisoners were afraid of my Daddy. I never had any fear of any of the prisoners.

I do have several memories of my life on the prison camp while I was young. One memory was one day I decided to become a real cowboy and rope a cow. I had seen it done many times in the movies and it looked easy. The prison camp

was kind of like a farm. We had cows, pigs, horses, and one goat I'll tell you about the goat in a little bit. I got a rope and went into the pen where several cows were kept. I didn't have any gloves. Anyway, I roped a young heifer and thought this was easy.

And it was easy until the heifer decided she didn't like having the rope around her neck and took off running. The rope pulled through my hands and gave me quite a rope burn and I had tied the end of the rope to my hands and the heifer started pulling me around the yard. I didn't have time to yell. Luckily, some of the prisoners saw what was happening and jumped into the pen and saved me.

Another memory was Mama making butter and selling it to the people. I helped her churn the butter simply by rocking a gallon jug of milk back and forth until it made butter. Then Mama would form the butter with a small wooden butter form. She would put the butter inside the form and then push it out with a wooden press and the butter would be in a nice square shape. We would then wrap the butter in wax paper and sometimes I would deliver it to the buyers on my bicycle.

Selling the butter helped Mama make a little extra money for things she needed. Daddy's salary was the same from the very earliest I can remember until he retired. It was \$100.00 per month plus he was furnished a house, all of his groceries and all the gas and oil he needed. He was also furnished a pickup truck which he used on the job. Daddy also had a car for personal use.

Daddy always bought a black car until 1956 and he bought a two-toned pearl and white Ford. I thought that car was the most beautiful car I had ever seen. And it was the first car Daddy ever bought with a radio in it. I used to spend hours in that car listening to the car radio. I think we had a radio in the house, but I could never listen to the music I wanted to listen to.

Another memory is of having a bicycle. It was a used bicycle but I loved it. The fenders over each tire had been replaced with new, shiny chrome fenders. I thought it was lovely. I

learned to ride it by starting on a slight hill in the prison camp. and then coasting down the hill. I fell many times but kept getting back up until I finally learned to ride.



I had some pretty wild experiences with the prisoners being kept in the prison camp while I was growing up. I can't remember the times or places but these are some of them. One was with Fats. Fats was a big black man who shaved his head and weighed about 350 pounds. He was huge.

My brother Jack was working at the camp as a guard. One day Jack took a group of prisoners out on a dump truck to clear out any ditches that may have become stopped up with trash because it had rained the night before. Fats was one of the prisoners in the truck. They came across a ditch that needed cleaning up and Jack told the prisoners to get down and clean up the ditch. All the prisoners did except Fats. Fats refused and he said he didn't want to get his new brogans (work shoes) wet. Jack tried several times to get Fats down from the truck but Fats refused.

Jack brought the truck with the prisoners back to the camp for lunch. Jack ate lunch with my parents and me. Everyone could tell Jack was upset over something. Daddy asked him what was wrong. When Jack told Daddy what had happened, Daddy jumped up from the table and rushed down to the camp building. He called Fats out. Fats came out and stood before Daddy. Daddy always carried a 44 revolver in his back pocket.

He had it there that day. Daddy asked Fats, "Did you do what Jack told you to do?" Fats started to answer by saying, "Well, Cap'n I didn't want to get my new brogans wet."

Before anyone knew what was happening Daddy pulled out his gun and hit Fats up side of his head with the gun. The blow knocked Fats down. He fell into a puddle of water. He was bleeding bad. I had followed Daddy down to the camp. I thought Fats was going to die. I thought he was dead. He was laying real still and didn't move. Daddy yelled at him to get up. Fats didn't move. He couldn't.

After a few moments Fats began to groan and move a little. Daddy yelled again, "Get up." Fats started to get up. Then Daddy yelled, "Take them brogans off! You didn't want to get them brogans wet. I'll show you what we gonna do with them brogans."

Fats started to unlace the brogans. It wasn't fast enough for Daddy. Daddy hit Fats again on the head with his gun. The blood was now pouring out of his head into the water puddle. When Fats saw all the blood, he thought he was going to be killed. Then Fats ripped the shoe laces off the brogans and pulled the brogans off. Fats sat very still. Daddy started to hit Fats again but stopped for some reason.

Later Daddy took Fats to the hospital and told them Fats had fallen down some stairs. Not much was thought about a black prisoner being brought into a hospital bleeding and in bad shape back in the 40s.

Another experience I had with the prisoners was with Cooter. Cooter was a young black man. Cooter was about 20 or so years old. I was a young teenager. We were like friends. We went everywhere together. This lasted for several months. Then one day Cooter just disappeared. He had run away. The tracking dogs were called in. Several police were looking for Cooter.

For some reason Daddy and I rode over to Bainbridge, a city about 22 miles to the east. As we were driving through

Bainbridge I just happened to see Cooter standing outside a small store. I told Daddy and he got in touch with the police and Cooter was picked up and brought back to the camp. Cooter was then transferred to a more secure camp. I never saw Cooter again.

Another experience I had but not so much with the prisoners was with one of the guards, John Berry. John was a very nice man and a good guard until he started drinking. My first experience with John was at a burlesque show put on by the Silas Green Show at the black high school just across the street from the camp.

Daddy had agreed to let the prisoners, all of them about 45 or so, attend the show. John was the guard and I just went along to watch the show. The show was late starting. All the prisoners were sitting together in the auditorium of the high school. The auditorium was packed with black people only. John and I were the only white people there. John was dressed in civilian clothes. The guards never wore any kind of uniform. But he did have a gun and holster strapped to his hip so even though he was small in stature he was imposing with the gun and holster strapped to his hip.

Without any warning and all of a sudden, John stood up and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Let's get this damn show started." Everyone including me in the auditorium gasped. Then everything was deadly quiet. No one made a sound or moved for about five minutes.

I knew something had to be done. John had to be moved out of the auditorium. There was no one else to do it except me. And, as you will see from this story I was and am a big chicken. Yellow through and through. I knew someone may get hurt unless John was removed and quickly. Some way, I really don't know how, I moved over to John's seat and said, "John, I need to talk to you. Come outside and let's talk." Surprisingly, he agreed and came outside.

I walked outside first with John right behind me. I can tell you I was scared. The hair on my neck was standing up. For all I

knew John may take a notion to shoot me at any time. But, thankfully, he didn't. When we got outside I turned to John and said, "John you know Daddy won't like this. You need to go on back to the guard house. I'll stay with the prisoners and let them see the show. Okay?" I was holding my breath because I had no idea what he was going to do.

After what seemed like an hour or so John said, "Well, okay. I'll go if you think that is what I should do." And he just walked off toward the camp. I sighed a long, sweet breath. I went back inside and watched the show with the prisoners. It was a great show. I really enjoyed it. Everyone laughed a lot at the show and no one ever said anything to me about John's outburst.

The one thing I remember about the show was one of the women characters was an older woman and she didn't take any guff off anyone. She was tough. Someone in the show was giving her a hard time. All of a sudden, the older woman lifted her dress above her knees, to revealed a gallon jug of moonshine. Everyone in the audience broke up laughing.

Later that same night I told Daddy about what had happened and I think Daddy fired John the next day. Several months later Daddy rehired John. I thought then that we would have more problems with John Berry and we did as you will see later.

One of my chores as a teenage boy was that I had to go with a prisoner every night to pick up slop, the left over from the hospital kitchen, from the Mosley hospital dining room. The slop was for hogs that Daddy raised at the camp for extra money.

It didn't matter which prisoner did the task. Everyone knew this was done. I can't remember which prisoner was going with me that night didn't tell John about him leaving to go get the slop. The prisoner had walked down to the hog pen to get the 55-gallon metal drum that we put the slop in, and put it on the truck. For some unexplained reason John didn't like the idea of the prisoner going down to the hog pen without telling him what he was doing.

John had followed the prisoner down to the hog pen and was having words with the prisoner just as I walked up. I didn't know John was there. All of a sudden John got mad and pulled out his gun and shot toward the prisoner. It just happened that I was just behind the prisoner. John missed the prisoner and I heard the bullet making a humming sound as it went past my head fairly close. That scared me to death. I ran back to the house and told Daddy and he fired John again. I think for the last time. Missed the grim reaper again.

One of the funniest memories I have of the prison camp time was concerning Eddie Green. Eddie was a yard boy. He helped Mama with the cooking, cleaning the kitchen and doing the yard work. Eddie would stay in the kitchen until pretty late cleaning the kitchen and when he was done, he would walk down to the prison camp building.

Eddie was very afraid of ghosts. When Eddie would leave the house, he had to walk about 150 yards down to the camp building. He had a dog that he would always call to walk down to the camp with him. To kind of protect him.

My brother Jack was living at home then and he loved to play practical jokes on everyone, especially Eddie Green. Eddie would always check to see where Jack was before he would leave going down to the camp.

Jack had put a lot planning into this practical joke. Jack and my brother-in-law Davis Bryant, were sitting in the living room watching TV. This 'show' was just for Eddie to see. Jack and Davis had previously locked Eddie's dog in a building. So when Eddie went to the back door and whistled for his dog, the dog didn't show up. Eddie continued to whistle until his nervousness cause his lips to dry out so he couldn't whistle.

Eddie decided to be brave and walk down to the camp without the dog. Jack had run out and hid behind a small building. Eddie had to walk right past to get to the camp. Jack had a white sheet over his head and as Eddie passed by, Jack stepped out and shouted, "Whoooo. Whoooo."

Eddie dropped the plate of biscuits and shouted "Oh, miss! Oh, Cap'n! Oh, shit!" and took off running as fast as he could toward the camp. Eddie left the plate of biscuits in midair.

When Eddie reached the camp, the screen door was locked. Eddie broke the screen door down trying to get into the camp. It was the first time ever that a prisoner broke a door down to get into the prison camp. This tale has been retold many times and it is one of the family favorites about the camp times.

By the time I was five or six years old all my brothers and sisters had married and left home so I was really raised as an only child. And I was spoiled rotten. While all of my brothers and sisters had to work on the farm doing hard manual labor, I was raised in the luxury of a prison camp with prisoners to do all of the manual labor.

When I say luxury, it was when compared to the farm homestead. The camp had indoor plumbing which the farm didn't have. The camp also had electricity. Yet I remember Mama cooked our meals at the camp on a wood burning stove for years. We were there maybe 10 or more years before we had our first electric stove.

We also had horses at the camp. I rode horses from when I was just old enough to walk. Most of the horses were farm animals and pretty gentle. One time Daddy got a horse which wasn't a farm animal. It was a riding horse. Sleek and pretty. But it was pretty skittish and nervous. I think it was a little bit wild.

The bridal halter that came with the horse came with a piece of wire under the horse's chin. Usually, rope was put under the horse's chin. I rode the horse around the camp and that horse just went where it wanted to go. I was always a big softy with animals, so I decided to take the wire off the bridal halter and replaced it with a rope. I thought it would be nicer for the horse. Of course, it was but without the wire, I had even less control over the horse.

Then I decided to take the horse for a ride away from the camp grounds. Leaving the camp grounds, the horse acted up. I had gotten maybe a mile away from the camp and turned around

and headed back to the camp.

That was when the horse took off like a scalded cat. It was running away with me. I was pulling back on the reins as hard as I could, but with the rope under its chin pulling the reins had no effect on the horse. The further the horse ran the faster it got. I was about half way back to the camp and it was a complete runaway. There was no way I could have stopped that horse.

All of a sudden up ahead of me is Daddy with a group of prisoners working on the road. All the prisoners, about seven of them, blocked the road and stopped the horse. Daddy was there and he saw the wire had been removed from the bridal. He gave me a dressing down. He replaced the wire and I rode the horse back to the camp. With the wire back on the bridal the horse was very gentle. That was another time I could have been killed.

One of my good memories was of a prisoner named Sam Bowen. Sam was what we called a "Yard Man." Sam was a black trustee. He was also a very nice man. One day I was in Donalsonville with Sam. I loved chocolate ice cream and Sam knew how much I loved it. Sam took me into the drugstore and bought me a dish of chocolate ice cream. I ate it quickly. Sam ordered me another dish. Then another dish and another. This went on until I had eaten about eight dishes of chocolate ice cream. I was loving every minute.

But a few minutes later I got sick as a dog and up heaved all the chocolate ice cream. I never liked chocolate ice cream since then. But I thought it was real nice of Sam to buy me all that ice cream and pay for it with his own money.

Another memory I have while living at the camp when I was about eight years old was seeing the Klu Klux Klan drive by the house one evening. Daddy must have known about the Klu Klux Klan coming, because we were all sitting on the front porch waiting for them. It was kind of scary in a way and also kind of funny. There were about 25 or so cars with men riding on the sides of the cars. It was twilight and the men were

wearing white robes that covered their entire bodies and heads. Lots of the men had torches in their hands.

I had heard that the Klu Klux Klan were kind of vigilantes and that if anybody was doing something wrong the KKK would visit them and whip them to make them do right. I had heard the KKK treated white and black people the same but I now know that they especially got onto blacks much more than white people.

While we lived at the camp, I had several different dogs. My favorite dog of all time was Brock. He was a mixed dog of Boxer and Bulldog. He was light brown with a white patch under his throat. He was always waiting for me when I came in from school and I always enjoyed playing with Brock.

While we lived at the camp, I worked during the summer for just a few years. I picked cotton for a while but I could never pick enough cotton to make up for the money. And what little I did make, I spent on my lunch; so I didn't pick cotton for very long.

I also stacked peanuts. That was a horrible job. When you stacked the peanuts up on a pole all the dirt from the peanuts fell down on you. At the end of the day, I was black all over from the dirt, except for my eyes. I didn't last very long at that job either.

The first movie I saw was "Red River" with John Wayne. It was made in 1948 so I was probably nine years old when I saw it. Donalsonville had three movie theaters. The smallest was the Olive Theater and the biggest was Dunn's Theater. It also had a drive-in theater. The Olive Theater had scheduled a western movie star, Lash La Rue to come and make a personal appearance. He did come but when he saw the movie theater he refused to appear because it was too small for him. I was standing in the lobby and heard him tell the manager he wouldn't make an appearance in the movie theater because it was so small.

Another great memory I have from this time, I was about ten years old, was when my Aunt Clyde Faircloth use to come by

the camp to visit and she would always make me some rice pudding from cold rice, sugar and milk. I thought it was lovely and loved Aunt Clyde making the rice pudding for me. Aunt Clyde was married to Uncle Aubrey Faircloth. Aubrey was Mama's brother. Aunt Clyde was a Lynn before she married Uncle Aubrey.

While I have this great memory of Aunt Clyde, I also have a memory filled with terror concerning Aunt Clyde. She got sick and was put in the hospital. She was diagnosed with lung cancer. I was taken to the hospital early one morning to visit her. She was laying in her bed and when she saw me, she reached and grabbed me and hugged me to her. She had an oxygen mask on and I had never seen anyone with an oxygen mask on. I remember it made a loud hissing sound. I got scared and pulled away from her and she and I both started crying. Real sad time.

Since Daddy worked as a warden, he was considered a peace officer. He actually drew a very little pension from the Georgia Peace Officers Association after he retired. As a peace officer he got involved in some police work occasionally.

Once, about 1949, the road going south of Donalsonville, highway 39, was to be widened and paved and the shoulders of the road had to be enlarged. This meant the land had to be cleared. The prisoners were clearing the land and they came across some old abandoned graves.

They discovered some skeletons and some of the skeletons had some gold teeth in the skull. The prisoners started to fight over the gold teeth. I was about nine years old. I was standing on the edge of the grave and watching all this going on very intently. It didn't bother me while it was going on. Later when we went home for supper, we had some greasy fish. Somehow the combination greasy fish and seeing the skeletons caused me to become sick. I ran to the bathroom and threw up all over the bathtub. I was very unhappy about the skeletons.

Random Memories

I remember Aunt Gussie. Aunt Gussie was the oldest child of

Josiah and Dora Poston. She was very quiet and soft spoken. I remember Uncle Henry Poston. He was always laughing and had a smile on his face, even though he had a tough life. Everyone liked Uncle Henry. I fished and hunted on his land often. His wife, Aunt Emily, would always tell me "Don't kill any pet squirrels near the house."

One time I was fishing in Uncle Henry's fishing pond and it was cool weather and I was dressed with pretty heavy clothes and I fell out of the boat into the water. I was sinking fast. It was kind of like in a dream. Foots reached down into the water and grabbed hold of me and pulled me out of the water. Missed the grim reaper once again.

Mama loved to fish too, but she was a holy terror when she was throwing her hook out into the water. We all learned to take cover, so she wouldn't hook us with her cast. We had some good laughs over that.

Except for the last five months of school or so I had always driven or was given a ride to high school. But Daddy retired from the warden's job in January of 1958. We moved back to the farm and for the last five months of my senior year, I had to ride a school bus.

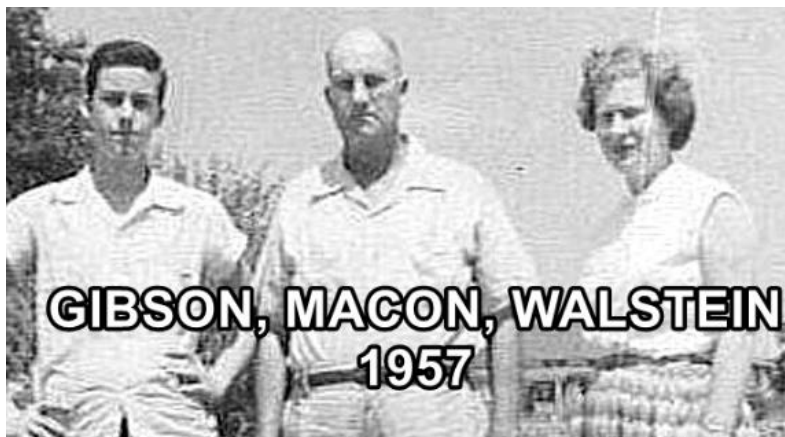
Then my brother-in-law Herman Braswell offered me a job in construction and would let me live with him and my sister Geneva. They lived in Austell, Ga. The job was primarily putting in storm drain pipes and it was very hard work.

At the time the highway Interstate 75 was just being built through Atlanta. I remember on one job I had to use an air jackhammer. I strained both of my wrists. Another job I did was to drive a large flatbed truck and pull a trailer with a backhoe. I had no experience with driving such a rig. Sometimes in downtown Atlanta, when I turned a corner, the trailer would jump the curb. It's a wonder I didn't kill anyone.

I narrowly missed being killed on one of the jobs. We were laying pipe in a very deep ditch in Chamblee, Ga. My job was to carry five-gallon buckets of concrete down into the ditch.

The ditch was 60 feet deep. We had just taken a break and everyone was standing above the ditch, when the ditch caved in. It made a loud sound like dynamite going off. If I had been down in that ditch, I'm sure I would have been killed. Back then the construction companies didn't shore up the walls of deep ditches. I was lucky and escaped the grim reaper that time too.

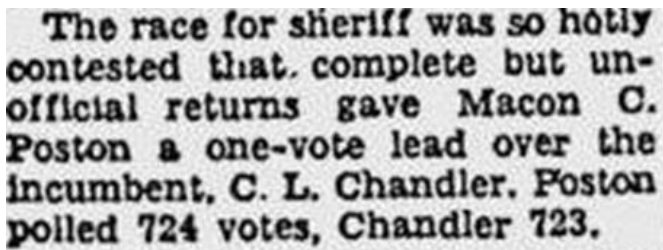
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MACON'S BIG SAVE 1948

How Macon Got the Warden Job

Macon was elected Sheriff of Seminole County in 1943. Gibson told me that Macon was offered the warden job for life, if he let the loser win the sheriff job.



The race for sheriff was so hotly contested that, complete but unofficial returns gave Macon C. Poston a one-vote lead over the incumbent, C. L. Chandler. Poston polled 724 votes, Chandler 723.

In the early days of the internet, I searched the name Macon Poston to see what I could find. What follows below is a newspaper article from The Daytona Beach Morning Journal, September, 30, 1948.

The missing part of the article below tells the story of a murder. The murder couple happened to be having an affair. The person accused of the crime was a Black man named, Clarence Alburty.

Alburty had "walked off" the prison camp in Donalsonville and ended up in Daytona. He was soon arrested as a suspect in the couple's murder and confessed to the crime. There was just one problem, he wasn't in Daytona the day of the crime. Macon pointed that out to the sheriff in Daytona and refused to change his story.

"Deputy Sheriff W. H. Freeman said last night he is 'satisfied' with the date originally established for the escape of Clarence Alburty, convict being held in connection with the Ormond moonlight murders.

"He had just returned from the Georgia State Prison at Reidsville where a discrepancy between escape dates given by Alburty and the Georgia prison warden was investigated. Alburty, in a signed confession, had said he escaped from a Georgia road gang several days before the Aug. 14 murders.

"But Warden Macon Poston had *insisted* he did not walk off until Aug. 16, two days after the crime.

"Freeman would not elaborate on his statement of satisfaction last night, but said he was still holding Alburty in connection with the crime. At the time of his escape, Alburty was in custody of a Seminole County Commissioner and was said to be working on a road in front of the Commissioner's home.

"Sheriff W. M. Harris of Camilla, Ga. who captured Alburty and was present when he made his confession, said last night that a statement regarding the investigation of escape date was not ready for release.

"'We have some things that need to be checked before we can say definitely which was the escape date.' he said.

"Harris had said earlier that **Warden Poston**, when first confronted with Alburty's confession, admitted the Negro had escaped prior to Aug. 16. Harris added that Poston later changed his story. *Poston had denied ever saying Alburty escaped earlier.*

"Freeman said he still has received no break in his hunt for Alburty's accomplice in the murders but that he was about ready to "wrap up what we've got so far and present the case to the State Attorney.

"This would mean Alburty probably would be tried for his part in the murder even if his accomplice were still at large.

"Alburty has said he stood guard while another Negro shot to death Gregory Blount and Mary Hucks on the beach three miles north of Ormond. Freeman said the search for the "trigger man" would continue." (The Daytona Beach Morning Journal Sept. 30 1948)

(This is part of a follow-up article from the Daytona Beach Morning Journal-Jun 25, 1949, but it is no longer available online & I no longer have the beginning of the article.)

"...prison camps, was arrested in Georgia and was said to have confessed standing by while & companion committed the crime. Later, however, Warden Macon Poston of the Seminole County, Ga. Work Farm, reported Alburty did not escape from there until August 16. two days after Blount and Miss Hucks were killed. Investigation of the escape date followed, but law enforcement officers never came to an agreement on exactly when it was.

"Several months after his arrest Alburty was quietly admitted to the Florida Prison at Raiford, to finish serving out a term to which he was sentenced several years ago. He never has been charged with the Blount-Hucks crime.

"Sheriff Littlefield said last night solution to the murder of Loomis, the DeLand tourist, was 'just a matter of time.' 'We've discovered the murder motive was not robbery, as reported.'"

Alburty Escape Date 'Satisfies' Freeman

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The Daytona Beach Morning Journal
Sept. 30 1948

GRANNY POSTON'S RECORD

1891 - 1985

1891 - 1930

December 25 1891 Macon Poston Born.
December 26 1906 Ernestine Faircloth Was Born.
September 07 1910 Seaborne Faircloth Born.
July 04 1916 Walstine Poston Was Born.
April 13 1922 Macon Poston Married Ernestine Faircloth.
January 14 1923 Juanita Poston Was Born.
April 15 1924 Mary Poston Was Born.
May 19 1925 Buford Poston Was Born.
November 12 1925 John Watson Poston Died.
July 25 1926 Mary Poston Died.
April 22 1927 Geneva Poston Was Born.
September 05 1927 Mathew Faircloth Died.
June 15 1928 Jack Poston Was Born.
July 14 1929 Lillie Yates Died.
January 01 1930 Dixie Poston Was Born.

1931 - 1950

March 31 1932 Joan Poston Was Born.
June 29 1938 Nancy Odom Died.
May 22 1940 Gibson Poston Was Born.
May 25 1940 Juanita Poston Married Paul Robinson.

December 22 1942 Walstine Poston Married Wallace Dawson.

November 12 1945 Dixie Poston Married Lamar Wiley.

April 23 1946 Walstine Wallace Married Ed Rayfield.

September 07 1946 Joan Poston Married Davis Bryant.

May 12 1947 Geneva Poston Married Herman Braswell.

May 22 1948 Buddy Poston Married Marie Witte.

June 11 1949 Jack Poston Married Elmer Mclinden.

August 03 1949 Robert Faircloth Died.

1952 – 1960

January 16 1952 Clara Mae Elkins Died.

August 07 1952 James Elkins Died.

March 26 1953 Johnnie Braswell Died.

July 04 1953 Jack and Family And Geneva And Herman And Their Family Were Here.

October 04 1953 Buddy, Marie And Little Buddy Was Here For A Visit. Geneva And Family Came And Joan And Family Came From Grand Ridge, Fla.

November 1954, I Made My Trip To Cleveland And Philadelphia.

February 20 1956 All The Children Were Home For Reunion Except Ed And Walstine.

March 30 1956 Simon Coleman Died.

April 1956 Bell Donaldson Died.

June 1956 Gibson Went To Cleveland For Visit.

January 1957 We Remodeled Our Home.

October 06 1957 Dora Jane Poston Died.

October 06 1957 Jack and Family Were Here for Mrs. Poston Funeral.

April 21 1958, We Moved To The House In The Country After Macon Retired From Work.

May 30 1958 macon was operated on for growth on kidney at Thomasville hosp. Gibson graduated from high school that same night. Joan and Savis took him to his graduation.

October 05 1958 Buddy and Family was here from Cuba. Everyone was here except Jack and Walstine.

November 08 1958 Durwood Lemont Robinson Died.

March 01 1960 Jack Had His First Operation.

April 16 1960 Jack and Family And Gibson Were Here For Visit After Jack Was Operated On March 1, 1960

May 1 1960 All the Children Were Home Except Buddy.

November 23 1960 Gibson Joined the Navy.

1961 - 1970

February 21 1961 Jack Had His Second Operation. Geneva and Buddy was with Him.

March 30 1961 Jack Was Operated on For Third Time. Gibson and I were with him.

June 02 1961 Jack died. He was buried June 6. I had stayed with him for 6 weeks while he was sick in 1961.

December 27 1961 Gibson was operated on while he was in navy in Boston.

May 1962 Gibson Came For Visit And Left Going Back May 19.

July 1962 Seaborne and Emmie Faircloth came for visit.

July 1962 Geneva And Family came for visit and took Pauline back with them.

August 1962 Orbie And Jewell Faircloth Came For Visit.

December 02 1962 Gibson Called From The South Pole.

August 1962 Elmer And Bobbie Came For Visit.

March 28 1963 Octavia Faircloth Fell Out Of Chair. She Had
Cast Put on April 2.

She Stayed with Nannie Mae until August 12. Then back with me
and then back to Nannie Mae March 29. Placed In Blakeley Nurs-
ing Home May 11, 1964.

April 15 1963 Milburn Poston Died.

April 20 1963 Gibson came home from South Pole and returned to
Boston by airplane on May 4.

July 1963 H.M. Braswell Came for Visit.

July 25 1963 Buddy, Marie and Boys came home for visit. They
returned to New Jersey August 1, 1963

August 08 1963 Seaborne Faircloth Died.

August 08 1963 Elmer And Joe Pastor Came For Dinner. Bobbie
went back with them after a visit here.

August 14 1963 Orbie and Jewell Came for visit and stayed until
August 21.

August 16 1963 Bill McDonald was operated on.

October 25 1963 Gibson came home for visit and returned to Bos-
ton on November 3rd.

May 09 1964 Geneva And Herman Came For Visit.

May 25 1964 Gibson and Jeanette were married in New Hamp-
shire. They came down for a two week visit on June 5, 1964.

June 05 1964 H.M. Braswell and Family came for visit to be with
Gibson and Jeanette.

March 1965 Octavia Faircloth left nursing home and went to live
with Aunt Linnie.

March 10 1965 John Clifton Poston was born in Bainbridge, Mary-
land.

April 08 1965 Gibson, Jeanette and Boys came from
Bainbridge, Maryland. Gibson Left April 22 to go to Jacksonville
Fla.

May 11 1965 Geneva and Family came home for Mother's Day and brought Pauline back home.

June 09 1965 Gibson, Jeanette And Boys Left For Key West, Fla.

June 14 1965 Geneva And Kids came for visit after Gibson left for Florida.

June 17 1965 Buddy And Family came for visit.

July 11 1965 Felner Mclindon Died. Elmer And Bobbie came home.

July 11 1965 Gussie Came for Visit.

July 15 1965 Octavia Faircloth Died.

August 03 1965 Taft Poston Went to Milledgeville.

August 14 1965 Gibson Came from Mayport, Fla. for Weekend.

August 14 1965 Macon had a mole removed from his neck.

August 25 1965, I Went to Key West, Fla. With Joan and Davis to visit Gibson and Family.

February 03 1966 Buddy called Thursday before going to California for three weeks training and then to Vietnam.

February 11 1966 Gibson and Family spent the night here then stopped by Geneva's and then on to Washington, D.C.

February 18 1966 Jerry Robinson Came Home From Army.

February 22 1966 Ronnie Wiley left for military service. We ate dinner with Dixie and Lamar and saw Ronnie leave.

March 1966 Buddy Went to Vietnam.

May 11 1966 Juanita Robinson Was Operated On.

July 1966 Orbie, Jewell And Donald Came For Visit.

March 22 1967 Buddy and Family came from new jersey for visit after Buddy's return from Vietnam. All the children were together except Gibson.

April 15 1967 Elmer and Bobbie called.

April 17 1967 Buddy called us to tell us he was going to Vietnam for second tour.

April 18 1967 Buddy left going back to Vietnam for his second tour.

April 24 1967 Ralph, Nell, Nannie Mae and me ate dinner with Mabel and went on down to see Aunt Linnie.

June 03 1967 Ronnie Wiley Married Kitty.

June 05 1967 Gibson, Jeanette and Boys came. Went back on the 16th. They were living in Woodbridge, Va.

August 21 1967 Bobbie And Elmer came.

August 28 1967 Taft And Merle came for visit and stayed until September 1.

September 19 1967 Macon lost his hearing in his right ear. He went to a specialist in Moultrie October 13, 1967.

November 23 1967 Buddy gave me a new stove.

November 27 1967 Janice Bryant got married to Tommy Gorman.

January 09 1968 Gary Kelly went to germany for two years.

March 07 1968 We visited with Geneva from the 7th until 12th.

March 08 1968 Macon Got His Hearing Aid.

April 1968 Geneva And Family came to be with Gibson on Easter.

April 05 1968, We carried Taft Poston to Tallahassee Memorial Hosp.

April 11 1968 Gibson, Jeanette And Boys came. They Left on the 22nd.

April 13 1968 Gibson And Daddy Went To Visit Taft Poston in Tallahassee Memorial Hosp.

July 15 1968 Taft Poston Died.

July 16 1968 Scott Gorman Was Born.

September 09 1968 Gibson Was Discharged From The Navy. He moved to Marietta to start college at Southern Tech.

December 15 1968 Gibson, Jeanette And Boys Came for visit and stayed until the Monday before Christmas.

December 28 1968 Peggy Bryant married Gary Kelly.

January 24 1969 Geneva, Herman And Family came.

January 26 1969 The Girls From Tallahassee And Juanita came for dinner with Geneva And Family.

April 13 1969 The Girls gave Me And Daddy a party on our 47th Anniversary. All was here except Buddy, Geneva and Gibson. It was our first anniversary party and it was wonderful.

June 09 1969 Bobo Braswell Joined Navy.

June 19 1969, we talked to Geneva, Jeanette and Gibson.

June 27 1969 Buddy Came Home from His Ship. He Went Back July 10th.

July 28 1969 Emily Alday Poston Died.

April 20 1970 Buddy Was Discharged from The Navy.

1971 – 1980

January 1971 Gibson, Jeanette and Boys came.

January 1971 Little Buddy and Julia came for visit on New Years Week End.

January 15 1971 Geneva, Herman And Mark came.

March 06 1971 Gussie Kennedy Died.

June 1971 Geneva and Herman gave Daddy an air conditioner on Father's Day.

October 02 1971 Orbie Faircloth Died.

December 25 1971 Geneva gave us our Christmas Dinner. All the children except Buddy were here.

March 01 1973 Gibson and Family Came For Weekend.

March 27 1973 Macon, Jewell and I got our new glasses.

December 1974 Dixie Wiley was operated on for collapsed lung.

January 12 1975 A tornado hit us. The house and Jewell's trailer was destroyed but none of us were hurt.

January 14 1975 Henry Poston Died.

May 15 1975 Buddy came to visit macon while he was sick in the Donalsonville Hosp. He left on his birthday May 19.

June 1975 Gibson and family came to visit Macon while he was in Seminole Hosp.

August 23 1975 Buddy and Marie came. It was the first time they had seen our new home.

September 11 1975 Gibson came for visit and stayed until 15th. And then he entered John Marshall Law School In Atlanta.

December 22 1975 Bobbie came.

January 03 1976 Herman, Macon And Mark came for visit.

February 03 1976 Gibson and Cliff came for visit stayed till 6th.

March 13 1976 Geneva, Mark, Julia and Mike came.

May 30 1976, I went home with Buddy and stayed until 25th of June. We spent the night with Gibson on way home.

June 26 1976 Dixie Wiley had a hysterectomy.

June 26 1976 Ora Lane Poston died.

August 22 1976 Gibson came and got me to stay with him until 9th of September. We went to Savannah and Joan and Davis met us there and i came home with them.

November 26 1977 Murl Poston Died.

April 30 1979 Emile Coleman Died.

August 10 1979 Bobbie and Jean Poston came and then went back to Michigan.

August 21 1979 Toby Robinson Married Pam in my yard.

January 12 1980 Buddy and Marie came.

March 1980 It Snowed 2 Days.

March 25 1980 Buddy sent me my car.

June 12 1980 Bobbie and Jean came for visit while Buddy and Marie were here.

July 24 1980, I flew my first airplane trip to Washington, D.C. with Janice and Tommy. We went on to see Buddy and Marie.

1982 - 1985

January 17 1982, We Had Our First Reunion at the Salem Masons Temple. All my children and lots of grandchildren were there.

April 13 1984 Buddy Had His Second Heart Attack.

May 13 1985 Buddy and Marie & Gibson and Jeanette were here for visit.

MILLIE ERNESTINE FAIRCLOTH b. 12/26/1906 - d. 01/27/1994 (87)



THE FAMILY OF BUFORD POSTON

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BUFORD (BUDDY) POSTON

1925 - 1987

Buddy Poston was born May 19, 1925, in Donalsonville, GA. His birth certificate name is Buford Poston. His Navy ID Card always had the name: Buford (N) Poston, the (N) stood for: No Middle Initial.

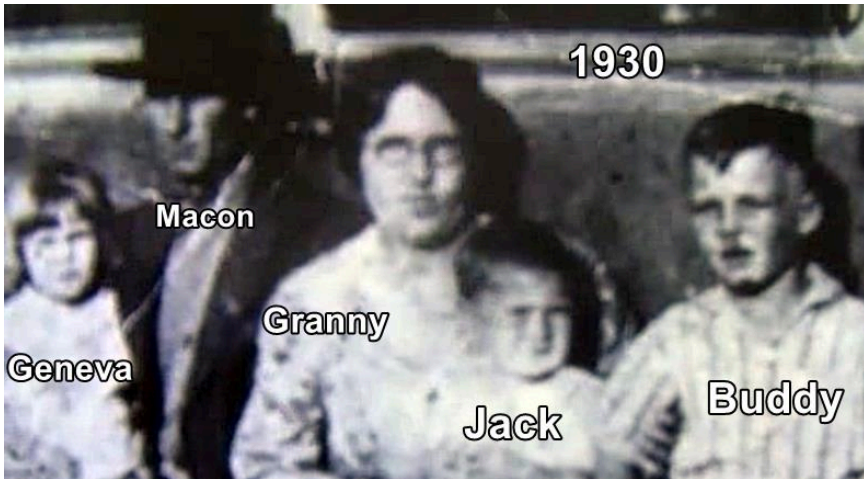
The story about the name Buford may be apocryphal, but it says that Granny chose the name Buford because the local postmaster had the surname Buford, and it might help Buddy get a job one day. This was a common practice at that time. His youngest brother William Gibson Poston was named in honor of a Donalsonville politician, William Gibson. His Uncle Taft was named in honor of William Howard Taft, who became President of the US the year he was born.

Buddy was the third child and the oldest boy of Macon Poston, and Ernestine Faircloth. Buddy was also Macon's fourth child, and his first son.

Most of Buddy's formative years were spent in poverty during the Great Depression (1929 to 1942). He might have reached the 6th grade before leaving school, which was also common at that time.

Buddy told me he was embarrassed by his tattered clothes, which were ruined by farm work. Plus, he had farm chores that were more important than school work, and he was not a good student either. He may have had a reading disability. He was around 11 or 12 years old when he left school.

He didn't seem to have any fond memories of his childhood, but he did have stories of abuse at the hands of Macon. He told me his experiences in a matter-of-fact way. I think he told me those stories to help me see that, he wasn't as bad a father as I thought he was. Truly, he was not.



In one story, Macon chased Buddy while wielding a 2 by 4 piece of lumber, and all because he hadn't completed his chores. It is a colorful story about his running away from his father. And it culminates in Buddy tricking his father into signing his Navy enlistment papers.

However, on November 11, 1942 the Draft Age was lowered to 18. Buddy enlisted in the Navy on December 18, 1942, 8 months after his 18th birthday. Buddy didn't need Macon's permission.



Buddy became Bud when he joined the Navy. After boot camp at Great Lakes, MI, he was sent to the Pacific War and was there for two years, 1944 & 1945. Buddy participated in the invasions of the Philippines, Yap, Layte, Luzon, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

He was a landing craft (LST) driver who shuttled troops to the beach during invasions. The Marines only went to the beach once, Buddy went repeatedly each invasion. He never spoke about it except to say he saw a lot of death and destruction. He once mentioned seeing the boat driver next him get shot in the head, and once an LST next to his was hit by canon fire.



Buddy's Vietnam boat was a WWII LST, just like the one he drove during the WWII invasions. (1966)

In July 1946 he participated in Operation Crossroads, the nuclear bomb tests at the Bikini Atoll. His story was, he and others had been promised 30 days leave for their participation, but when they survived, their leave was canceled. Years later he had thyroid damage due to that bomb test, and his thyroid had to be removed.

Buddy was 6 feet tall when he joined the Navy and grew 6 more inches. He always claimed it was the first time he had regular access to food, which he believed had caused his growth spurt. But it's not unusual for males to continue to grow

in height till about age 21. He was the tallest of his siblings, and in Puerto Rico, he was the tallest man stationed at Roosevelt Roads NAS.

On Thanksgiving of 1947, Buddy met Marie Anna Witte of Philadelphia. He was introduced to her by his cousin Delma (Red) Poston, who was the son of his father's sister, his Aunt Clara.

Red was married to Claire Gellak. Claire was the sister of Virginia Gellak O'Shea, who was the best friend of my mother, Marie Witte. Buddy and Marie had a whirlwind courtship and were married on May 22, 1948.

A year after they were married, they moved to Charleston, SC; the port of Buddy's ship. He served on a series of ships and attended several Navy schools there between 1948 & 1951. He played basketball for one of those schools and was the star center known as "Slim" Poston. They lived there until the end of 1951 or early 1952. I was born in the old Philadelphia Naval Hospital in March of 1952.

They bought a house in Philadelphia in 1951 at 218 Stevens St. in the Lawndale section of Philadelphia. We lived there until our departure for GITMO Cuba. More about Cuba in another chapter.



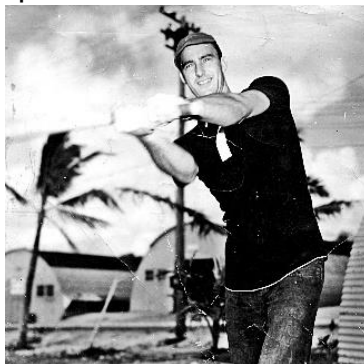
I've been told that my mother's brother Joe, helped them put together the money for the downpayment. The house cost them about \$4,000 in 1951. (About \$46,000 in 2023.) And I also know that Macon lent them money to buy their first used car.

After Cuba we returned to the house in Philly. We were there for about 18 months. Then in January 1960, the family move to Roosevelt Roads Naval Air Station in Puerto Rico. (Rosey Roads)



My Father was a good athlete. While stationed at Rosey Roads, Buddy was the star pitcher for the Chiefs. He threw a pretty fast, slow-pitch softball. I used to warm him up before a game, and his pitch stung my hand.

He also played First Base and was a home run slugger. I remember several out of the park homers. He played for The Chiefs, on an all-Chief team. Their arch rivals were the CBees of MCB 7. (Marine Construction Battalion 7) The games were played at the baseball field across the street from the geedunk known as the Mariposa.



The family returned to the Philadelphia area in July 1963, and then they sold the house in Philly, and moved to 1106 Parkview Lane, Toms River, NJ. Buddy was then stationed at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station.



Yes, we did live in Lakehurst Park, in a rented 60' single-wide mobile home, that had 3 bedrooms and 2 baths. We stayed there till our house in Toms River was ready. I didn't know at the time that this was considered low class housing. I used to brag about our unusual accommodations to my teachers and schoolmates, to many a chuckle too.

My father was at sea when I was born. The story goes that my birth was announced ship wide and that Buddy got three cheers for having a boy. My brother Craig Richard Poston was born July 4, 1954. So there was obviously some shore leave in 1953. I also have a picture of my Father feeding me in 1952.



Sometime in 1956 Buddy was assigned to GITMO, Cuba, and in May of 1956 my Mother, Craig (age 2) and I (age 4) made an arduous airplane journey to Cuba. Because my Mother

was in the last trimester of her pregnancy, the Navy didn't financially support the move. Nonetheless, Mark Timothy Poston, was born in GITMO July 28, 1956.

The story goes that Buddy had Marie send him any extra money on hand, which he thereupon gambled into enough to fund the trip. However, that airplane trip involved several disconnected flights. My mother loved to tell the story of the trip, especially our vomiting events. And about how the Base Police had to find Buddy, who had a brain fart and forgot what day we were arriving.

The story goes that Buddy had failed to meet us at the Havana Airport, because he was out drinking with friends. A woman traveling on the same plane was also going to GITMO, and so we made it safe and sound thanks to her. Forgetting about airplane arrivals seems to be a Poston tradition.

We lived in a duplex Quonset Hut before we moved to a really nice place overlooking Guantanamo Bay. Once we were at the new place, we had a big yard and a swing set and my parents would sit out in the evening listening to the radio and talking with friends, while we played on the swings. It was an idyllic time.



Buddy was a consummate gambler. He was very good at any card game, dice game or any game of chance, that had calculable odds. He was good at card counting and always had a good sense of what other's hands consisted of. There is a

classic Buddy gambling story which occurred while we were in Puerto Rico, of which I was an eye witness.



Late one Saturday night Buddy was returning home from The Chief's Club of which he was the manager. He saw a large crowd at the E-M Club and stopped in. It was payday and a large gambling party was underway.

He didn't return home till after we went to Sunday Mass, about 8 or 9 AM. My Mother was livid. When we returned home there was a note on the front door, it read: "Marie if you let me sleep I'll buy you that freezer you want. I won a lot of money gambling last night." Marie mellowed out after seeing the note.

Buddy was a very capable man in many ways. He had an innate ability for math, but was not formally trained. His card counting and calculating the odds is evidence of that, as was his propensity at winning games of chance.

He was a hard worker and often had a second, sometimes even a third job to make ends meet. He seemed to intuit how to manage himself and others in the best ways possible. He told me that because he was tall and had a deep voice that people naturally looked to him for leadership, and that I should be prepared for the same experience. He was right. I often found myself a leader of groups for which I was not qualified.

Buddy was not an ideologue who loved the Navy for patriotic reasons. Not that he was an unpatriotic cynic. He was merely

a pragmatist who saw it as a good, steady job in an organization he could navigate with great success.

Even though Buddy was a gambler for money, he hated taking risks, ironic since he frequently risked his life and money. But these were calculable odds, and he was more comfortable when he could calculate the odds of success.

He was also a mediocre parent, but far better than Macon. I too was a mediocre parent, and maybe a little better than Buddy, but not by much.

He was very smart but uneducated, and this lack of education haunted him. His reading comprehension was very low and he probably had a reading disability. This disability also lowered his confidence. He was unwilling to try something other than the Navy, because he was not sure how to calculate his odds for success outside the Navy.

However once he retired, he was very successful in every job he held. He often started out in the lowest job and quickly moved up to a high level, thanks to his diligence and intelligence. This success never seemed to bolster his self-confidence.

There was a lot of alcoholism in his family, but I never knew Buddy to be a drunk. Never did he act like a drunk around us, and probably not in public either. But he did manage bars and restaurants for the Navy, and he wasn't a teetotaler. After his retirement, I don't recall him drinking alcohol very much at all, except for beer. It was really hard for me to steal booze from him, because there wasn't enough around.

Sometime in 1958 we (my Mother and Brothers) returned to Philadelphia while my Father went to sea. We stayed there until January 1960, whereupon we moved to Roosevelt Roads Naval Air Station in Puerto Rico. We lived at 33 Yorktown Circle. Roosevelt Roads was decommissioned in 2004.

Buddy was now a Chief Petty Officer and he had been trained in bar and restaurant management, and assigned to manage the Chief's Club at Rosey Roads. He was involved with its renovation and expansion. Craig and I often went to work with him and I snorkeled at the beach nearby and we played around the Club.

My parents were generally happy, but my father's frequent late nights at the Club caused tension. He seemed to be completely devoted to Marie. She was a tremendous help to him. She managed the money and raised the kids. Faithful to him while away at sea for months at a time. She also helped him study for his promotion tests. He felt indebted to her for all the work on his behalf.

My father was magnanimous to a fault. When he joined the Navy, he sent part (maybe all) of his pay check to his Mother, another woman to whom he was devoted. He was a great financial help to her throughout her life, which Marie seemed to support wholeheartedly. His Mother lived longer than he did and Marie continued to financially help Granny after his death.

When he was stationed in Vietnam from March 13, 1966 to May 2, 1967, he sent his entire paycheck to my mother every month. He also sent home other people's paychecks which he had won gambling. We used to get envelopes from him, out of which would drop cash, signed over paychecks and Navy script.

He was quite personable, with a very outgoing personality. He was movie star handsome when he was younger. He was also quite diligent and competent. He was highly regarded by his superior officers as a Chief to be counted on. At least one junior officer that I knew of (Mr. Vetter) was profuse in his gratitude for my father's assistance to him as a "shaved tail" Ensign. I'm sure there were others.

When I became a teenager in 1965, Buddy and I began to have problems, which was quite normal at the time. I was

questioning everything, and he didn't like that. I will say that he did spend hours trying to discuss with me what I was going through. But I did not appreciate his interventions at the time.

Like most "Flower Children" I began to wear old clothing like farmer's overalls. My Father complained to me, "I worked my ass off so you wouldn't have to dress like that." We clashed often about my style of dress and "long" hair in 1965. It reminded him of the poverty of his youth. I was completely unaware of this and therefore insensitive to his perspective. Plus, I was a teenager.



It was the 60s, the Vietnam War was a major issue I was concerned about. I was also becoming aware of historical issues, like the wars against the American Indians. I was very critical of the US government whom he served.

My father was more pragmatic, and wanted me to focus on getting a good education and a good job. At that time a college education was considered a first-class ticket to success. But I hated school. It was boring, pedantic (obviously) and I didn't see how what they were teaching me was going to help.

My father didn't have the arguments to persuade me otherwise. He only had a few heuristics that he had never bother to examine. One was, get a good education or get a college education. Why? You will get a good high paying job, and not work as hard as I have had to work. I wasn't buying it.

Reading, writing, some minor math and parallel parking skills, were about all I learned in high school.

Plus, my father and mother were not intellectually inclined. Neither read very much, and when they read, it was not for pleasure. I never knew either to have a favorite author or a favorite book. We never had a home library, beyond the practical tomes such as cookbooks, grocery store encyclopedias and Navy training manuals.

But my mother started me reading using Hardy Boy books from the library. And she also bought me several of the books in the All About Series, and many grocery store encyclopedias too. And I have been an avid reader ever since.

Without the internet, and without any good libraries where we lived, information was hard to come by. All we had were newspapers, TV and radio, and the vast majority of its content was mainstream propaganda.

My family didn't invest in topflight encyclopedias or books in general. So, getting a good education was an abstract concept to me and to them too. Nonetheless, I managed to rise pretty high in the ranks of Corporate America, and without ever having graduated from college. But I found that experience to be unprofitable for my soul, and drop corporate life sometime in the early 2000s.

Also, my education prior to 1963 had been of very poor quality. My mother, with good intentions, placed me in a Spanish speaking Roman Catholic school in Puerto Rico. That was so the Nuns "could slap some sense into me" and make me pay attention. Today I would have been tagged as ADD, then not yet recognized as a problem.

As a result, I lost 3 years of primary school and returned to the States with large gaps in my fundamentals. I didn't know anything about English grammar nor spelling. I had been getting good grades in a school taught in a language I didn't comprehend, but my grades started to slide when back in the States.

Fortunately for me, Buddy left for Vietnam in 1966 (the Summer of Love) and took the heat off me. And Marie was going through a midlife crisis and so I was footloose and fancy free.

In May of 1967, Buddy returned home from Vietnam sick. The first year he was in Vietnam, he was in command of a supply boat fleet operating on the Danang River. He was constantly sprayed with Agent Orange. Then he re-upped for another year in Vietnam, when he got the job of managing the Navy clubs in Danang.

A few months into his new tour, he suffered congestive heart failure and was shipped back home. Congestive heart failure means that the heart's pumping power is weaker than normal. With that heart failure, blood moves through the heart and body at a slower rate, and pressure in the heart increases. As a result, the heart cannot pump enough oxygen and nutrients to meet the body's needs. Or so I'm told.

Buddy was now too sick to fight with me, and he spent a lot of time in the old Philadelphia Naval Hospital. He partially recovered and went back to sea again in June of 1968. That lasted until I graduated high school in 1970. By then our relationship was very strained, and I recall I hitchhiked to my graduation and back home again. I think my parents attended the ceremony, but I'm not sure.

Buddy retired from the Navy after 27 years on May 20, 1970, and just one day after his 45th birthday. He immediately began to look for a new job. He took a job as a school bus driver which he hated and quit shortly thereafter.

He then took a job as a bar and restaurant manager for a man named Citta. He started as a bartender and became manager within a month. My mother hated that job and forced him to quit.

Citta offered him a partnership to induce Buddy to stay, but Marie wouldn't hear of it. He also turned down the opportunity to buy a bar and restaurant in Lakehurst for the same reason,

Marie didn't like it. Her attitude was based upon her experiences of being left alone for years. And now that he was retired, she felt he should be home more, especially in the evenings.

By 1971 he was working as a dump truck driver for Jimmy Johnson, a notorious and eccentric hillbilly millionaire from Alabama, who drove a Rolls Royce as a pickup truck.

Jimmy's brother Eugene spotted my father's talent and installed him as dispatcher and manager of the hauling company, sometime in 1972. And Buddy worked as diligently as ever, from 5 in the morning till 8 or 9 at night most of the time. He stayed at that job until his first major heart attack in 1984. Buddy was a month short of being 59 years old.

I remember that day quite well or at least I think I do; memories a fallible. As I recall, I had been in Boston on business for a week, and I returned home Friday the 13th of April, 1984. (According to Granny's Journal.)

When I arrived at LaGuardia, I checked in with my wife, Julia Ragland Poston. Julie informed me that my Dad had a heart attack and might not survive. Coincidentally, at that time I was working with cardiologists, to whom I was selling computer systems, used in Nuclear Cardiology.

I immediately left the airport for Toms River. The next day, I discovered that I had left my luggage at the airport. When I arrived at the hospital, Buddy was still in the ER, unconscious on a gurney. My Mother and Craig were there already. My mother was very distraught. I called some cardiologist clients for advice, and they said, "Get him out of there ASAP!" But that wasn't possible.

I sent my mother home with Craig, and waited for my father to die. Around midnight they moved him to the CCU. And being familiar with hospital operations, I slept outside the CCU on a gurney, knowing no one would hassle me about it.

Early the next morning, a CCU nurse woke me up. She asked me to help them with my father. He had awakened from the coma with tubes in almost every orifice, and was unaware of his heart attack. He was still a very strong man, and he was ripping tubes out as fast as he could. The nurses couldn't restrain him, and wanted my help.

I tried to calm him down by explaining what had happened. I had to tell him what happened a few times and it took a while for him to grasp the situation. He couldn't speak, but he motioned for me to give him a pen and paper. He wrote, "I know we've had our differences, but I love you." I'm still moved by this even as I write about it 32 years later, half my life ago. We never had another argument again.

He asked Marie if she had him Baptized Roman Catholic while he was in a coma. She hadn't remembered to do so. He suggested that maybe she was trying to send him to hell. He had a very wry sense of humor. Marie made sure she had him baptized when he had the next big one.

After the heart attack his heart beat erratically. There was no cure nor effective treatment for arrhythmia at that time. He was told he had about five years left.

The Johnson Brothers wanted Buddy to stay and offered all kinds of inducements, in hopes of keeping "The Chief." He turned a deaf ear to them, and moved as soon as they could. He quickly sold the house in Toms River, and lived in a smaller house in Port Richey, while their new home on a small lake was built.

Buddy decided to move to Port Richey, FL because Marie's brothers, Charlie and Joe and their wives were there. He knew he had very little time left, and wanted Marie to be near her family when he died. Great plan, unfortunately my mother survived them all, and the last living relative, Bea Witte died in 2008.

Marie and Buddy bought the house in Toms River for about \$12,000. By 1984 my Father ascertained that he could sell it for \$150,000. My Mother, never good at economics (but good at saving money) didn't believe him. She told him if he could sell it for \$150,000; she would agree to move to Florida. He sold the house in a week and without a real estate agent.

My Mother was not fond of Florida, but Buddy had tricked her into it by calculating the odds. And Buddy was only thinking of her best interests, while not emphasizing his impending death, as the primary reason.

My Mother also demanded that they have an in-ground swimming pool. She later spent years complaining about the pool and its required upkeep. Then after she removed it, she spent years complaining about the results of the removal.

The story goes that before they sold the house in Jersey, they were visiting Joe and Bea in Port Richey. One day Buddy and Joe were out for a stroll, and they saw a for sale sign on a small house in the neighborhood.

The listing realtor happened to be coming out of the house and Joe yelled, "Hey this guy wants to buy a house." My Father then made what he considered a lowball offer, and he said it was non-negotiable, "Take it or leave it!"

The realtor went back and spoke with the owners and came back and said, "Congratulations, you just bought a house!" This is the story my Father told my Mother. I suspect that purchase was more of a contrivance, than that story would lead you to believe. I think they spent about \$30,000 for a small two-bedroom home on a small lot.

In 1987 and 1988, the years before Buddy died, I was in Tampa on business at least once a month. I always made it a point to visit my parents, sometimes twice a month. Due to circumstances surrounding my job, I had lots of free time. Therefore, I used to spend at least one night with them when I visited. We always dined out and my father and I would have

long conversations. But I don't remember much about those talks now.

One visit, my Father was in the VA Hospital with a problem. I went to see him and walked right into his room. He was very surprised to see me, since it wasn't visiting hours. I told him I walked around hospitals all the time, and that no one asks a giant in a suit where he's going.

He told me that he and my Mom were very surprised at how well I had done, considering I had ignored every suggestion they had given me. He was glad it worked out for me. Me too.

Buddy never mentioned his illness, nor did he ever complain. He spent a great deal of time trying to get his disability classified as military related, so as to pass on that portion of his pension to my mother when he died.

Buddy never got higher than ~40%, despite his being at the Bikini Atoll and him sucking up a lot of Agent Orange in Vietnam. The Navy nickel and dined him, and after all he gave of himself to his country. That soured me on the military, which I didn't hold in high esteem already. Thank you for your thankless service, Chief.

He voted for the first time in his life for Ronald Reagan, who won the election. After that Regan proceeded to cut my Father's retirement benefits. Buddy complained about that saying, "That guy's not pro-military; he's pro-military contractor!"

And Buddy was the first person I heard say that he thought America's frequent wars were about economic prosperity. And he thought that was a good thing too. The Military Industrial Complex trickled down prosperity to the people, is how he saw it.

We talked about our past differences and he explained that he was only trying to help me, in the best way he knew how. I assured him that now that I was 36, and because of my own child rearing experiences, I knew I was clueless too.

I arrived in Tampa on the 28th of June 1988. I had plans for the day of the 29th and called my parents and told them I could come by that day, but I couldn't spend the night, or I could come the next evening and spend the night, and the next day with them.

My father suggested I come on the 28th instead, and I did. I arrived around noon time and we talked a while and had dinner. Later that evening, I returned to the Hyatt Tampa Airport.

When I entered the lobby of the hotel the afternoon of the 29th, a bellboy stopped me and told me my Uncle Joe had called. (I was a frequent guest there and all the staff knew me.) I called Joe and got the news about Buddy's heart attack. I immediately left for Port Richey. Mark & Rose arrived on July 2nd and Craig arrived on the 3rd, a day before his birthday. All these dates are from my mother's calendars on which she had marked the dates, with the information.

20	21	22	23	24
	<i>hurricane</i>		<i>Joe + Bud put security lights in</i>	
27	28	29	30	
		<i>Bud has massive heart attack - critical BUDDY CAME</i>	<i>LOOKS BLEAK ACCORDING TO DOCTORS + NURSES BUDDY LEFT</i>	

June 1988

JULY						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JUNE S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	AUGUST S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31				<i>Buddy came back</i> 1	<i>Mark & Anne came</i> 2
<i>Craig came</i> 3	<i>Buddy returned</i> 4	5	6 <i>Buddy LEFT FOR CONN.</i>	7 <i>Bud died around 6:30</i>	8	9
10	11 <i>Buddy RETURNED</i>	12 <i>Bud buried in Shrine Mt & Cemetery, Rockville, Md. Craig left</i>	13	14 <i>Mark & Anne left</i>	15	16 <i>Buddy left</i>

Buddy lingered in a coma till July 8, 1988. We had life support removed around the 6th or 7th. And technically, his brain was dead (no functional EEG) but his heart had bounced back and didn't want to stop.

He was buried on the 12th. He had requested no life support, wanted to be buried in a pine box, no open casket viewing, no ceremony, no flowers and a quick burial.

However, the pine box wasn't big enough to hold his large frame, or so they said. I recall there was a small service with flowers, but I could be wrong. But Buddy got nothing he had requested. Funerals are for the living anyway. The dead don't really care.

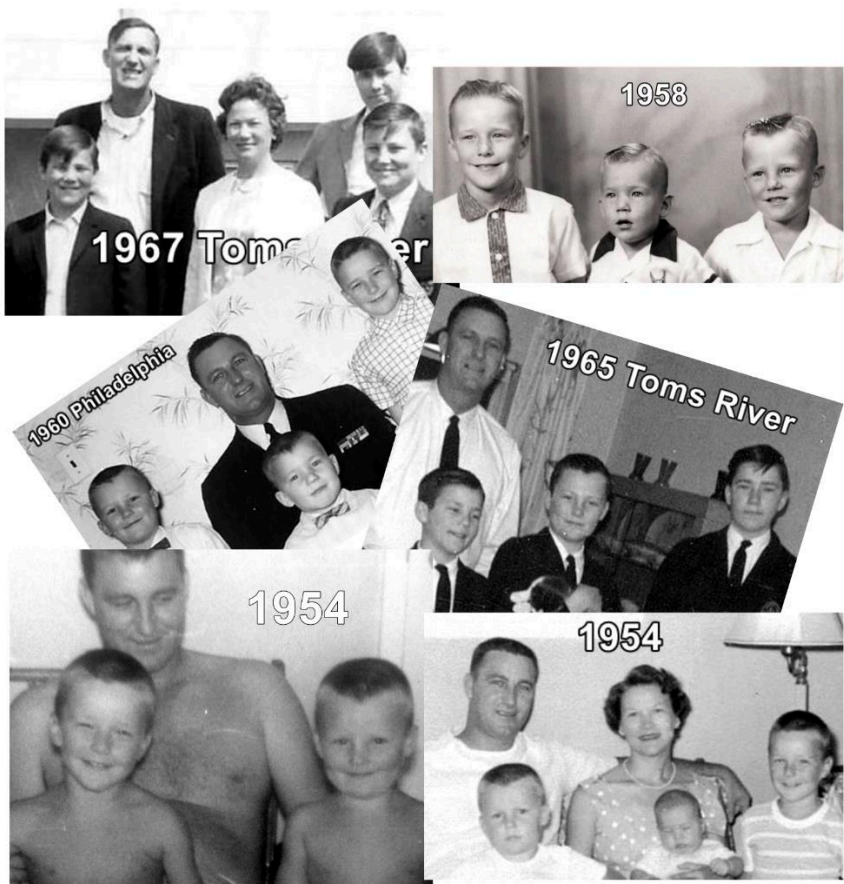
He was 63 years old when he died; the same age I am now as I write this. At the time I thought he had lived to a ripe old age, now I realize how young he was. (2015)

I remember Granny, Geneva and maybe Dixie arrived when they got the news. There might have been others too. Granny was very distraught. But so was Marie, and she didn't want them in the house. Not in a mean-spirited way, she just wanted some peace and quiet. And we didn't have enough room to accommodate them as house guests.

After my father's death, out of respect for my father, I resolved to call my mother every weekend, which I did till I moved to Hawaii in 2001, for a period of 19 years. It made her very happy to brag about how her son called her every weekend. I was glad to do it. And I regret I didn't continue calling every weekend after 2001.

So ends this brief history of my father Buford Buddy Poston, as I recall it.

Originally written February 14, 2015, and updated in 2023.



BUFORD (BUDDY) POSTON

1925 - 1987

Memories by Mark Poston

What was your Dad like when you were a child?

My father was Buford (No Middle Name-NMN) Poston. He was born in a barn on his parents' farm in Donalsonville GA. on May 19, 1925. He was 31 years old when I was born on July 28, 1956. I remember my father as a tall, good looking, calm, quiet, slow speaking, manly man. He had dark brown hair, bright very blue eyes and a deep voice with a slow southern drawl. He rarely raised his voice but when he did, it was like thunder.

He was about 6' 7", was very athletic in his younger days and he had remarkably large forearms. He wore Mennen Skin Bracer aftershave, smoked Salem ciga-rettes, drank beer and occasionally whiskey until around 1971 (46 years old) when he quit drinking alcohol altogether. He stopped smoking in 1984 after he had his first heart attack.



He left his home in Donalsonville GA at 16 years old in 1941 and moved in with an uncle who owned an Orange Grove/Farm somewhere in Florida (another story for another time). He joined the Navy in 1943 to fight the Japanese during WWII. He was a landing craft driver that brought US Marines to the battle front beachheads during several major battles in the Pacific.

He also fought in the Korean and Vietnam Wars during his 26 year career in the Navy. During his life he lived in Donalsonville GA, Florida (somewhere), Great Lakes IL (north of Chicago- Navy Boot Camp), Fort Pierce FL (north of Port St. Lucie- Navy Amphibious Warfare School), Charleston SC- Naval Station, Norfolk VA - Naval Station, Philadelphia PA (Northeast Philly- Naval Station), Guan-tanamo Bay Cuba- Naval Station, Roosevelt Roads Puerto Rico (furthest east side of the island-Naval Station), Toms River NJ (Lakehurst Naval Air Base) and Port Richey FL (just north of Tampa).



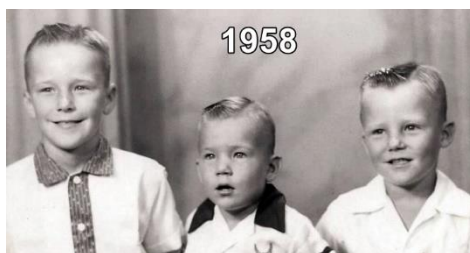
1963 Just Made Chief

As a career Navy man, he was away from home a lot. For many years my mother raised my two older brothers and me virtually by herself. There is a story within our family that because my father was deployed/out at sea so much of the time after my brothers were born, that when I was born, he told my mother right after my birth "This one is mine!"

He was the primary disciplinarian in the family. For the most part, my mother organized us and set the house rules. My

father ensured that we abided by those house rules and that we met my mother's expectations for grooming, educational performance, manners and behavior.

As an example, my father was not a church going person (he simply believed in the "Good Lord" and did not adhere to a formal religious doctrine) but my mother was a devout, strict Roman Catholic. My mother took us to Mass every Sunday and she expected us to be well groomed and properly dressed in a clean shirt and tie, sport coat, good well pressed trousers and shined shoes.



My father would literally "inspect us" about an hour before we left for church. If we failed that inspection, there was hell to pay and we would be required to quickly correct our unacceptable appearance. Frankly, I don't think he really cared all that much about our perfect appearance at church (hell... he didn't even go to church!) but it was my mother's law and he was the family Sheriff. He didn't write the laws but he would not tolerate household law breakers.

During my childhood youth (1956-1967) corporal punishment for children was acceptable and in fact it was the societal norm. Us Poston boys were somewhat unruly and slow learners so we got a good amount of corporal punishment (spankings, soap in the mouth, slaps across the face, beatings with belts).

My brothers always felt (still do) that I got much less punishment than them because I was the youngest, but as I remember it, I was just the smartest. I learned how to avoid "getting caught" from witnessing their mistakes and how to manage my father's level of "enforcement". My brothers always pretended to be tough guys and held back from crying

until after an extended harsh punishment. Me...? I began to cry as soon as my father started taking off his belt for the beating process!

And my father, believing I had already accepted his behavior adjustment message, would ease off the duration of my physical punishment. Regardless, we all got our fair share of discipline because as mentioned previously, we were unruly and slow learners.....well, one of us was less “slow” than others.



While as a child, I didn't really appreciate the frequency and harshness of my father's disciplinary measures. But when I became a teenager, I found that his reputation among my friends as a relentless, enthusiastic enforcer of civilized behavior made him a convenient and acceptable reason for me decline my friends' frequent invitations to join them for many of the more risky, reckless and dangerous ad-ventures that they were considering.

My father only had a 5th grade education because he lived on a farm in the rural deep south. His father couldn't afford to hire workers for the farm so his children (7) worked it with him. At around 12 years old my father was considered man enough to take on more work so school became a low priority and he dropped out to work the farm full time. But despite his lack of formal education, he was the wisest man I have ever known.

When we were very young he guided us on manners, common courtesy, common sense and work ethic. As we got old-

er he would share stories and lessons learned from his upbringing, his military experiences and life in general. Pearls of wisdom that have stuck with me my entire life. Here are just a few:

- "Always return something you borrow in better condition than it was when you borrowed it"

- "Politely requesting someone assist you/give you a break often gets better results than demanding that they assist you because they owe it to you or because you deserve it."

- "Laziness will get you every time! Doing something the right way is often the hardest path. When you take short cuts, more often than not, it will cost you more time, effort and frustration than if you just started with doing it the right way."

- "Never start a fight. Always avoid a fight if at all possible. But if you are forced to fight, fight like a savage animal! Kick, scratch, bite, gouge...win at all costs and inflict gruesome physical damage. Once you get the reputation as that type of a fighter, no one will be stupid enough to pick a fight with you again."

- "As a leader, don't worry about those on your team who openly complain a lot, they will be with you forever. They are just blowing off steam. It's the silent one's that hold in their dissatisfaction who will quit you without notice. Stay close to the quiet ones and communicate with them frequently if you want to keep them."

- "As a leader make your expectations crystal clear. No one working with you likes gray areas within what is acceptable. Make the boundaries of right and wrong, good work and bad work, levels of personal authority, etc., very bright and clear for everyone you lead. Never tempt a good team member to cross an irredeemable line because of vague expectations."

- "When you are with your supervisor, always keep your opinions to yourself unless you are asked directly for them. If

your boss doesn't ask for your opinion, it's not because they forgot to ask....."

- "If you don't like your job, continue to work harder/better than anyone else, find a better job and then respectfully quit on your terms. If you do that, when you leave everyone will remember you as a great worker and regret the big loss for the team. But if instead you slack off, become disrespectful, gossip about your boss, etc., that's how people will remember you forever. They won't remember you as a good worker who was dissatisfied...to them you will be just a lazy, malcontent, good for nothing worker and they will be glad you left the team."

During my childhood I remember my father as being somewhat antisocial except with family. He and my mother rarely (if ever) socialized with friends and neighbors. He was known to have a good sense of humor and to be kind and generous with others, particularly family. During my entire life, I never heard of anyone who didn't like and admire him.

After I graduated from the US Naval Academy in 1978, I had fewer and fewer contacts with my father. And even less so after I married my wife Rose in 1985. He was always there for us and always supported us from afar. But I was too busy with my new adult life to stay closely connected with him.

My father died from a heart attack on July 7, 1988 at the age of 63. His heart had been damaged from exposure to the chemical Agent Orange that was used by US forces to defoliate the jungles where the enemy took refuge when he fought in the Vietnam War. I regret that I wasn't mature enough to make more of an effort to know him better as an adult rather than just remembering him from just my childhood perspective.

Mark Poston on January 14, 2023.

MARIE WITTE & FAMILY 1850 - 2015

Marie Witte's Maternal Grandparents:

FRANZ KENSIK, Circa 1850 – 1926

M. ANNA GRUNZ (born Gronczewski) 1862 – 1953 (91)

Children of Franz and Anna:

MARIA (MARY) b. 08/03/1881 – d. 07-03-1967 (86)

THERESA b. 10-08-1883 – d. 01/24/1963

ANTONIA b. 1886

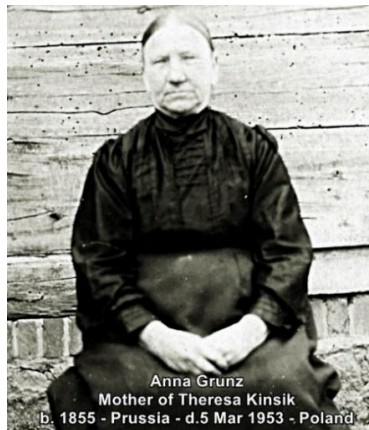
JOHANNA b. 1888 – d. 02/08/1915

FRANZ b. 1893

LEO b. 1897

MARTA b. 03/18/1900

Franz and Anna Kensik had seven children, two of which immigrated to Philadelphia: Maria Anna Kensik Jonas, and Theresa Kensik Witte. Maria Anna was Tante Mary to me, and I believe my mother was named after her, and that my mother's birth certificate name may be Maria.



"No idea how you posed for the pic of Anna Grunz but well done... and the pic of Henry as a kid could have been any of Mark's pic's around the same age..." That's Craig's comment. And I think Anna is the substrate DNA for all our Poston-Witte faces.

Marie's Paternal Grandparents were **CARL WITTE** and **WILHELMINA SABER**. There is not any available information about them, other than their names. They were likely born around 1850 in Mecklenburg, Germany.

PAUL¹ HENRY WITTE SR.

b. 20 May 1875 – d. 20 August 1949 (74)

Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Germany

M. THERESA KENSIK on 27 October 1908, in Philadelphia.

b. 8 October 1883, in Jehlenez, Tuchel, West Prussia, Prussia, Germany – d. 24 January 1963 (79)



The Children of Paul and Theresa Witte:

CARL PAUL WITTE (82)

- 1909–1991

PAUL² HENRY WITTE JR. (84)

- 1912– 1996

JOSEPH WILLIAM WITTE (91)

- 1914 – 2005

HELEN WITTE (1)

- 1916 – 1917

ELIZABETH (Betty) MARGARET WITTE (89)

- 1918 – 2007

HENRY ROBERT WITTE (76)

- 1920 – 1996

GEORGE BERNARD (21)

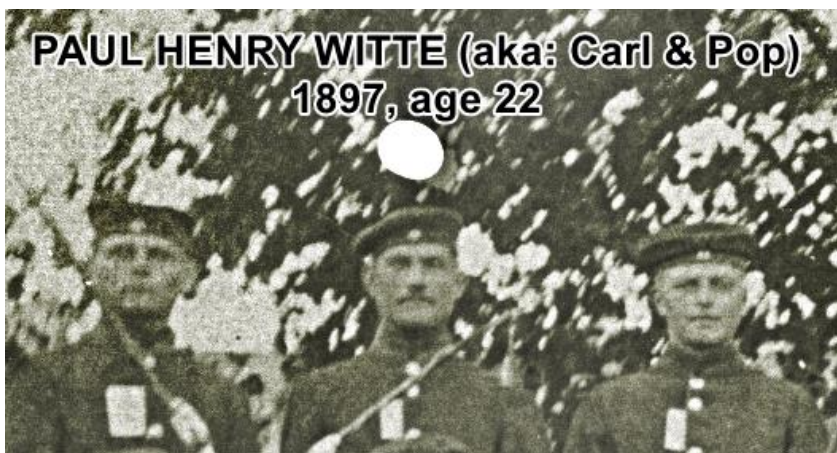
- 1921 – 1942

MARIE ANNA WITTE (92)

- 1923 – 2015

Marie Witte was the last of eight children, born to Paul Henry Witte, who was commonly known as Carl Witte, and his wife Theresa Kensik. They were born in Germany, about 500 miles

apart, and met in Philadelphia sometime before 1908. And Theresa's birthplace is now considered to be Poland.



Craig Richard Poston, at that age, looked a lot like "Pop."



Grandpop Paul was known as "Pop" to his kids. Marie says that Pop told her that he came to the US as a German Marine, and he jumped ship when it docked in Philadelphia. She also said Pop was a chronic liar, and she was never sure that any of his stories were true.

Pop said that his real surname was Witt, but that the way he signed his name, with a little curl at the end, made the Marines think his name was Witte, which was also a very common

surname. I have another version of that story, in which the name change took place at Ellis Island.

It is not known when, where or how he arrived in America. Pop Witte first worked as a cook at the Sacred Heart Convent in Philadelphia. After that he worked as a street car conductor in Philadelphia, roughly between 1900 and his retirement in 1940. A conductor collected and managed the money and passenger safety. Pop looks a lot like his son Joe in that picture.

Pop Witte first married Helen Willenbrook in Philadelphia. She died approximately five months into the marriage. After that, he then met and later married Theresa Kensik on October 27, 1908 in St. Boniface Roman Catholic Church in Philadelphia.



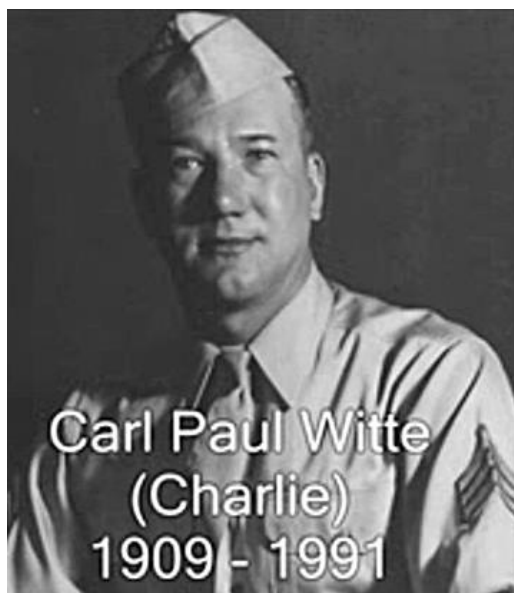
Pop & Theresa Witte with Grandson
Sandy Witte (son of Paul) 1940

Theresa Kensik has a better documented immigration history. She arrived with her sister Maria's family on the ship the "Grosser Kurfurst." They sailed from the port of Bremen on April 9, 1905 and arrived NY on May 10.

After Paul and Theresa were married, they lived on Fairhill St. in Philadelphia from about 1910 to 1921. That was where their first six children were born. Then they moved to Erie Av, which had more room. The boys all had one bedroom and the girls had another. The last of their two children, George and Marie were born at Erie Av.



CARL PAUL WITTE 1909–1991 (82)
M. LUISE KRAUS 1912- 1993 (81)



Uncle Charlie was the first born and the oldest son of five brothers and three sisters. I was told he left school around age 10, maybe earlier. In the US, between 1890 and 1910, 18 percent of all children between the ages of 10 and 15, had full time jobs.

Charlie was in the habit of turning over his entire pay envelope to his mother. When Charlie was in his teens, he was still doing so. A girl in the payroll department used to put love notes in Charlie's paycheck. Years later, my Grandmother told Charlie about the notes.

Charlie eventually started his own business. Charlie was a "candy butcher" who manufactured his own candies and sold them wholesale and from his store. His wife Luise was the accountant and my mother always said that Luise kept two sets of books. One set for the taxman and one for them.

Charlie was doing well enough at age 24, to be able to buy his parents a home, at the height of The Depression in 1933. Charlie also created the 25th wedding anniversary party for them that same year. Charlie was quite a guy.

Charlie sold that house to Joe in 1948, on the condition that Joe live there with their mother until she died. Which Joe and family did until 1963.

Luise and Charlie were married sometime between 1940 & 1950. The 1950 Census has Luise 34, working as a secretary and Charlie was manufacturing candy. They had a 14-year-old boy living with them, listed as a grandson, named Richard Albrecht. Till now, I had no idea Dickey was not Charlie's son by birth.

Charlie served in WW2 as a German translator in POW camps in Alabama. Charlie was stationed at Camp Aliceville, Aliceville AL. It was Alabama's largest POW camp, holding 6,000 prisoners. An estimated 16,000 German POWs were held in 24 camps in Alabama between 1942-43.

Charlie and Luise visited Mecklenburg, Germany several times. He met there with his Uncle Emile, who owned a small hotel. Charlie would have been a great resource, if I had thought to ask him questions about the Witte family while he was alive.

My father was in Germany once and looked in the phone book for Wittes and discovered that the Witte surname was as common as Smith was in America.



PAUL² HENRY WITTE Jr. b. 1912 – d. 1996 (84)

M. December 15, 1934

DOROTHY (Dot) ROSE KUNKLE b. 1916 – d. 1996 (80)

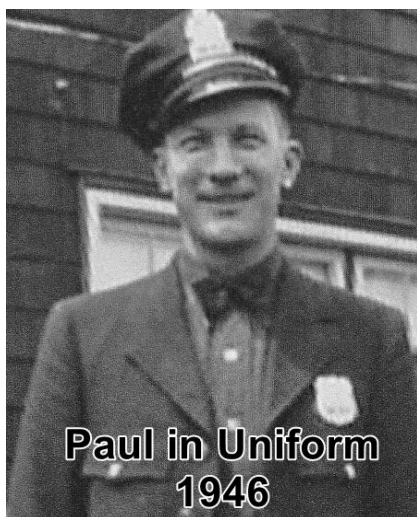
Children of Paul and Dot:

- **PAUL³ (SANDY) WITTE** 3rd
- **JAMES (JIMMY) WITTE**
- **SHERYL WITTE- SNYDER**

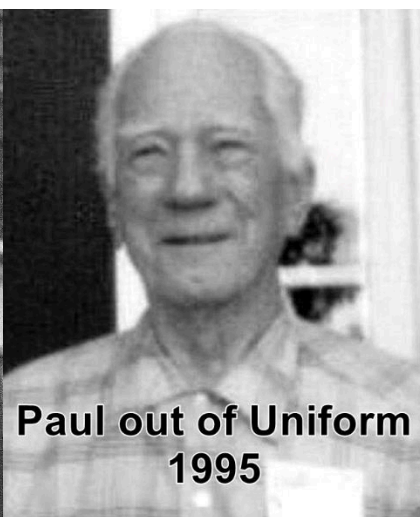


Three Paul Wittes

Before Uncle Paul was a cop, he was a truck driver. He started his police work by “walking the beat” in Philadelphia PA, and rose to the rank of Detective. Paul retired from the police force. His nephew Joey Witte, was inspired by Paul to follow in his police force footsteps.



**Paul in Uniform
1946**



**Paul out of Uniform
1995**

That's how I remember Uncle Paul. A very nice guy, but I did not have a lot of interaction with Uncle Paul and his family, and so I don't have any good stories about Paul worth telling.



JOSEPH WITTE b. 1914 – 2005

1st M. **VIOLET PEARL ROBERTS** b. 1916 – d. 1987 (70)

Children:

ROBERT (BOBBY) JOSEPH WITTE 1942 – 2017 (74)

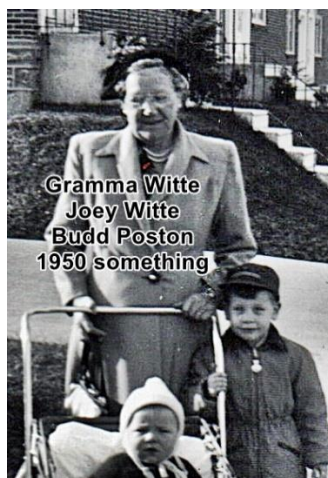
BARBARA JEAN WITTE 1940- 2015



2nd M. BEATRICE (BEA) SHORT b. 1921 – d. 2008 (87)

Children with Beatrice:

JOSEPH WILLIAM WITTE JR. 1948 - 2021 (73)



Uncle Joe was quite a guy. He had a great sense of humor and everyone was laughing with Joe around. He was a close friend of my father Buddy Poston, and the best man at the wedding of Buddy and Joe's sister Marie.

Joe was also a jack of all trades. He could repair just about anything. He worked as a bus driver for the Philadelphia Transport Co. for decades. He was an expert at home renovation and car repairs. Joe would often help me with my home renovations.

When our family returned from Puerto Rico, our Philadelphia house had been rented, so we stayed with Joe, Bea and their son Joey, until we found a place to live.

The day of President John Kennedy's assassination, Friday November 22, 1963, we went to visit Uncle Joe. It was an hour's drive to Philadelphia from our place in New Jersey. I'm not sure if that visit had been planned prior to the assassination. But it was a good place for us to be that day. Joe's sense of humor kept the somber mood at bay.

After Joe retired, he and Bea moved to New Port Richey, FL. His brother Charlie may have moved there first. This was one reason Buddy wanted to move there after his heart attack in 1984. He wanted Marie to be near family. And he and Joe were good friends.

Joe was born at the beginning of the Polio epidemic and contracted the disease in his youth. This deformed his legs and made it difficult for him to walk and stand. Nonetheless, Joe was a very active person.

He also had a number of other major illnesses, such as: colon cancer, heart disease and having all his teeth removed. At age 92, Joe decided he had lived long enough and had his pacemaker turned off and died a few months later. I sure do miss Uncle Joe.

HELEN WITTE 1916 – 1917

Helen died of burn injuries. The story I heard was, Helen had accidentally fallen into a tub of scalding hot water used for the laundry. My grandmother demanded and got a washing machine after that accident.

“In 1917 their daughter Helen died tragically at the age of 18 months. Theresa had boiled water to wash clothes. The boiled water was poured into a crock and a board was placed over the top. Helen was told not to go near it, but unknown to her mother, she climbed onto it. The board tilted and she went into the scalding hot water. She was taken to a hospital but died the next day. This tragedy haunted her brother Paul for the rest of his life.

“Paul had walked into the room while Helen was on the board and startled her. He felt it was his fault that she had fallen into the water. He was only five years old when it happened. The tragedy was very difficult for everyone in the family to deal with.” By Cindy Witte Connolly, daughter of Henry & Millie Witte. Thanks for all the help Cindy.

ELIZABETH (BETTY) MARGARET WITTE 1918 – 2007 (89)

M. 1942

WILBUR S BERRYMAN 1915 – 1985 (70)

Children:

DENISE ILENE b. 1955

NADINE ANN b. 1963

Aunt Betty and Uncle Bill were living just a few blocks from our house in Philadelphia. We lived there until I was six-years-old. I would often walk over to Aunt Betty's place for a snack. She was also on my route to the corner deli a few blocks further from her. Aunt Betty was 37 when she had her first child in 1955, and so I was the object of her affection for several years prior.



After we moved to New Jersey in 1963, Betty, Bill and the family would come for weekend stays at our place. My father and Bill were good friends too. He always called Uncle Bill, Wilber, which was Bill's given name.





Bill was an excellent mechanic. He had served in the Army Air Corps in Burma during WW2. He used to say he was stationed with the "Limeys" in Burma. I assume he worked on airplanes, but I'm not sure.

Elizabeth was a full-time housewife. Bill worked as a vending machine mechanic, repairing the machines onsite. Bill had an old-style jukebox in the basement that played 78" records. I used to listen to the records when I got bored during a visit there.

Aunt Betty did not fare well as she got older. She spent several years in a nursing home as a result of her illnesses. I don't recall how long she was there, but it was a long time. I also remember visiting her there in the 90s with my brothers and she died in 2007.



HENRY ROBERT WITTE 1920 – 1996 (76)
M. MILDRED BESCRIPT 1921- 2014 (93)

Children:

- **CAROL M. FEENEY** b. 1946 husband William
- **HENRY R. WITTE JR.** b. 1948, wife Judy Swank
- **RONALD WITTE** 1957 - 2009 (52) wife Christine Scanlon 1962 - 2014
- **CYNTHIA A. CONNOLLY** b. 1962 husband Benedict

Of all my Mother's family, we spent less time with Henry's family than with Betty and Joe's families. Hence, I did not know Henry's family very well. However, I do remember Aunt Millie.

Not that I have any great stories about her, but I remember her very vivacious personality. She was always a beam of light in a dark room. Millie was extraverted and Henry was more reserved. The last time I saw Uncle Henry and Family was during the Witte Family gathering in 1995.

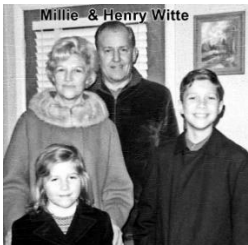
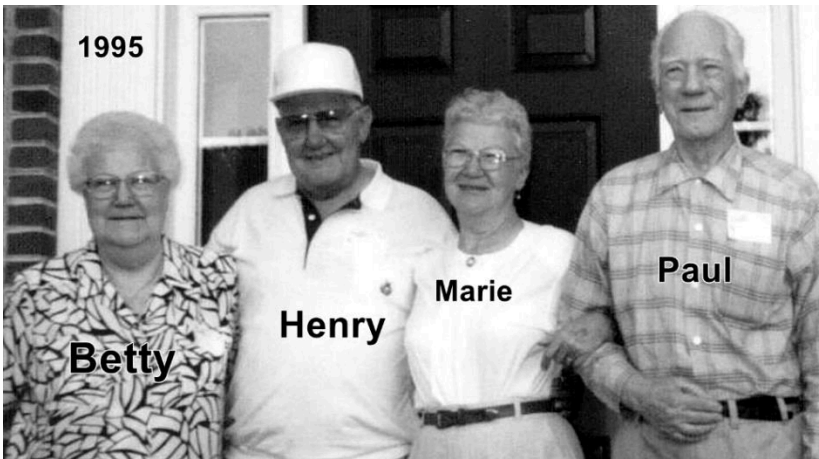
"Since Henry's parents were from Germany, much of the conversation in the household was spoken in German while Henry was growing up. In order to understand what his parents were saying and be able to respond to them, it was necessary to converse with them in German. The household had a strong German cultural influence. His parents were often stern and stubborn in their ways. His mother cooked many types of German foods for the family to enjoy. Hot dogs and sauerkraut was served every Saturday night.

"When Henry was still a baby, his family moved to 447 W. Erie Avenue in Philadelphia. Henry went to St. Henry's Catholic school through 8th grade and then spent two years in the Jr. High School.

"The family pet was a cat named Kitty. Henry enjoyed lots of hours playing the game "Kick the Tin Can" in the neighborhood with his brothers and friends.

"Henry and his brothers bought an old car and enjoyed driving it and trying to fix it up. Henry went often with his family to visit his mother's sister, Mary, and her husband. Other family activities included attending church festivities and once a year

his brother Charlie would drive the family down to Ocean City, NJ for a day at the beach.” By Cindy Witte Connolly, daughter of Henry & Millie Witte.



GEORGE BERNARD 1921 – 1942 (21)

George died in an accident while working. He was not married and had no children. However, George was engaged to marry Millie Bescrypt before his unexpected death. His older brother Henry became attracted to Millie, but did not tell her. Later, Henry's mother encouraged Henry to pursue Millie. He did, and in some small way, the memory of George Bernard Witte continues on.

MARIE ANNA WITTE 1923 – 2015 (92)

Marie was born on Christmas Day at her home, 447 West Erie Ave, Philadelphia. Her Mother told Marie that Santa brought her to them for Christmas. She lived in that house until 1933. Then moved to 4239 N. 6th Street, Philadelphia. Charlie bought the house on 6th St. for his parents when the Erie Ave property was foreclosed. The deed was in his parents' name.

The house was sold to Joe sometime around 1948-49. Joe and Bea and Joey lived there with Theresa until she died in 1963. Then Joe sold that house and the family moved to Northeast Philadelphia.

Marie lived in the 6th St house until a year after her wedding, when she moved to Charleston, SC, where my father was on shore duty.

My mother grew up in a family of eight. Her childhood was marked by The Great Depression. The foreclosure of the Erie Ave home really spooked her. And even though things worked out fine thanks to Charlie; Marie was always fiscally conservative. She could make a penny squeak.

When we lived in Toms River, we boys attended a Catholic school that mandated uniforms. They also sold the uniforms. Marie hand-tailored our uniforms. I remember wanting to wear the school brand, so I could fit in. She also made us sports

jackets and slacks. She also made the coat she is wearing in the picture below.



My brothers have always insisted that Marie favored me over them. If she did, it was not noticeable to me. But I can say that I always had my own bedroom. Not that I demanded that perk; it just always happened that way. When there were only three bedrooms, Craig and Mark would always bunk together. When we moved to a house with five bedrooms; Craig and Mark still bunked together. I kinda know why, but it had nothing to do with favoritism, and more to do with floorplans.

Marie's Wedding Day **Saturday, May 22, 1948**

According to my Mother's wedding album, Buddy and Marie met at "Ginny" and Ted O'Shea's apartment in Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving night, November 27, 1947. They went on their first date on December 5, 1947. Marie was going to be 24 on Christmas and Buddy was then 22.

The reason Buddy was at Ginny and Ted's was due to his cousin Red, who was married to Ginny O'Shea's sister Claire. According to the written record in Marie's wedding book, Buddy proposed marriage on December 23, 1947, at the

Tilles Bar. Buddy was shipping-out the next day. They hadn't known each other for more than a month.

And the engagement ring arrived on January 10, 1948. My Mother had a bridal shower on May 14th, and Marie told me that Buddy called her on May 15, 1948. He said he had the next weekend off. They decided to get married on Saturday the 22nd and Buddy sent her money for the wedding rings. My Mother's ring will appear again in a following story.

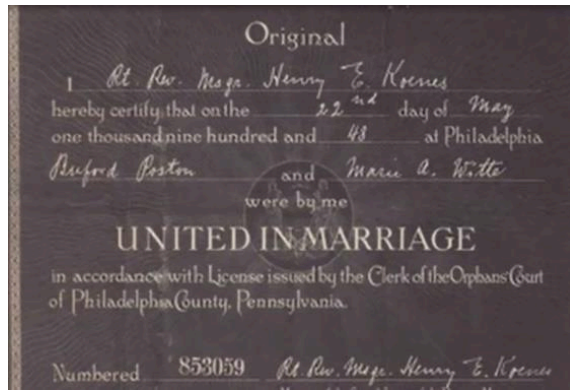
Marie also told me that she had been dating someone else at the time. The guy was someone her mother thought she should marry. But Marie wasn't so sure. Then Buddy came along and everyone loved him and no one thought of their whirlwind courtship as being odd.



Marie Witte with
Bridesmaid Ginny Gellek O'Shea

Wedding Dress made by Theresa Kensik Witte.

Their honeymoon was very short, just one night at the famous Ben Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia. The room cost \$10. Sunday evening Buddy left for his ship in Norfolk and my Mother lived at home for a year, and didn't move in with Buddy until he got shore duty in Charleston, SC.



My Mother was not the impetuous type. Hyper-conservative and risk-averse would be better descriptive terms. So, this sudden engagement was quite out of character. Till now, I never knew these details, so I didn't know to ask her about it.

They were married just short of 40 years. Besides Philadelphia and NJ, they also lived in Cuba and Puerto Rico. Buddy was away for months at a time. They raised three sons to manhood. And all that based upon a chance meeting, one Thanksgiving in 1947. Buddy had some kind of luck.

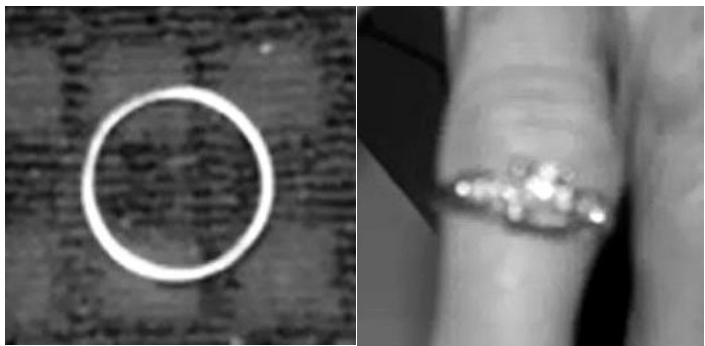
The Ring Story

In 2008 I spent a month with my Mother at her place in New Port Richey. And I recorded several conversations with Marie about her memories and she told me the story of her wedding rings. And that 2008 story differs slightly from her 1948 written record.

In her 2008 account, Buddy wired the money for the rings. She said she bought the engagement ring and both wedding rings, a few days before the wedding. The written record says she received the engagement ring in January. But she bought that ring at the same place as the wedding rings. Her wedding ring cost \$200, about \$4,000 in 2023.

Sometime in the 2000s she went to visit Mark and Rose for Thanksgiving. Marie always wore her rings when she traveled. However, on this trip her knuckle was too swollen for the ring. So, she stashed the ring in haste, and couldn't find it

when she returned home. She bought a replacement set sometime after that.



That's when she began to pray to St. Anthony, the saint one prays to for the recovery of lost objects. However, after a year of prayers and lots of looking, there were no rings to be found. She thought maybe it was meant to be.



The next Thanksgiving at home, as she was making Thanksgiving dinner, she was in and out of a lot of different kitchen drawers. In particular, she was using a lot of dish towels. And in the bottom dish towel drawer she found her wedding rings. They were sitting right on top of one of the towels. This was really surprising! She had looked in that drawer numerous times before. Suddenly, there it was.

But she still hadn't found her engagement ring. About a month later, she was cleaning out all the kitchen cabinets, and found herself in that same drawer. This time she was looking for her crocheted hot pads. When she found them, a voice in her head said, "Shake'em," and so she did and out fell her engagement ring. Marie told me that seeing the ring fall out of the hot pads was a supernatural experience, that shook her to her core.

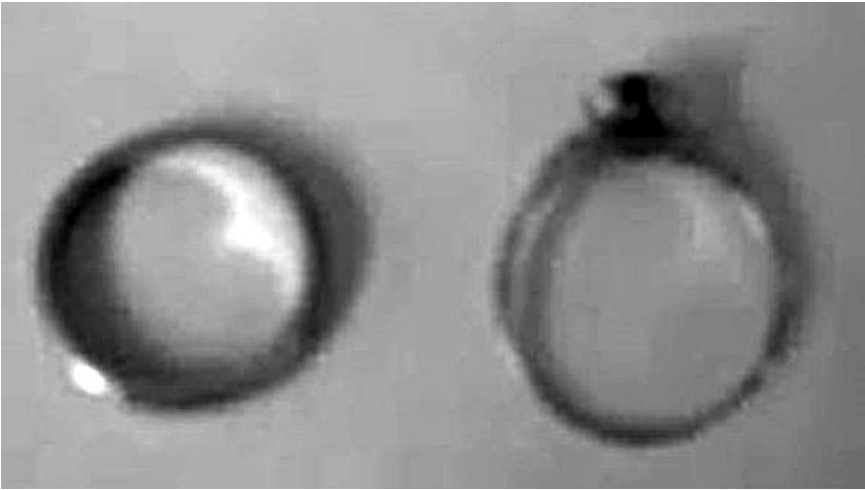
While we're still on Marie's numinous experiences, Marie told me that shortly after Buddy died, she "saw" Buddy two more times. Once she saw him sitting in the living room in his favorite chair. But only for a moment and then he faded from view.

The next time she saw Buddy was in a reflection, in the kitchen's microwave oven window. She could see him clearly, but he didn't speak. She said she knew if she turned around, he would disappear, which is what happened.

Marie also had other dead people visit her shortly after their passing. When I listened to this story and the others without comment, my Mother told me that I was the only person who didn't tell her she was crazy.

Now, I don't know if what Marie says she saw was "real," but there are many unexplained phenomena occurring every day in this world. Quantum Mechanics, says that everything in reality consists of nothing but vibrating particles of energy. That Quantum story is just as strange as Marie's stories, if not more so, and just as unbelievable as her stories too.

After being informed of Marie's death, I was somewhat surprised that she failed to visit me on her way out. Maybe she didn't know I was in Miami at the time.



MEMORIES OF MARIE POSTON

1923 – 2015

Memories by Budd Poston

My Mother was born in 1923, during the era of The Great Depression (1929 - 1939) and that event had a big impact on how she experienced life. Her parents losing their house on Erie Av to foreclosure in 1933, left an indelible mark on Marie's awareness. This instilled in Marie a foreboding of future financial ruin. This fear motivated a lot of her frugal behavior.



Not that being thrifty is a bad thing. But thrift due to fear of loss, can be nerve-racking. Marie tended to be on edge about financial concerns at times. Yet she was always generous with those in need.

And Marie liked to sing to herself while she worked around the house. And was always quick to laugh at herself and the quirkiness of others. She was also quick to help neighbors in need, without any concern about her own needs.

Marie was a good cook and this was in the days before prefab foods and fast foods. Marie made most meals from scratch

ingredients. All our meals consisted of the basic food groups: meat, veggies and salads. She made cakes, cookies and liked to bake. We three boys ate enormous quantities of food as teenagers.

Marie always went the extra mile, no matter what the personal cost. This character trait was very helpful to Buddy and made him devoted to her wellbeing. They were both extra-mile people.

After her brother Joe Witte died and his wife Bea became disabled, Marie would visit Bea regularly. She did that even though Bea was not one of her favorite people to spend time with. She was doing it for Bea out of compassion.

Marie was 28 years-old when I was born in 1952. And 32 when she had Mark, her last child. Between the ages of 28 and 40, Marie raised us boys full time, while our father Buddy was with us for only half that period.

The other half of Buddy's time was spent on US Navy ships. Fortunately, Buddy was around for most of our formative years between 56 – 66. And I was fourteen, when Buddy went to Vietnam in 1966.

Buddy was gone for all of '66, and when he became ill in 1967, he was incapacitated until '69. After his recovery, Buddy was assigned to a ship for two years. Hence, Buddy was effectively Missing in Action between '66 and '70. Those were the years I was in high school and this was "The 60s." And Craig and Mark were spaced out two years behind me. Marie had to carry the whole weight of that period by herself. And my brothers and I were not as cooperative as she would have liked, and this created a lot of tension for all concerned.

We all survived that time. However, while it was happening, it was intense. It took us all several years to sort out what had happened. Things would begin to settle down for Marie after Buddy retired in 1970. After that, it was pretty smooth sailing until Buddy's heart attack in 1984.

It was during her cruise in the calmer seas, that Marie became Gramma. Her first grandson was born in 1975. This is when Marie wholeheartedly threw herself into the Gramma role. That first litter of Marie's grandchildren all have very fond memories of Gramma. And I'm sure the other grandkids do to, but that first crew got the first flush of her enthusiasm for being Gramma.

And even in her 70s, while I was away on business, Marie would come and spend a week or more with her grandkids. And not just to babysit, but also chauffeured the kids around, cleaned the place thoroughly and cooked every meal too. It was useless to tell her not to overexert herself.

At age 88, she traveled from Florida to Seattle by herself. I was living in China between 2009 and 2013 and could not accompany her. No one else was able to either. When I asked Marie if she could make the trip by herself in first class; she said she could, and she did. And to my knowledge, her trip went off without a hitch.



That trip was to attend a family gathering that would include my five sons and all five of her greatgrandchildren then. In total Marie had 11 grandchildren and to date, 7 greatgrandchildren.

Marie had a strong sense of personal morality. She had a moral code she adhered to, but never much talked about. She was Buddy's faithful wife, while Buddy spent half of the first 25 years of the marriage away at sea. She did so without complaining.



This was due in part to Marie's very Stoic, German Catholic upbringing. Marie's Mother was a devout Roman Catholic and so was Marie. However, Marie could bend the Catholic rules when she wanted to. She married Buddy, a non-Catholic, and never pressured him to convert. Though she tended to adhere to the doctrines herself. She also thought that God was bigger than the limits of her religion's doctrines.

After my father died in 1987, I called my mother every weekend, until I moved to Hawaii in 2001. We had pretty much the same conversation every weekend. There would be about five or ten things that were bugging her: the pool, the neighbors, the lawn, her relatives and friends. These topics were the norm, but the content of those categories changed over time.

For example, she went from complaining about maintaining the swimming pool, to complaining about the aftermath of its removal. The names of the irritating neighbors would change and complaints about the lawn varied.

After my Father died, Marie lived alone for the next 28 years in the house in Florida. In 2007 I spent a month there with Marie. In 2008 Craig moved in with Marie for about a year. He was still there when I visited Marie again for a month in 2009.

Sometime while Craig was there, my Mother, then 85, late one evening became concerned about her health. Craig took her to the emergency room, and she had a blocked artery. They operated on her and she lived another seven years after that, mostly by herself.

Like Buddy, Marie did not get the end she desired. She became confused and hard to manage in her last years. Marie spent her last days in a nursing home, the very thing she did not want to happen. So it goes.

Bon voyage Mom. It was great knowing you. Thanks for everything.



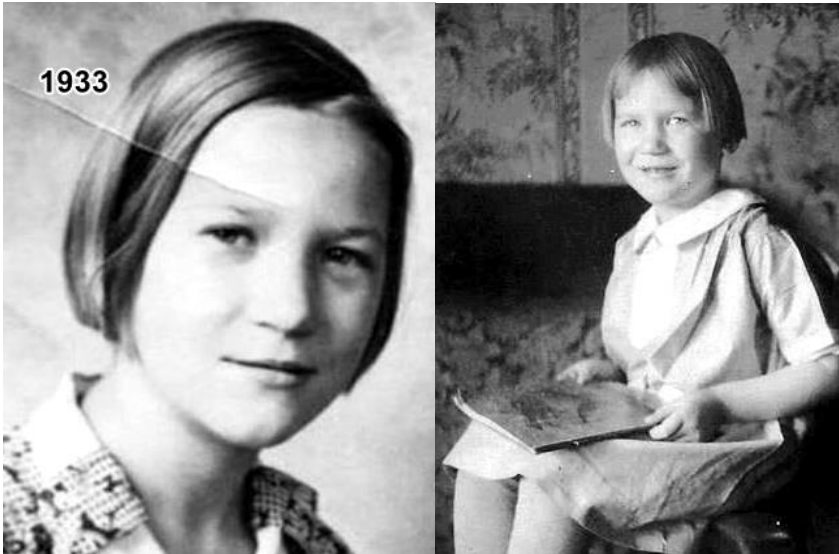
MEMORIES OF MARIE POSTON

1923 – 2015

Memories by Mark Poston

What was your Mom like when you were a child?

My mother Marie Anna (Witte) Poston was born in Philadelphia PA on December 25, 1923. She was 33 years old when I was born on July 28, 1956. I remember my mother as a relatively tall, attractive, excitable, outspoken, opinionated, very disciplined and extremely self-reliant woman.



She had dark brown hair, vivid blue eyes, spoke with a heavy Philly accent and sometimes spoke in “pigeon” German (mostly curse words). She was about 5’9”, slender and always fit. She wore White Shoulders perfume, smoked Winston cigarettes, drank beer and occasionally Screw Divers (vodka and orange juice) until around the 1970s (her late 40s) when for the most part, she quit drinking alcohol until much later in her life when she occasionally drank wine. She immediately

stopped smoking in 1983 after my father's first heart attack. She was a strict and devout Roman Catholic.

My mother's parents, Paul and Theresa Witte (ne Kensik), were German immigrants who came to the US separately through Ellis Island NY in the early 1900's (1905?). Each settled in Philadelphia where they eventually met, dated and married in 1908. They spoke very little English. My mother was the youngest of their 8 children. She lost her sister Helen, who died in 1917 when she was about 2 years old, due to an accident at home, and lost a brother George who died in a accident at work in 1942 when he was 21 years old.



My mother grew up in Philadelphia in the vicinity of 6th Street and Hunting Park Ave (4226 North 6th Street, Philadelphia PA.-a few blocks from the intersection of Broad Street and Roosevelt Blvd). I don't know much about her early schooling but I believe she attended Catholic School in North Philly through 8th Grade.

She then attended Mastbaum Vocational School in Kensington (for Secretaries) where she graduated in 1941. At Witte family gatherings, her siblings frequently told stories about how spoiled she was by their parents when she was a child.

During her life she lived in Philadelphia PA, Norfolk VA - Naval Station, Charleston SC- Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay Cuba- Naval Station, Roosevelt Roads Puerto Rico (Naval Station on the furthest east side of the island), Toms River NJ

(near Lakehurst Naval Air Base), Port Richey FL (just north of Tampa) and during her final years, with us in Ambler PA.

My mother met my father Buford (Bud) through a blind date on Thanksgiving 1947 in Philadelphia, where she was living at her parents' home and working as a secretary. My father and his cousin "Red" Poston were stationed at the Naval Base in Norfolk VA. "Red" was dating a friend of my mother living in Philadelphia at the time and invited my father to travel up to Philly for a "blind" double date. Obviously they were enamored with each other when they met and were eventually married on May 22, 1948. My mother was 25 years old when she married my father who was 23.



My parents had difficulty conceiving a child after they married and family legend has it that my mother was told by her doctor that she was barren and could not have children. As a result my parents decided to adopt children and were in the process of adopting a little girl through the Catholic Church when my mother surprisingly became pregnant.

The Church then ended the adoption proceedings. My mother earnestly believed that her pregnancy was a miracle delivered by her constant prayers to St. Gerard, the Catholic patron

saint of expectant mothers. Thus her first born, my oldest brother was named Buford Gerard Poston (Buford for my father and Gerard for the saint who delivered the conception miracle). He was born on March 23, 1952 in Philadelphia PA. Her second son Craig was born on July 4, 1954, also in Philadelphia PA.



My mom was a devoted wife and mother. From her photo notes, scrapbooks and her interactions I observed as a child, she loved my father very much. We were not a demonstrably affectionate family. Not a lot of hugs and kisses with us. The only time I remember kissing my father was as a 10 year old when he was leaving our house to depart for the Vietnam War.

And the only time I saw real affection between my parents was when my mother sprinted across the Newark Airport floor in a dress and high heel to throw herself into, hug and kiss my father when he returned from that war. Another example of her deep love for him was in 1988. My father died that year when she was 65 years old and she never, even remotely entertained the idea of ever dating or being romantically involved with another man.

A few years after my father passed away she once told me wistfully that my father was her perfect match and soul-mate and that no man could ever replace him. As a mother she raised her three sons to be “manly-men”. There were no hugs, kisses, sympathy or coddling from her. She was tough, my

father was tough and she demanded that we were tough....regardless of our age or the circumstances.

When my brothers and I were young adults, we shared with my mother that we felt somewhat emotionally retarded due to our upbringing that lacked frequent demonstrations of sensitivity and affection within our family. Her response to us was that as a Navy wife with young sons who did not have a lot of exposure to a father figure due to our dad's frequent deployments, she was determined to ensure that we were raised to be masculine.



She said something to the effect: "I've been around a lot of Navy wives who, without the consistent presence/example of their deployed husbands, raised their sons to be 'sissy boys'....and I wasn't going to let that happen to you!"

I remember my mother as being extremely frugal, well organized, fastidious, disciplined, tough, relentless, self-reliant, demanding and excitable. For the most part, my mother organized the family and set the house rules. My father ensured that we abide by those house rules she set and that we met her expectations for grooming, educational performance, manners and behavior.

As children she told us stories of how in an effort to save money, her and my father rationed sticks of chewing gum during their first few years of marriage and that throughout their

lives they never bought anything on credit. If they couldn't fully pay for it when they wanted it, they didn't buy it and during the time that I lived with them, they always bought less expensive pre-owned cars.

To this day I am still amazed when I reflect on my mother's discipline. When I was a child she would make herself a sandwich for lunch almost every day, cut it in half, store one half of the sandwich in the refrigerator and eat the remaining half....no more, no less...just that one half of a sandwich.

After each dinner she and my father would retreat to the family room to watch the evening news on our Black & White TV (only 3 major news channels back then). My father would have a large glass of sweet tea (or two), snack on still shelled mixed nuts and chain smoke Salem cigarettes.

My mother would have exactly one cup of coffee and one Winston cigarette.....no more, no less....always. When my father was away at sea she occupied herself with repairing/upgrading our house, painting the walls, rearranging furniture, sewing dresses for herself and shorts/shirts for us. She continued sewing shirts for me through my High School years (there were very few Big & Tall shops back then) and sewing a general assortment of clothes for her first five grandchildren.

As a child we never ate at restaurants. When my mother was sick and couldn't prepare meals, my father would drive us to pick up a pizza or fried chicken to eat at home. As a child I thought that my mother was the greatest cook possible.

We grew up with a menu of bacon & scrambled eggs, pancakes, French Toast with powdered sugar, deli lunch meat sandwiches, garden salads (lettuce, tomatoes, celery, carrots and French Dressing), hamburgers, hot dogs, Sloppy Joes, fish sticks, salmon patties, fried chicken, fried pork chops, meat loaf, Spam, spaghetti & meatballs, Chinese chicken goulash, Rice & Beans (learned in Puerto Rico), mashed potatoes, corn/corn on the cob, lima beans, peas & carrots and on very special occasions a broiled rump roast or a fried sirloin steak.



And of course, we had traditional Turkey and Baked Ham meals for the Thanksgiving (with my mother's famous stuffing recipe we all still enjoy), Christmas and Easter holidays. Every meal was accompanied by sweet tea or whole milk. (I still have the stainless-steel pitcher she used to serve our sweet tea). It wasn't until I entered the US Naval Academy and experienced more sophisticated meals that I realized how rudimentary, "common" and inexpensive my mother's were.

And when I married Rose Roman and experienced her menu and cooking skills, I realized that my mother was actually just an average cook, even considering those easy to prepare meals she provided. That said, my mother was a fantastic baker. She made a wide assortment of delicious cakes, pies, cookies and German pastries. These were great treats for us Poston boys and regardless of my eventual exposure to finer foods and better cooking skills during my adult life, my mother remains at the top of my list for her superior baked goods!

In my youth I remember both my parents as being somewhat antisocial except with family. They rarely (if ever) socialized with friends and neighbors. My mother was a bit judgmental,

very opinionated and somewhat of a gossip both within our extended family and within our neighborhoods. I remember that she was always pleasant, polite and congenial in public but could instantly turn harsh when she went behind closed doors.

So while she was generally known to be kind and generous with others, those less obvious, hidden traits would somehow be revealed, which tended to alienate some people. I do remember though that when we lived in Toms River she went out of her way to be a caregiver to several elderly or disabled women in our neighborhood. She never sought any attention or thanks for it. Guessing, I would proffer that she did it out of the goodness of her heart or out of sense of Christian obligation.

While this essay is focused on what my Mom was like “when I was a child”, I will briefly describe a couple of periods of her life that may give the reader a better understanding of my mother.

My last two years in High School I was a geographical only-child. Both my brothers were living elsewhere at that time. Craig was in college and Budd was in Georgia working construction for one of our uncles and “finding himself” (another story for another time). My mother was experiencing menopause and it hit her hard. She would often become “sick”, being incapacitated with headaches and fever. Many times she would act unpredictably, irrationally and maniacally.

I was 6’ 5” tall, 275 lbs and a legitimate bar fighting bad ass....and she scared the living hell out of me. I had nightmares about her killing me in my sleep. I started moving the chest of drawers in my room as a bulwark against my bedroom door each night so I could sleep more peacefully.

Based on my father’s sheepish reaction to my mother’s menopause driven outrages, I’m pretty sure she frightened the hell out of him too! Later in her life she told me that during her menopause period (2-5 years) she was more miserable than anyone around her who may have been impacted by her demeanor and actions. She sought the help of psychiatrists and physicians but could find no relief. She meekly apologized to

me but added that she really had no control over her behavior. I believed her.



During the later years of my mother's life she was afflicted with Alzheimer's disease. As mentioned previously, she never dated or married after my father passed away when she was 65 years old. She lived alone in Port Richey FL in the house she had shared with my father since 1985. Around 2007 when my mom was 84 years old, during periodic phone calls with her, Rose started to notice her displaying clear signs of the onset of dementia.

After years of our impassioned appeals and attempts to convince her to come live with us for the sake of her own comfort and wellbeing, she finally, reluctantly agreed to move in with our family in Ambler PA on July 5, 2012. Rose was her devoted caregiver from that day until my mother died at the age of 91 on October 25, 2015. She is buried with my father at the Bushnell VA Florida National Cemetery in Sumter County FL (Section 103 Site 346).

Mark Poston on January 19, 2023.

GITMO CUBA

By Budd Poston
1956 - 1958

My earliest memories begin in Guantanamo Bay Naval Base, GITMO. I was 4 years, 4 months old when we moved there and 6 years old when we left. Mark was born within a few weeks of our arrival.

I don't remember the trip there, except as I heard about it from Mom. In 1956 when she was 32 years old and 8 months pregnant, the Navy wouldn't fly her to GITMO and Dad insisted she come. I have to admit I like Craig's version of the story of the trip and so I am inserting it here:

the story goes... Dad was at sea for Buford and my births... as he was stationed at Gitmo he was determined to be around for the birth of his 3rd child. The Navy Doc would not approve flying that late in the pregnancy so we could not take a military transport... Dad sent mom the money... presumably from poker winnings ... to have us fly commercial. The least expensive flight had 2 stop overs... Phil to Atlanta to Miami to Santiago (assumed as it's closest to Gitmo). Those days the airports were not the Disney World resorts of today... up and down ladders to get on and off... walk across Tarmac's. On the last leg... The weather started getting rough, The tiny ship was tossed... hhuumm sounds familiar... anyway.. Buford and I were not liking it... Buford started getting sick.. of course he was sitting next to Mom so Mom could help him out some what... she turned and looked across the isle and there I was in the same way... thankfully God had an angel sitting next to me. She took care of me while Mom took care of Buford... seems to be the start of a pattern here...

We landed in Santiago ... there we are standing in the airport and no Dad ... can't even imagine ... no Dad, no way to contact him, in a Cuban airport, 8 months pregnant with two kids under 5. Well the angel God sent to clean me up ... told Mom the only way to Gitmo was via a Ferry and the last one was

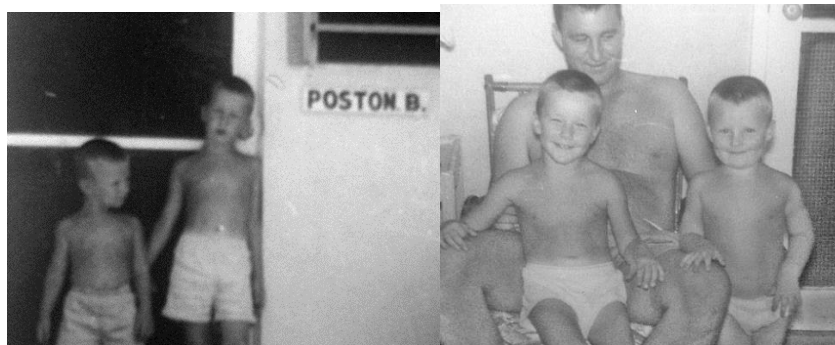
leaving in 30 min's... so away we go... no idea where Dad is ... no dinner and no idea what to expect.

Got to the base and still no Dad... The guard tried to contact Dad at the hut but no go... seems they found him at the bar having a few... he got the dates mixed up .. thinking we were coming the next day...

and the beat goes on...

GITMO

We lived in two different places at GITMO. The first was in a Quonset hut, of which I have a very dim memory. I lost my fingernails in a car door accident there.



We then moved to Granadillo Point Road, where we had a bay view, a large yard and large public area out back. It was a single-story row house on one end connected to 2 two story units and a single on the other end.

Mom and Dad would sit outside evenings in Adirondack lawn chairs and listen to the radio; Elvis was hot. They often entertained friends and had parties. Lots of card game parties in Cuba.



We had a maid; well we had 2, but not simultaneously, and we had a yardman for whom Mom would make a hot lunch, and serve it out back in our thatched roofed cabana.

Mom used to send us out on bus rides with the maid and I didn't like it; according to Mom I was afraid people would think the maid was my mom; I don't remember. I remember riding a bus to kindergarten, but I don't remember much about the class.

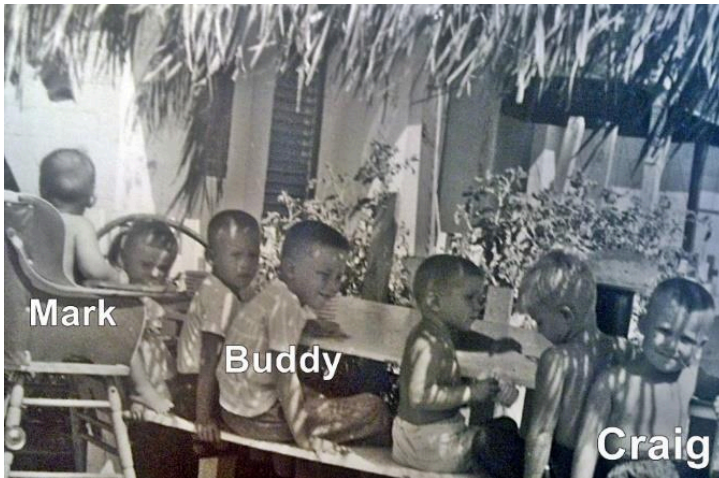
We experienced a minor earthquake; no damage as I recall. Once a foreign naval vessel was celebrating some foreign holiday in the bay in front of the house with explosives, which was the cause of some concern.

To cure me of being afraid of the Boggyman, Dad made me walk outside around the house by myself in the dark, to be sure no one was there.

Below is a picture of the infamous swing from which I kicked Craig in the eye. I don't remember the incident clearly, but I do recall thinking he deserved it. The story goes that I was on the swing that Craig wanted and that he walked in front of my up-swing and I kicked him in the eye, for which Craig reputedly vowed revenge. I was 5 and he was 3.

We once had a big shipping create in the backyard and we turned it into a swimming pool. I remember there being a lot of kids in the neighborhood, but I can't recall any of them specifically.





There is a picture of Dad's old 1948 Pontiac which he wanted to sell. I asked Dad if he would pay me a commission to sell it for him. He agreed he would. And I went door to door in the neighborhood trying to sell it. I was about 6 at the time. It was my first sales job.



There was also an outdoor movie theater at GITMO; kinda like a sit-down drive-in movie. There was no 24/7 TV, it was on in the evenings and only 1 channel; sometimes they would play music in the morning on TV.

I can't find an exact date for our departure from Cuba, but it was sometime in the first half of 1958.

BUFORD GERARD POSTON MEMORIES

BUFORD² GERARD POSTON

b. March 23, 1952

Philadelphia, PA

39.9° Lat -75.1° Lon

1st M. 02/12/1971 Nashville, TN

JULIE POTTER RAGLAND b. 04/21/1948

Children:

JULIAN CROSBY b. 01/02/1975

TRAVIS WILLIAM b. 05/20/1976

BUFORD³ GERARD JR. b. 06/24/1978

IAN GEOFFRY b. 03/17/1980

BLAKE THOMAS b. 10/18/1982

王冬 (Wando aka: Juanita) b. 12/22/1965

2nd M. 10/20/2010 Beijing, China

Places of residence:

1. 218 Stevens St., Phila. PA (1952 to 1956)



2. USNA Guantanamo Bay, Cuba (1956-1958)



3. 218 Stevens St., Phila. PA (1958 – 1959)

4. 33 Yorktown Circle, USNA Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico (1960 – 1963)

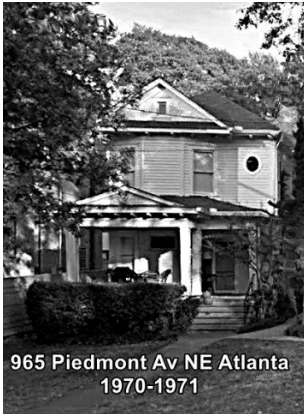


5. 1106 Parkview Ln, Toms River, NJ (1963- 1970)



6.

7. Georgia & Tennessee, (1970- 1972)



8. Toms River, NJ (1972- 1975)

9. Northern NJ (Bloomfield, Lake Hopatcong, Newton)
(1975 – 2001)



10. Hawaii (Big Island & Kauai) (2001 – 2007)



SE Asia (2007-2009)

Traveled in Thailand 8 months, Cambodia 5 months, Laos 2 months, Vietnam one month, Burma one month, Bali one month.

11. Beijing, China (2009 – 2013)
12. Kalapana, Hawaii (2013 – 2015)
13. Dearing, GA (2015 – Present)

JOBS PRIOR TO 1970

- newspaper vendor at USNA RRPR enlisted mess hall (1961)
- paper boy “Mira Que Pasa” USNA RRPR (1961)
- lawn mowing biz (1961-1963)
- paper boy Toms River NJ (1964-68)
- arcade attendant Seaside Park, NJ (1965)
- dishwasher Uncle Ted’s Pancakes, Seaside Heights, NJ (1967)
- game barker Seaside Park, NJ (1968-1969)

AFTER 1970

- 1970 - 1974 various menial jobs, truck driver & Jesus Freak
- 1975 – 1976 Morris Shoe Co, retail worker, store manager
- 1976 – 1977 JC Penney, retailer worker, shoe buyer
- 1978 -1979 Prudential Debit Insurance Agent
- 1979 limo driver 6 months
- 1979 – 1980 JC Penney, retailer worker, shoe dept mgr
- 1980 -1983 Capitec INC. medical equipment sales & marketing
- 1983 -1985 CD&A computerized medical equipment sales & marketing
- 1985 six months at Mohawk Data Systems
- 1985 -1987 CitiCorp Retail Services, VP Sales, private label credit card service
- 1987 – 1990 Thompson CGR/ GE Med, Radiation Oncology Specialist
- 1990 Toshiba Medical, x-ray sales

- 1991 Siemens Medical, P.E.T Scanner sales
- 1992 ADAC Medical, Radiation Oncology Sales Specialist
- 1992 – 1997 Varian Medical Systems, Regional Sales Specialist
- 1997- 1999 BrainLAB AG, Munich, Novalis Sales
- 1999 – 2007 about 6 months of consulting jobs

1960 to 1970 (Age 9 to 18)

Coming of Age in the 60s

We arrived at USNA Roosevelt Roads, PR sometime after Jan 14, 1960 and left for New Jersey on July 17, 1963.

1960 - 63: I was in first grade and attended the Navy base school. I had started first grade in Philadelphia, at St William's Catholic School. The nun who taught first grade sat me up front to keep my attention. The civilian teachers at the Navy school did not.

My Mom decided that a Catholic school would be better for Craig and I. It was not any better, and might have been worse, since Craig and I missed out on English grammar and reading basics in that Spanish speaking school.

However, both school and home life in Puerto Rico were idyllic. School was not very demanding, and we lived right by the ocean. I spent a lot of time snorkeling and getting into trouble.

Once my Mother was getting us all dressed up and ready to go somewhere. Then she went to get herself ready. While she did that, Craig and I decided to go on a raft ride in the ocean. We brought four-year-old Mark with us. Mark lost a shoe on that trip, and Craig and I got spanked for Mark losing his shoe.

And once Craig and I and some neighborhood friends became involved with the vandalism of a ship. The Navy had parked a ship in a remote location, and we found it unguarded. Some-time later, someone figured out who did it and we all got in trouble. My Dad was so angry that he did not beat us, for fear of killing us. Thanks Dad.

I was one of the first paperboys for the base newspaper, “The Mira Que Pasa,” which I delivered to several hundred houses each Friday, and I got paid one penny per paper.

Being an altar-boy for the base church granted me some perks, like distributing gifts to Puerto Rican kids on Three King’s Day. And it helped me get a part time job at the Enlisted Man’s Mess Hall on Sundays, selling sailors newspapers from back home. I was about 10 years old.



1963: On July 17, 1963 we left Puerto Rico for New Jersey. I was 11 years old, and I had spent 5 of those 11 years living on Navy bases in Cuba and Puerto Rico. This experience made me more open to new experiences and living in foreign places. It broadened my perspective in general.

In 1963 we moved to 1106 Parkview Lane in Toms River, NJ. The house was being built and we moved into a manufactured home (trailer) in Pine Lake Park, Lakehurst, NJ.

My early education had been disrupted by attending four different schools in four years. For three of those four years my classes were primarily in Spanish. Hence, I missed all the foundational lessons in English grammar in addition to everything else. This lack of information coupled with my lack of interest in school, resulted in a rather lack luster academic career and a lot of personal frustration.

Since my parents did not provide me with spending money, I earned money by delivering newspapers and mowing lawns till about 1966, when I became old enough to get a part time job.

1965: “The Jersey Shore” was a summer recreation mecca for the New York and Philadelphia Metro areas. That set of circumstances created a wide variety of jobs for ambitious teenagers. My first “real” job was as a dishwasher at Uncle Ted’s Pancake House in Seaside Heights, NJ. There was no dishwashing machine and I washed the dishes by hand.

Since I didn’t have a driver’s license nor a car, I would hitchhike the 8 miles to work and back. At that time hitchhiking was still quite common and considered reasonably safe. My parents had no objections to my method of getting to work. Hitchhiking was my primary means of transportation until 1970.

1966: The summer before I started high school I worked as an attendant in an amusement arcade on the boardwalk. My primary responsibility was to dispense change, that is, I gave people coins for the game machines in return for their paper money.

High School was not a great experience for me. My graduating class had 700 people and I didn’t know many of them very well. I hadn’t gone to school with most of my classmates prior to high school. The few friends I had were misfits like me. Two of my friends and I formed a band in which I played bass guitar. We never made it out of the rehearsal hall. I was a lackluster musician too.

1967: The summer of ‘67 was The Summer of Love. It was also the summer when I worked as a “barker” on the boardwalk in Seaside Park, NJ. In those days the boardwalk was filled with gaming stands, much like the old-fashioned carnivals. The stands I worked in were games of chance in which the winner was decided by a spinning wheel.





It was in this situation that I learned how to interact with crowds. My job was to entice people to gamble at my stand, provide them with change and the winners with prizes. I learned a lot about human psychology just through interaction and observation. It was because of this experience that I never experienced “stage fright.” I was always comfortable speaking publicly to large groups of people.

When I wasn’t at the boardwalk working, I would spend most of my time at the house of a friend whose parents were never home. And he had college age sisters who were.

Sometimes I would come home and pretend I was going to bed. After I thought my parents were asleep, I would sneak out my bedroom window, and head back to my friend’s house for the night.

1968: It’s widely said that the 60s were about sex, drugs and rock’n’roll. For me it was about no sex, little in the way of drugs and a lot of rock’n’roll. Between 1963 and 1970, I came of age in the post-modern, modern world.

My first experience with marijuana happened in 1968. A friend had obtained some hashish and we went to his house and smoked it. The experience was euphoric and everything seemed incredibly funny, and I laughed till I wet my pants.

1970 to 1980
(Age 18 to 28)
You Say You Want A Revolution

In the summer of 1970, I graduated high school and I was totally unprepared for life. High school had prepared me for nothing. It did show me that by following inane rules, and regurgitating what a teacher said, I could get what? An A, or maybe an F. It was hard to say.

Right after high school I moved in with my father's sister Geneva and her family in Powder Springs GA. It was crazy. The Braswells were the exact opposite of my family. Our family dramas played out under the surface. The Braswells let it all hang out. My cousin Beau was gay. Geneva and Herman were not in sync. My cousin Macon had some "mental problems" and poor Mark, then 10, was stuck in the midst of it all.

After a few months there, I met some Jesus Freaks, while on one of my trips to The Strip in Atlanta. Living with a bunch of Jesus Freaks in a commune sounded more appealing. That motivated me to take what little money I had, and donated that money to the commune when I joined.

After maybe six months at the commune in Atlanta, I moved to Nashville to help start another. That was where I met Julie Ragland, sometime late in 1970. Julie was the adopted daughter of Stella Thompson Ragland (1915 – 2003) and Julian Potter Ragland (1913 - 1975) of Nashville.

As I recall we were married in February of 1971. We were both clueless, and didn't get off to a good start, all of which led up to a bad end, some 15 years, and five kids later. Such is life.

Sometime in 1973, Julie and I left the commune and moved to New Jersey. We moved to Toms River and our first two children (Crosby 1975 and Travis 1976) were born in a hospital near there. I was working as a truck driver for my father and after Crosby was born, started working in retail.

Between 1973 and 1980 I worked as a manager/buyer in retail shoes for JC Penny. My kids refer to it as my "Al Bundy Period," when my life was a replica of the TV show "Married with Children."

Julie and I were fundamentalist Christians at that time. We started out in a Jesus Freak commune, then went to a Plymouth Brethren community for a spell, and ended up in a Calvinist-Baptist church.

Between 1970 and 1980, Julie and I and the kids lived in Toms River, Lake Hopatcong and Bloomfield NJ. Both Ford (1978,) and Ian (1980,) were born at our house at 34 Maolis Av, Bloomfield NJ. We had a mid-wife for the deliveries. Ford outweighed the scale's weight limit of 10 pounds.

1980 to 1990

Expect the Unexpected

I am now the father of three sons, with number four on the way. Julie and I were members of a Calvinist-Baptist church. Calvinist and Baptist? Yeah, it was a bad combo.

One Sunday a sermon was preached about the Fourth Commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. etc." It's the longest of The Ten; it has detailed Sabbath rules. Calvinists tend to be Puritanical to a fault.

The preacher laid it on thick, "The quickest way to hell is to violate the Sabbath. The Commandment not to commit murder and the Commandment to keep the Sabbath are the same thing." Wait what? Murder equals Sunday football? Nonetheless, I didn't have a problem with that sermon.

Back then I was working in retail. I was a shoe department manager at a JC Penny mall store. It's an Al Bundy job, pays poorly, has long hours and not much hope of advancement. One good thing about this job is, I don't work on Sunday.

It's 1979 and retail commerce on Sunday is illegal in New Jersey. You know how it goes, once you set up a strawman it has to be knocked down. A few weeks after that sermon, JC Penney decides to illegally open stores on Sundays. JC Penney is ordering me to break the Fourth Commandment, and also the statutory law. JCP is demanding I violate my conscience in order to keep my job.

True Grit

Now I'm in a real quandary. I need money to live in the free world and therefore I need a job. On the other hand, I am being asked to violate my conscience and break the law. And all on behalf of JC Penny and the almighty dollar

This struck me as mental slavery. And I thought JCP was asking too much. I tell the overlords I will not be an accomplice

in their crimes, because I'm Christian. In response, the store manager tries to cajole me into compromising, "I'm a Christian too ya know, and I'm gonna work on Sunday." That's the best argument he's got and I'm not buying it.

In the end, I just quit or I was fired, it's hard to remember. The following Sunday after the opening news, I informed the preacher of my decision. And I was more than surprised by his response. Instead of congratulating me, the preacher asked why I didn't keep on murdering before quitting.

This doesn't change my mind about quitting JCP. But this hypocritical flip-flop makes me wonder what else the pastor has lied about. So I continued to pray for a solution. "Deliver me from evil, amen."

The Miracle on 34th Street

About two weeks before Christmas, a man I knew by name only, called me about a job. Frank heard about my problem from a mutual friend. Frank was VP of sales for a small medical equipment company that had a job opening. Frank says he's looking for someone with a degree in nuclear physics and had sales experience.

Great! I hadn't even graduated from junior college, but I did have some sales experience. "Close enough," says Frank, "let's talk at my office tomorrow and see if there's a fit." I went to the interview with guarded hopes. I am unqualified for the job and have no clue how I could do a job requiring a physics degree. But I went anyway, because I had nothing to lose but gas money.

Frank and I hit it off. Frank says he really wants to hire me and says the physics part is minimal, mainly buzzwords, and I could learn quantum mechanics on the job. However, I have to start at the same low JCP salary, and I have to endure a three-month probation period. If I fail that test, I will be fired without unemployment benefits.

Even still, being unemployed and penniless with a wife and 3.75 kids was even less appealing. On January 2, 1980, I started my new career in a job, for which I was totally unqualified. Happy New Life!

Blake Thomas Poston was born in 1982. That was the year we moved from Bloomfield, NJ to Sussex County, NJ. It was so rural; we did not even have a town to call our own, nor a street address. We were somewhere between Branchville and Newton.

Between 1980 and 1985 I worked for two medical equipment companies. Then in 1985 I scored a VP of Sales job at Citicorp. (That's a story for another time.) And in 1987 started working for a medical equipment division of the French company Thompson, in their CGR subsidiary. That took me to Paris a few times a year. Tres bon!

In 1987 Julie and I started getting divorced. That divorce would create seven of the worst years of my life. None of which I will mention here, except for that.

1990 to 2000 Transformation

Most of the problems created by the divorce were financial. And many other personal choices I made were making my life a living hell. At the same time, I discovered the writings of Joseph Campbell, and it was Campbell who helped me retain my sanity, what little there was left.

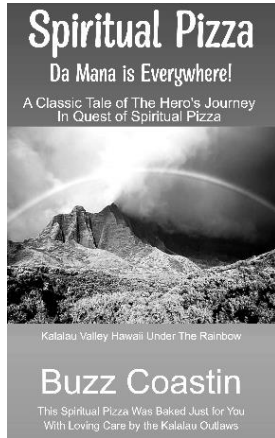
Just when things could not get any worse in 1992, I scored my dream job, with my dream company. Things started to get better financially, but I was still not satisfied with the circumstances of my life. The money was not making me happy. It was only keeping me comfortable. My dream job was great, but by the third year I was totally bored. And I began to day dream about living in Hawaii.

My kids were coming of age in the 90s. By 1992 Crosby and Travis had moved out. Ford would leave for college in 1996. Ian left sometime in 98 or 99. Travis came back for a spell in 98 and Blake graduated high school in 2000.

In 1999 my career began to falter again. I had left my dream job for a nightmare job in 1997. By 1999 I was out of the nightmare job. And then a series of odd coincidences propelled me to start living in Hawaii in 2001.

2000 to 2010 Hawaii and Asia

I have written several books containing the details of my experiences at this time: “Spiritual Pizza” and “Sometime Somewhere Someone.” They were published under my penname, Buzz Coastin. So I’m going to gloss over this period.



Between 2001 and 2007 I lived in Hawaii, on two different islands and in a dozen different places. Sometimes I lived in the jungle with pizza making hippie outlaws. Sometimes I worked as a business consultant in Germany.

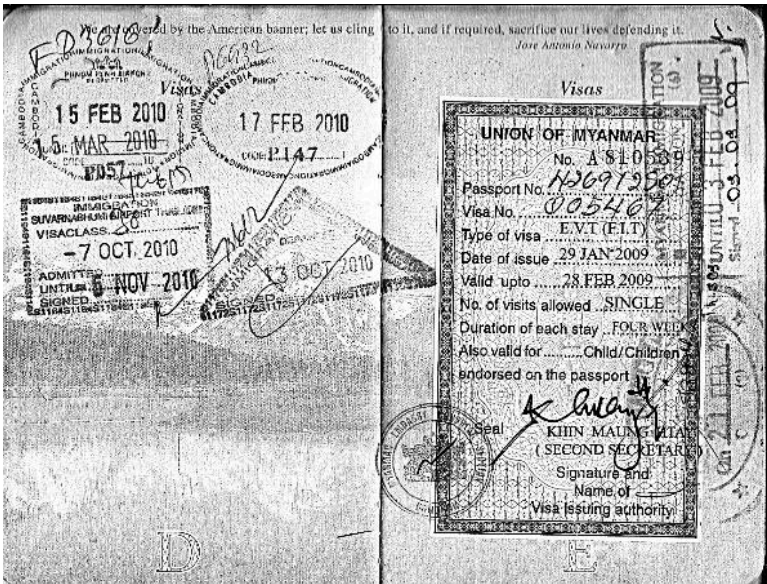
In 2006 my girlfriend-at-the-time christened me Buzz Coastin, by saying, “Yano you’re not Budd Poston, you’re Buzz Coastin.” And I have used that moniker for my works of art, videos, books and audiobooks, ever since. But for the record, I am not Buzz Coastin.

It was on one of those consulting gigs in Germany in October of 2007, that I decided to travel to Thailand. My vague plan was to stay a month and then return to Hawaii.

But when the month was up, I went to Laos, also for a month. Then on to Cambodia and Vietnam for a month each. Then back to Cambodia and then Thailand. In the spring of 08 I returned to the states.

There I landed a few months in Ashville, NC. After that I spent a few months as a Buddhist monk in Jessup, GA. After that and during the crash of 08, I spent two months with my Mother and Craig in Port Richey.

In November of 08 I briefly returned to Hawaii. My plans there failed, so I decided to spend the winter in SE Asia. I had friends in Bangkok. They encouraged me to travel to Burma, which I did in February of 09. My friends insisted I spend at least ten days at Ma Su's place in Inlay Lake Burma.



That was where I met a Chinese girl, who would become my wife about a year and a half later. We lived together in Beijing, from 2009 to 2013. In 2013 we moved to Hawaii.

I have yet to write that book about all that. But the Chinese girl and I are still happily married.

2010 to 2020 Settling Down

I accidentally moved to Beijing in April of 2009. I was only going for a month. That turned into four years. The Chinese girl, Wando and I were married on 10/20/10, by a Chinese version of a Justice of the Peace.

I lived in an ordinary Chinese neighborhood, where I was the only white dude for miles around. And I ate real Chinese food, instead of the American version, which cannot be found in China. Ever had a donkey burger at a US Chinese place?

In 2013 my wife and I decided we'd like to live in Hawaii. Who doesn't? We did for two years. Then we decided to move to the US mainland, where land was more affordable.



We wanted to practice permaculture farming and raise animals in a forest. We bought ten acres in rural GA. Farming and raising pigs were great experiences. There's another book about that coming up too.

Anywho, when I turned 70, we sold off, or processed our pigs and I started writing books. This book will be the fourth book I've published this year, 2023.



Some women I didn't know, asked me to pose with them for this picture in 2020. And I said "Thank God!"



My visage through the ages.

CRAIG RICHARD POSTON MEMORIES

CRAIG RICHARD POSTON b. 07/04/1954

1st M. 11/12/1983 – div. 1998

KATHERINE ANN BROWNER b 04/10/1962

Children of Craig and Kathy:

JENNA MARIE b. 03/8/1985

JACK NICHOLAS b. 01/30/1990

RYKER LEE b. 09/16/1991

2nd M. **MAUREEN TOUROONJIAN**

b. October 5, 1960



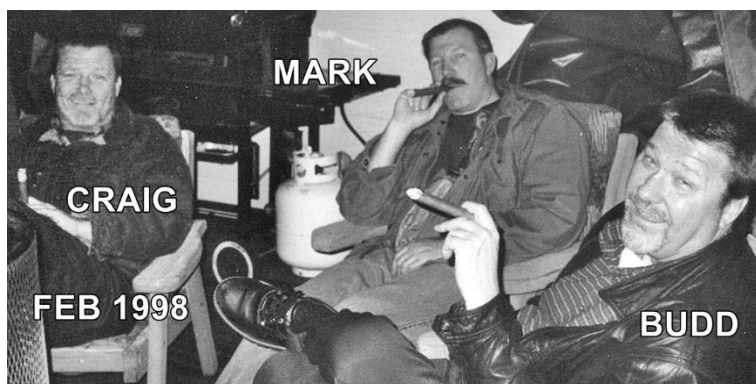
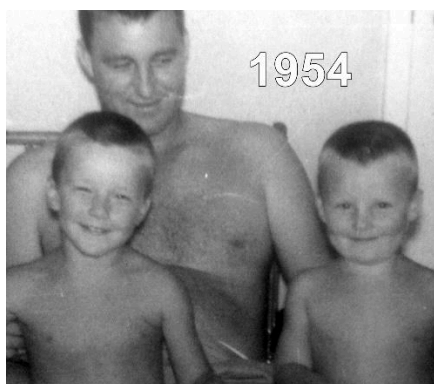
Kathy & kids with my son Travis & Marie

Though invited, Craig has decided not to write anything for this book at this time. He can always add something later if he'd like. In light of that, I will provide some of my memories of Craig, and some of Mark's too.



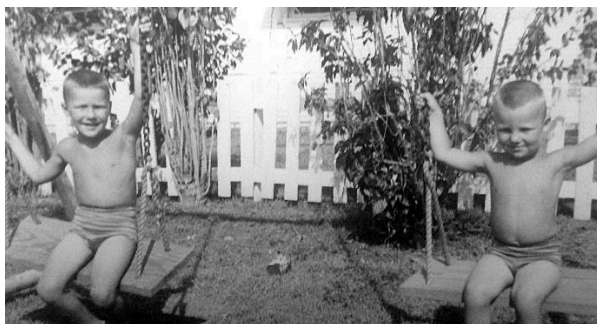


Two long years passed in my life before Craig was born. Then half my life later, Mark came along. Craig and I now had company, and Craig became the middle child. Three's a crowd. Right after Mark was born, I kicked Craig in the eye. Not intentionally, but he was asking for it anyway.



His eye walked right in front of my upswing. He has never forgiven me. In spite of the fact that motorcycle accidents, broken

bones, football knees, shoulder injuries, chronic backpain, all followed Craig everywhere he went.



Here are some of my favorite Craig stories:

Craig was back home again, under Mom and Dad's roof. Not sure why. Maybe home from school; he's around 19. Dad got him a job, but Craig quit the job without telling Dad. Why? It interfered with Craig's softball league schedule. Craig left home that night, under duress.

Mark bought a Trans Am right after graduation from the Academy. It was his pride and joy. One day I'm at the 7-11, and I see Craig drive up in Mark's Trans Am. Craig gets out, and leaves the car running. Craig does not see me.

As he goes inside, I slink over to the Trans Am. Once in, I put it in reverse, headin' out on the highway; born to be wild. Just as I'm about to get away, Craig is threatening the driver side window with a bottle; then he sees my smiling face.



In an upcoming story, Mark tells of visiting Craig in Oklahoma, while on his way to California. A few months later Craig came

to visit Mark, now living in Cali. The next morning after his arrival, Mark calls Craig from work, and asks if Craig has a job lined up. He tells Craig if he wants to stay, he needs to get a job. Craig moved on shortly after that.

Now Mark's Version:

Craig was attempting to be an actor in LA. He was living with Brad Arensman up in Burbank CA and apparently over stayed his welcome (who' woulda thunk?!)

Craig called and asked if he could stay with me for a while to figure out what he was going to do next since his stardom quest was falling short. I agreed and he came down. We partied a bit, reminisced about the good 'ol days, all was good.

I was a junior officer in the Marines, living off base in Carlsbad CA (\$\$). In reviewing my Social Security records I was making \$9,400 per year. Every day I would come home and ask Craig what he was doing while I was "at work". His answer was similar to Oddball's in "Kelly's Heroes," when asked the same question by a Telly Savalas type Sgt, and replied, "I'm drinking wine, eating some cheese and catching some rays...ya know..." That didn't go over well with me and I lambasted him about getting a job and eating me out of house and home.

As you can imagine, Craig was deeply offended, and said something like "I thought we were family....." And I said "Yeah....I'm your brother....I'm not Mom & Dad! I don't love you enough to let you live here for free until your 40!"

When I got home that night he was gone. He left me a nasty note trying to make me feel bad about "kicking him out" and not caring about him. I shrugged it off, but when I checked the frig, everything was gone.

A few months after that, he got an entry level job with IBM in CA. Apparently, tough love actually works!

All the brothers together for about a week after our Father died. Buddy was known to keep a stash of cash in the attic. Mark and I were talking about that while walking towards the

garage. That's where the entrance to the attic was. We were going to climb up there and check it out.

When we got there, Craig was climbing out of the attic. He assured us nothing was there. When we told Uncle Joe that story, Joe said he thought all the money was gone long before Craig. Mark and I are not so sure.

The day of Buddy's funeral, Craig and I rode there in my rental car. I had a cooler of beer between us. When we arrived at the grave site late. We had to pee so bad, they had to hold up the burial while Craig and I relieved ourselves.



Craig stayed with Marie twice in the late 2000s. I think he arrived there after my month long stay in 2007. And he was there again when I returned in October of 2008.

My Mom was always happy to see us and have visitors. But Craig and I tended to overstay our welcomes. The second time I was there a month in 08, Mom asked Craig to find out when I was leaving.

Mom wasn't too thrilled with Craig either. He would always turn up the AC way beyond her settings. He was there so long; he bought a huge Barcalounger type chair for TV time. My Mom hated that chair. And he replaced Buddy's old TV chair in the process.

He also ate her food and filled up her space and never paid anything towards that, or so my Mother says. On the other hand, Craig was very helpful during that time. Marie was now in her 80s and needed some help. He helped her select

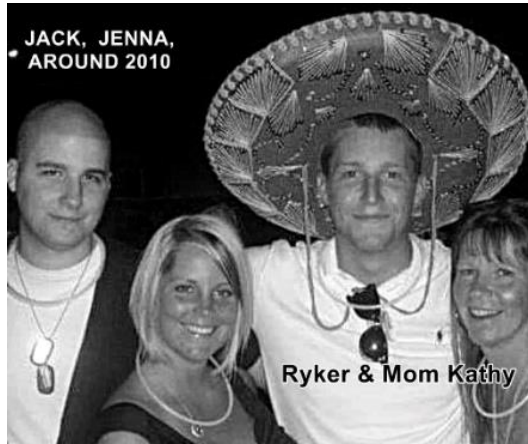
hearing aids and other technical stuff that Joe used to do, like hook-up the DVD player. Craig ushered Mom into the DVD age. It was good to have a wolf around the house, just like Cuthbert Q Divine.

Our parents always stressed the need to get a good job and work for a good company. I hardly ever followed their advice, but Craig got a good job with IBM, and spent the rest of his working life at IBM, around 40 years.

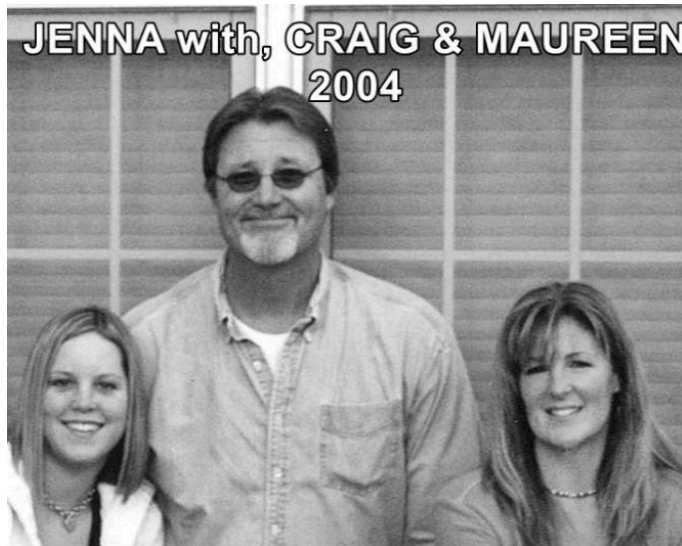
In 2008 I asked Craig to tell me what he did for IBM. And when he told me, I thought that IBM could write about 100 lines of code that could eliminate the need for Craig. What Craig could do that the code couldn't, was deal with the morons who needed the information Craig had.

Craig and family lived in Texas for a long time. They moved back to NJ and in the late 90s and early 2000s, we Poston brothers lived within a few hours' drive from each other. It became a tradition to celebrate Craig's 4th of July birthday with a pool party at Craig's.





Craig's youngest son Ryker used to visit us in Georgia in the mid-2000s. He looked remarkably similar to Craig at that same age. His laconic personality was similar to Craig's too. Everything about Ryker screamed Craig! However, Ryker and Craig had a strained relationship. I could see why.



Here's another Mark story: Sometime in the 70s Mark was at the Academy and home for a break, and I was driving trucks for my Father. One day I was driving by the house at lunchtime, I thought I'd stop by for a free lunch. But Mom wasn't home and the front door was locked.

I went around back, the window to Mark and Craig's bedroom was usually unlocked and easy to access. As I was sliding the window open, I could hear Mark cocking the trigger hammer of his gun. It was so Mark. But I'm still alive.



Craig: I prefer to be like Zander's brothers... in the back ground... then 2 generations from now they can make up anything they like to determine who I was... but never really having a clue... and at the end of the day... they will give it a quick thought then gone forever...

The grass withers, the flower fades, Just a couple quick remembrances...

I saw Macon in the hospital in Tallahassee just before he died.. spring break trip stopping in to see him.. he was joking with the black nurse... and I think you know what the joking was about..

Coming back from LA to NJ in '82 stopped in to see granny... she was always happy... but slept with Macon's revolver under her pillow...

Mark: Wait.....so I take after Granny? Never mind didn't see the "was always happy.." part

Budd: In my Mark gun story, I knew Mark had a gun under his pillow.

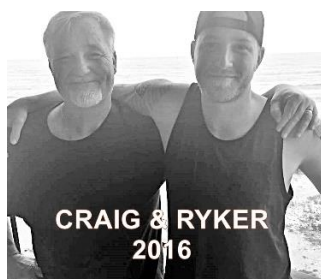


At Mark's wedding, Mark's friends were kidding him about having no leg muscles.

Craig chimes in, "You know us Postons, nothing from the waist down."

Mark quips, "Drop your drawers and show'em whatcha mean!"

And even though we could go on and on with lots more Craig stories, that's enough about Craig.



Keeping my distance.

MARK TIMOTHY POSTON MEMORIES

MARK TIMOTHY POSTON b. 07/28/1956

M. 07/27/85

ROSEANNE (ROSE) EILEEN ROMAN 03/27/59

TRAVIS BRYANT POSTON b. 10/4/89

CONNOR RYAN POSTON b 09/3/91

MICHELLE NICOLE POSTON b. 04/12/93

How did you rebel as a child?

by Mark Poston on June 06, 2023

I didn't really rebel as a child. We weren't given a lot of latitude to rebel during the time when I grew up. There were strict rules between authority figures and children. In those days, our parents, our teachers, our coaches, our religious leaders (priests and nuns), police, parents of our friends, adult neighbors and pretty much anyone we met who was over the age of 18 were considered "authority figures" for children.

Generally, we were given a set of boundaries by all these authority figures and we were expected to stay within those boundaries at all times. If we didn't we could expect harsh "correction" of our lack of obedience/respect which could be anything from a scolding, to a restriction of our freedoms, to at worst a beating with an open hand, clenched fist, a switch (small tree branch) or a leather belt.

So back in those days we almost always stayed within our set boundaries....rebellion was not a viable option.

As a teenager, I can remember only a couple of instances where I passive - aggressively "rebelled"

1. Late in May of my senior year in HS, close to graduation day, I decided to wear "cut-off" blue jean shorts which were prohibited at school (all shorts were

prohibited). It was a very hot day and I wore them anyway, with the rationalization that I was a “hometown hero”, it was really late in the academic year and my shorts, while being “cut-offs”, were neat, clean and respectable. The picture just makes them look bad.



During home-room I was sent to the Asst Principal's office, suspended from school for the day and told not to return in shorts again (cut-off or otherwise) or I would not participate in my HS graduation ceremony. I did not wear shorts to my HS again.

2. I was pretty heavily recruited for college football when I was in HS. The recruiters always allowed my parents to accompany me if they chose to and I always invited them. My father was very intent on me attending the US Naval Academy in Annapolis MD. He always declined my invitations to visit any the other recruiting colleges with me.



In January of 1974 I was invited to a recruiting visit at the US Naval Academy that was scheduled for early February. When my father read the invitation he smiled and asked “When are we leaving?!” I said snidely, “Weee....aren’t leaving....I’m leaving for Annapolis

next Friday!" I made the 3-hour drive and visited by myself. In hindsight, that "rebellion" was a really mean-spirited thing to do to my father and I deeply regret it.

What advice do you wish you had taken from your parents?

Mark Poston. September 05, 2023

For the most part, I have always listened to, learned from and implemented the advice I received from my parents. They didn't really have specific advice for me. They just lived in a certain way and from time to time casually mentioned/reinforced their process for living a good, successful life. Here's a quick and simple list of "advice" I received from them (that I can remember). Somewhat in order of my early youth to adulthood:

- Have faith in God and follow the 10 Commandments
- Have faith that Jesus Christ died for the forgiveness of our sins and will support us in death as much as we support Him during our life
- Clean and groom yourself often
- Always look your best
- Keep your home and possessions clean and well maintained
- The easy way is often the wrong way and the hard way is often the best way
- Laziness generally leads to bad outcomes in your life
- Be careful of who you choose as friends/associates. They will influence your character and others will judge your character based on the character of those with whom you associate
- You will get more from honey than from vinegar (being nice/sweet vs being mean/sour)
- Stay away from junk food/"sweets", eat well and stay fit
- Be kind to others
- Don't judge people by their current station in life
- Be charitable but know that charity starts with your family
- Stand up for and support the right things (freedom, justice, fairness)
- Protect those who can't protect themselves (the weak, meek and innocent)

- Always avoid a fight and never pick a fit. But if you are forced to fight, fight like a crazed savage so that no one will ever want to fight you again
 - If you are going to compete, always prepare for and compete to win. If you're not committed to winning, don't get on the field/court
 - Get a good education so you will never be "forced" into manual labor in order to earn a living
 - Be frugal and save your money
 - Avoid borrowing money or property
 - Always return borrowed property in better condition than when you received it
 - Make decisions based on the long term gain not the short term pain
 - Don't dwell on your mistakes; learn from them and move on with a focus on improving yourself to earn future success. You don't have the ability to change the past, you only have the ability to improve the future
 - Always be respectful to those in authority
 - Always be wary regarding the character and intentions of those in authority
 - Don't get a tattoo ("It's only another way for the government to ID you") Yeah....given how conservative my parents were, I thought that was a pretty weird reason too.....
 - Very rarely will anyone want to know how you accomplished your goals. All that they will be interested in is if you succeeded or failed.
- When you are with your supervisor, always keep your opinions to yourself unless you are asked for them directly. If your boss doesn't ask for your opinion, it's not because they forgot to ask you.....
- If you don't like your job, continue to work harder/better than anyone else at your company, find a better job and then respectfully quit on your terms. If you do that, when you leave the company everyone will remember you as a great worker and regret the big loss for the team. But if instead you slack off, become disrespectful, gossip about your boss, etc., that's how people will remember you forever. They won't remember you as a good worker who was dissatisfied...to them you will

be just a lazy, malcontent, good for nothing worker and they will be glad you left the team.

The only advice I received from them that I abided by but wish I hadn't was from my father. Soon after my graduation from the Naval Academy I approached him with a land investment opportunity near a large lake where he grew up (Lake Seminole in southwest GA).

The area was rich with fish and game and the climate was mild and appealing. The land was very inexpensive. He knew the property very well. He declined my offer telling me "Mark, when you buy a house for your family, it's your home. You won't care about the housing market and its price; because it's your refuge, your family gathering place, your place of living memories....it's your home.

But if you buy real estate as an investment, you will always be worried about its current value because the only thing it's good for is the money you invested in it." Bad advice!!! The only thing in the world that we aren't making more of is land. And there is a finite amount of it!

So those are the bits of advice I received from my parents that I can remember. As I mentioned earlier, they generally didn't sit us down and pointedly vocalize this advice. Mostly they just lived in accordance with these tenants and from time to time, casually mentioned their beliefs in how to live. I accepted them all and have attempted to execute them to the best of my ability.

Mark Poston, September 05, 2023

What is one of your fondest childhood memories?

by Mark Poston September 05, 2023

I can't recall a singular moment but in reflection I feel that my time living in Puerto Rico, between (1960-1963) when I was 4-6 years-old, was a great experience during my childhood. My father was assigned to the US Naval Base at Roosevelt Roads on the eastern most side of Puerto Rico, about 1.5

hours southeast of San Juan. We lived in military family housing on the base.

While I have vague memories from my years previous to that time, this period was when my memories are very clear. I remember it as being a kid's paradise. I only attended kindergarten and 1st grade there so I had a lot of free kid time.

To me the weather was perfect. There is no winter, spring or fall, only summertime; sunny almost every day, temperatures ranged from 60-80 degrees, it rained frequently but only for a few minutes during the day (we called them "sun showers" because often the sun was still shining when it rained).



The landscape and animal life was exotic. Palm trees, banana trees, sugarcane stalks, lizards, land crabs, mongoose, snakes, hermit crabs, sand dollars, sea urchins, star fish, conks were everywhere I went. There was always something exciting going on.

The Naval Base had periodic carnivals, the local town of Fajardo just outside the base had festivals, there was beautiful, exciting Luquillo Beach only 15 miles from the base (bright white soft sand, crystal clear blue warm water, hermit crabs, star fish, sand dollars, sea urchins, exotic fish), the historic Spanish fort El Morro was about an hour drive from the base

(built in the late 1500s, tombs of the Spanish warrior occupants along with ancient weapons and artifacts within the fort) and my father played in the base adult fast pitch softball league.

Some of the experiences I remember from those days:

- Eating bananas from a banana tree in our back yard
- Riding in a stage coach and being attacked by “bandits” on horseback during one of the base carnivals
- Playing Little League baseball on the naval base
- On Christmas Day wearing shorts, no shirt and flip flops while wearing a cowboy hat, gun belt and toy guns I had received for Christmas
- Climbing down steep, jagged rock cliffs leading to the ocean near our house
- Diving for conks and star fish in the clear blue ocean just 100 yards from our house
- Cleaning the conks out of their shells, painting the shells and selling them to neighbors/tourists
- Sticking my hand into the sand as the ocean waves receded and pulling up sand dollars
- Chasing large land crabs
- Grabbing stalks of sugarcane that had fallen off harvest trucks, breaking them open and eating the pulp
- Riding my bike to school during 1st grade and frequently “forgetting” my paper bagged lunch at my bike and earning a melted cheese sandwich when I retrieved it at lunch time
- Getting in trouble when the teacher took the class out for recess and me staying behind to throw play-dough against the chalk board so it would stick
- Breaking 3 bones in my right foot after jumping off the roof of our house on a dare from my brothers.



- Running/riding a bike behind the mosquito truck spraying clouds of sweet-smelling DDT poison to kill mosquitoes
- Using kerosene lamps in our house for light during a hurricane



Mark's Big Trips

My "Big Trips" happened three different times/categories; as a child, as an adult and as a parent. This will take about 20 minutes to read.

As a Child

- The "First Big Trip" I remember was when our family moved from Roosevelt Roads in Puerto Rico to Toms River NJ. As we know, my father served 26 years in the US Navy. In the US military most duty assignments last about 2 - 3 years after which service members and their families get assign to a new duty station.

In 1963 my father was transferred from the Naval Station at Roosevelt Roads Puerto Rico to the Naval Air Base in Lakehurst NJ. My parents bought a new construction home in Toms River but it wasn't yet built so while they waited for it to be completed, they rented a trailer-home in Manchester NJ which was about 3 miles from the Naval Air Base and 10 miles from our home that was being built. I was only around 7 years old so I don't remember a lot from the actual move. I just remember a lot of excitement within the family. I vaguely remember the flight to the US.



Back then most aircraft were propeller planes and very loud and bumpy in the air. I don't remember if we flew in military aircraft or commercial but I think it was military and I do remember getting air sick. I also remember that our trailer-home was compact, close quarters and situated on an empty lot in a remote location. It seemed small, dark and cold inside. The schools in that area weren't very good so my mother enrolled us in St. Joseph's Catholic School (St Joe's) in Toms River. She drove us back and forth to school every day until we moved into our new home which then had bus service to St. Joe's.



The trailer was in a very wooded area, with a stream nearby which was new and exciting for me and my brothers. We lived in the trailer for about 8 months until we moved to our home in Toms River (1106 Parkview Lane, Toms River NJ). Another aspect of the move that I remember was that my favorite "blanky" was missing when we arrived at our new trailer-home. I became distressed and asked my mother where it was and she told me, "They must have lost it during the move." I never believed that story. I think she felt that at 7 years old I was too old for a "blanky" and threw it away, using lost in the move as a cover story. That was the "First Big Trip" I remember as a child.

When we were kids growing up in Toms River, we took frequent family summer trips to Donalsonville GA where my father was born and raised. His parents and many of his family still lived there. It was VERY rural and very southern. We always stayed at my grandparent's house.

They lived on a working farm with crops of corn, snap beans, peas and peanuts. There were also chickens and pigs on the farm and lots of stray/wild farm dogs around the house (they chased, killed, ate "varmints" that would have destroyed the crops/harmed the farm animals). My grandmother would feed the dogs by throwing leftover food/slop out the back door onto the bare ground where the dogs would fight for it and eagerly chow down.

We would eat food from the farm and many times would be required to "harvest" the vegetables and meat. I remember meals of eggs, grits and fresh cuts of country bacon right off the pig. Along with pig tails, pork chops, fresh fried chicken, catfish, black eyes peas, etc. It was all incredibly exciting for the Poston boys. The place was like living in chapters right out of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

All my cousins (approximately our same age 4-14 years old) were wearing pants that were a little too short with suspenders/rope belts/bib overalls, open cotton button shirts and usually no socks/shoes. They drove tractors, were expert hunters and fisherman, chewed tobacco, smoked cigarettes and drank moonshine from jugs. They all talked with deep southern accents that were barely understandable. I remember them all as some of the nicest people I've ever known.

But the real "First Big Trip" aspect for me was our departure from Toms River and drive to Donalsonville. We always drove and it was about a 17 hour trip by car. My brothers and I would be so excited that it was hard for us to sleep the night before we left. We would be roused from bed around 3 AM the day we departed. As the youngest I was always assigned to "help your father". I think this was done to keep me out of the way.



It is difficult for me to describe but there seemed to be electricity in the air. We were bleary eyed but attentive. There would be an audible rustle everywhere from the family moving quickly inside the house gathering stuff to load into the car. My father would take me outside to check car and get it ready to depart. It was dark outside and the temperature always felt cool and crisp even though it was early summer. My dad would have me sit in the front passenger side seat while he started the car, checked the lights, glanced at the map, set the radio, etc.

One of the most distinctive memories of my childhood was remembering the sights, sounds and smells associated with those trips; particularly the first one when I was around 8 or 9 years old. With headlights piercing the darkness, manual windows fully opened allowing the cool air to fill the car, accentuating the smell of the car, the leaded gasoline exhaust, my father's Mennen Aftershave lotion and his freshly lit Salem cigarette. We would make the trip in two days stopping at a cheap motel around 6 PM on the first day and arriving in Donalsonville sometime before noon on the second day.

The drive itself was somewhat uneventful. I do remember my mother trying to entertain us with travel games (license plate games, I spy, color of cars games, etc) but I mostly recall our fascination with the funny "South of Border" signs we saw from Virginia to the Carolinas. And keep in mind we made these trips in the 60s and early 70s. Always in an old blue Chevrolet Station Wagon with leaded gasoline, a flatbed in the back of the car where we took naps during the drive, manual crank windows, no air conditioning, no GPS, no seat belts, a skinny metal antenna near the car hood and only AM radio with very poor reception. I remember those trips like they were yesterday and will never forget those "Big Trip" experiences.

As an Adult

- At the US Naval Academy, Midshipmen (students) are required to use their summers for military/naval training. The summer between our Freshman and Sophomore year (Plebe and Youngster) years we were assigned to a US Navy ship as an enlisted crew member. The summer between our Sophomore and Junior year (Youngster and 2nd Class) years we are

sent to train for two weeks at each of the main occupational specialties within the Naval Service (Nuclear Submarines at New Port RI, Naval Aviation at Pensacola FL, Marine Corps at Quantico VA and conventional Surface Line-Ship Operations on a Yard Patrol Craft at Annapolis MD).



The summer between our Junior and Senior year (2nd Class and Firstie) years we are assign to a US Navy ship as an officer crew member. The summer training between my Freshman and Sophomore years at the academy was my “First Big Trip” as an adult (adult...loosely speaking). I was assigned to and boarded the LST USS Barnstable County prior to June Week (this is graduation week at the US Naval Academy filled with military events, celebrations and the graduation ceremony for seniors).

Missing June Week was unusual for Midshipmen but was arranged so that varsity football players could complete their summer training as quickly as possible to allow us to do more physical training prior to when we returned to the academy in early August for football 2-a-day practices; before “regular” Midshipmen arrived. Many other football players were assigned to my ship and to a few other ships in the same Amphibious Naval Group stationed in Little Creek VA (Norfolk area).

One of them was my teammate and now lifelong friend Mike Roban. We were issued and wore Navy enlisted uniforms and carried out normal daily work tasks alongside the enlisted men

that were regularly assigned to the ship. We used much of what we learned about Seamanship at the academy during our first year but for the most part, it was really on the job training.

So in effect we were learning more than we were contributing. The “Big Trip” aspect was our voyage from Little Creek VA to Halifax Nova Scotia. We were at sea for approximately a week doing ship’s drills and maneuvers on the way to Halifax. During the week we experienced mostly calm waters but also experienced some heavy seas which was a first for me and was interesting to say the least.

When we arrived we were granted a week of shore leave (also called Liberty) which is normally a chance for Sailors to recover from extended periods of time at sea but for this trip it was a chance to allow us Midshipmen the opportunity to experience that aspect of Navy life even though one week is not considered an extended period of time at sea.

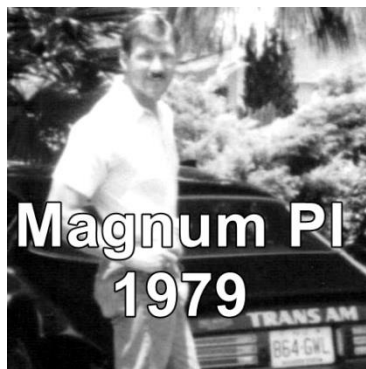
During that one week of Liberty in Halifax a lot of social events were arranged for us Midshipmen. We interacted with the local populace, met with local political figures, met with and dined with Canadian Naval Officers, had semi-formal dances sponsored by local colleges and we frequented many local pubs. Because there a lot of Navy Football players on these ships someone arranged for us to learn the fundamentals of Rugby and then compete against the Halifax Hamsters of the Nova Scotia Rugby Football Union.

It was a difficult adjustment for football players and in the first half we were losing badly. Then someone said (I think Roban), enough of this sh%t let’s play our style of rugby....and we started playing an American football version of rugby with blocking, spearing tackles, forward passing, etc which were all not allowed within the rules of rugby.

The Canadians complained loudly but eventually became enthused and we had a great (and vicious) game. In the end, we all staggered off the field with the Canadian ruggers and into a pub where we celebrated our surviving the mayhem

long into the night. The return to Little Creek VA was uneventful.

Another adult “Big Trip” was my move from my initial Marine Corps specialty training in GA to my 1st assigned duty station. I was in a four week training course at the US Marine Logistics Base in Albany GA.



When the course ended in late April 1979, I drove to Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton in Oceanside CA (about 45 minutes north of San Diego). I packed all my earthly possessions (mostly just my Marine uniforms) into my 1977 Pontiac Trans Am with my favorite 8 Tracks (Led Zeppelin Greatest Hits, Springsteen-Darkness on the Edge of Town, Jackson Browne-Running on Empty, Warren Zevon-Excitable Boy, Foreigner-Double Vision, Little Feat-Waiting for Columbus, Bob Seager-Stranger in Town, Boston-Don't Look Back, Rod Stewart-Blondes Have More Fun, George Thorogood-Move It On Over, Dave Mason-Mariposa De Oro, Marshall Tucker Band-Searchin' For a Rainbow) and headed across the country.

My brother Craig was living in Tulsa OK at the time working construction with some of our High School friends who had family there, so I decided to visit him on the way to CA. I used US 20 to Birmingham AL, US 22 to Memphis, then US 40 for almost the entire remaining drive to CA. I reached Tulsa during the first 24 hours on the road.

I slept on the floor of Craig's apartment and helped him work construction (dry walling apartments being built in the area)

during the weekend. We visited a few “clubs” at night but at the time in Oklahoma it wasn’t legal to sell liquor by the drink in bars and restaurants but they did allow Bring Your Own Bottle (BYOB) consumption. So we bought a big bottle of whiskey, put some masking tape on the bottle, wrote “Poston” on it with a black magic marker and handed it to the bartender to store behind the bar. We were charged a “cover charge” for the local rock band that was playing and paid a “holding fee” to the bartender managing our bottle. This was the first time I experienced BYOB and found the whole process really strange.

A couple of days later I was back on my way to California. I used US 40 to Kingman AZ and got there around 6 PM. I felt that I could make it to Camp Pendleton that night but thought it probably wasn’t a good idea to try.

In 1979 there was gas rationing in the US due Middle East oil producers restricting production and as a result, drivers in the US were only allowed gasoline every other day (license plates with odd numbers were allowed on odd numbered calendar days and even numbers on even days). All speed limits in the US were also capped at 55 MPH nationally to “conserve gasoline”. So I didn’t want to take the chance of running out of gas in the middle of the night.

The next day I filled up my tank and headed into CA. I dropped down to US 10 as soon as I entered CA. US 10 ran mostly through the eastern desert of California to the west coast and was virtually void of any traffic where I was driving in the eastern section. I was 22 years old and driving a Trans Am V8 / 442. I was cruising at high speed with my 8 Track player blasting! At some point I noticed in my rearview mirror another car far in the distance. There was no way any car could catch me at the speed I was driving so I just ignored it.

When I looked up again in a few minutes and it was gaining on me. I was stunned. I thought that it couldn’t be a cop because there was nowhere for a car to hide in the open desert and I would have seen them. I couldn’t believe any other civilian car could catch me! Eventually the approaching car came

within clear sight and it was a police car with sirens blaring and lights flashing. I pulled over and the California Hwy Patrol Officer approached my car.

He told me that he got me going 125 MPH. I asked him where he clocked me and he smiled and pointed up to the sky. It was the first time I heard of police aircraft speed monitoring; apparently a common practice in the highways in the rural, wide open western states. He saw all my Marine uniforms hanging in the back of my car and asked me where I was headed. I told him and he gave me a break by writing me a ticket for only 10 miles over the speed limit. I went on my way and experienced the most remarkable thing I remember from my cross country "Big Trip".

When I was traveling through miles of orange groves in southern California it was Spring and the orange blossoms were in full bloom. I had never before smelled anything so sweet and fragrant and haven't smelled anything similar since. It was incredible! I arrived at the main gate of Camp Pendleton in early afternoon and reported for my first US Marine Corps Duty assignment in early May 1979.

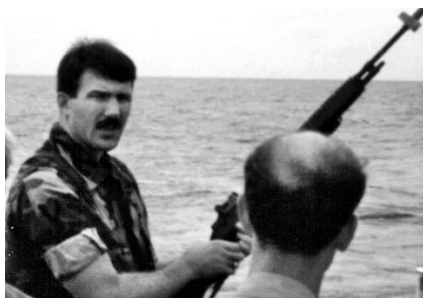


The last of my adult "Big Trips" was when I was assigned as the Security Officer on board the USS Ogden LPD-5. When I was stationed aboard, the ship was deployed on a WestPac (6 month Western Pacific military readiness cruise).



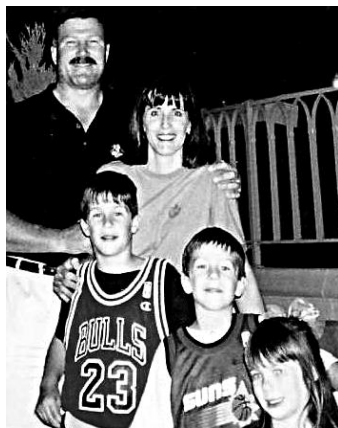
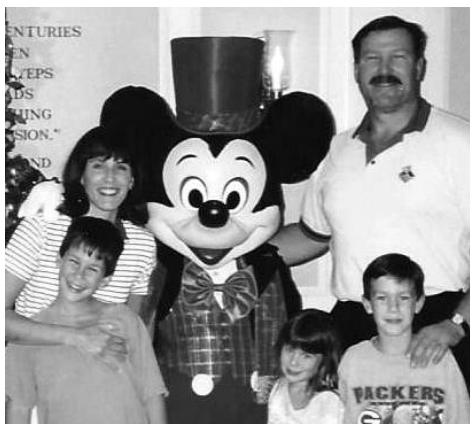
We departed on September 1, 1982. We sailed to Pearl Harbor HI, Subic Bay Philippines, Perth Australia, the Indian Ocean island of Diego Garcia, Berbera Somalia, Oman, Singapore, Hong Kong, Okinawa Japan, back to Subic Bay, back to Pearl Harbor and then we returned to San Diego on February 24, 1983. It was unique and thought provoking being at sea for such long periods of time. The sunrises and sunset were spectacular but we frequently experienced very heavy seas which reminded us that we were very much completely alone in the middle of the ocean with no land/assistance within thousands of miles.

Along the way I saw whales, dolphins and sharks swimming alongside of the ship. I stood shark watch with an M14 rifle (7.62 mm) in the mast area of the ship while the crew enjoyed a "swim call" in crystal blue waters off Maui, crossed the "Shit River" into Olongapo Philippines, crossed the equator as a Pollywog and became a Shellback on the way to Australia, conduct operations with Australian Marines, participated in Physical Training on Diego Garcia with Navy SEALs assigned to the WestPac, avoided Malaria in Berbera, conducted a beach landing with US Marines in Oman, ran in a half marathon Hash House Harrier Run through the jungles of Singapore where I also arrested a crew member for stabbing his shipment in the chest with a Buck Knife, had suits/sport coats custom made in Honk Kong and paid homage to the fallen WWII Marines in Okinawa. During this adult "Big Trip" I celebrated Halloween in Australia, Thanksgiving off the coast of Somalia, Christmas in Singapore, and New Year's Eve in the Philippines.



As a Parent

My "First Big Trip" as a parent was when as a family we visited Disney World in Orlando FL during November 1997. I felt somewhat deprived as a child because I never went to either of the Disney locations and missing that experience greatly increased my enthusiasm for the Disney attractions as an adult. I had been to Disneyland in CA about 5 times during the early 1980s as a single adult (Marine) but I had never been to Disney World in Florida.



I LOVED Disneyland even as an adult and felt it would be a great thrill for our kids Travis, Connor and Michelle; 8, 6 and 4 respectively at the time. We weren't very wealthy and it was quite an expense to fly the entire family to Orlando, stay for a week in a hotel and pay the relatively expensive ticket price for the Disney World passes. So it was a really BIG TRIP for us!

We went again as a family again in 2001 so I sometimes get the two trips mixed up in my mind. But in general, I remember my “first big trip” as a parent going extremely well. With no one getting ill, being injured, getting lost or being disappointed. There were no travel complications, we were all safe and everyone had a great time. All of which contributed to our decision to go again as a family in 2001.

Mark Poston Proof of Citizenship Document Photo

Roosevelt Roads US Naval Base Puerto Rico

1960



SPECIAL THANKS

In Asia, it is common to hold one's ancestors in high regard. The Chinese have a traditional holiday, The Qingming Festival, in which gravesites are visited and the ancestors are honored by ceremonies.

The Thai people build small houses for their ancestors, called Spirit Houses. They are placed around the outside of the home and sometimes in the house. The ancestors are honored and served food regularly too. In China, it's called Chi Tang, meaning home temple. The upper class build Chi Tang and ordinary people have a table altar in the house.

And in Bali, every family performs regular ritual observances to honor the ancestors. Once in Bali, a family showed up in front of my rented bungalow early one morning, in order to pay homage to their ancestor who had once lived there.



First and foremost, give thanks to the ancestors! Without them, you would not be reading this. Without John¹ there would be no John², and so on. So this book is a Spirit House for the Poston's related to John¹ down to Macon's family. They are the ancestors who made this book possible.

Next, thanks to my wife Wando, aka: Juanita. Without her help, this book could not have been written. She filled in the blanks around the house, left by my working on this book for

hours every day. And she helped proofread the book and offered suggestions to improve it. Thanks Baby!

Next up, a big thanks to William Gibson Poston! Gibson gave me his 80,000-word memoir, shortly before he died. Gibson provides 90% of the Donalsonville content. This book could not have been written without his help. So a big thanks to Gip, for taking the time to leave us a record of his thoughts and experiences.

I would be remiss if I failed to thank Erma Poston Landers, for her seminal work in listing out the lines of descent of John¹'s family. I first saw a copy of her book in the 1970s. It is now widely available online as a PDF. Thanks Cousin Erma!

Next, a special thanks to my brother Mark, for the 10,000 words he provided. His content adds another perspective to mine, and balances out the impressions created. All of Mark's contributions appear in the last section of the book.

Thanks also to my brother Craig, who offered suggestions and comments during the development of the manuscript.

My son Ian and my cousins: Rick Wiley, Cindy Witte Connolly, plus Rebecca Ard and Pauline Kirkland (Juanita's Girls,) all lent me a hand in the data collection process. Thanks! And thanks to anyone else whose help I inadvertently failed to mention.

And a special thanks to Rose Poston, Mark's wife. Rose served as the hostess with the mostest for the Buddy Poston family during several decades. And Rose hosted the Witte get together at her place in 1995.

For at least a decade, my boys and I and sometimes Craig's family would celebrate the major holidays at the "Ambler Hilton." Sure, Mark would cook a turkey every now and then. But Rose did all the heavy lifting, so that we could eat, drink and be merry Postons, and all thanks to Rose's selfless efforts. Rose also provided Marie with the essential care she needed during her last few years. Thanks Rose!

Well, that about wraps it up. Thanks for reading.
Buford Gerard Poston, November 2, 2023



EX POST FACTO

It was a fulfilling experience to compile and publish this Poston Family book. I hope you enjoyed the experience of discovery as much as I did.

Thanks to the work of Erma Poston Landers and a host of internet posters in the early 2000s, I obtained most of the content in the first two sections of the book. I merely organized and formatted the data. However, in that data I discovered Mary (Polly) Poston, so that was fun.

Mary Poston McWhorter was not in the Poston records. However, she was renowned in the McWhorter family. Thanks to the McWhorters, I was able to fit the Mary Poston piece Erma had found, into the Poston puzzle.

And I also figured out the migration of the Postons to Donaldsonville from South Carolina. But I still don't know how or why. Data Gibson gave me decades ago, recently helped me crack the code of that mysterious migration.

And without Gibson Poston's memoir we would not have had a Donaldsonville section of the book. Gibson's words are 90% of that section. Thanks Gip.

This book just happened to come about. I never planned to compile the family information into a book. But after using Amazon to self-publish my first book "Spiritual Pizza;" I realized I could self-publish the Poston information. I had Gip's book and the Landers book and some stuff of my own, but I wasn't sure if there was enough. Turns out there was plenty.

One day someone might read a fond memory of you, and thereby recall the experiences and people that helped shaped their life. Share your memories while you can.

This is my gift to the ancestors and to you. Thanks for the interest in the Postons of Donaldsonville GA.

Ya'll come back now, heah, Cousin Budd

NOTES FOR POSTERITY

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